

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					



The
Rockwood
Review.

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



The Rockwood Review.

Call on George Offord,
FOR YOUR
Boots and Shoes,
LARGEST STOCKS, LOWEST PRICES,
127 PRINCESS STREET.

Call at Corbett's,
*And Examine the Victor and
Victoria,*

For 1896, and see if they are not
Works of Art. Also the Brantford
"RED BIRDS." All they require
is Wings to Fly.

Also second-hand WHEELS on
hand cheap.

FOR HEADQUARTERS IN
Gents' Furnishings,
Go to Livingston Bros.,
15 and 77 Brock Street.

Richardson I
THE UP TO DATE PHOTOGRAPHER.
FINE PLATINOTAPES A SPECIALTY.
Studio, 157 Wellington Street,
KINGSTON.

A. J. Bees,
Fine Confectionery,
Fruits, &c.
*Ice Cream, Soda Water and
Oysters in their Season.*
166 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Dalton & Strange,
*Wholesale Shelf and Heavy
Hardware,*
PRINCESS STREET, KING-
STON.

George Mills & Co.,
170 WELLINGTON STREET.
HEADQUARTERS FOR NOBBY HATS.
Sole Agents for the
Famous Remington Bicycles!

FOR AN UP TO DATE
**Shoe at the Lowest
Price,**
Haines & Lockett,

Simmons Bros. & Pollie,
Plumbers, Tinsmiths, &c.,
DUCHESS OF OXFORD
Ranges and Heaters
TELEPHONE 494.

J. H. Sutherland,
Boots and Shoes,
Trunks and Valises.
Prices Always Right.

Jas B. McLeod, Druggist,
City Drug Store,
Kingston.
Dispensing of Physicians' Prescrip-
tions a Specialty. Always open.
TELEPHONE No. 41.

Our Waterproof, French Calf,
Hand-Sewed Boots,
Only \$5.

W. Allen and Son,
*Sign of Golden Boot, Brock
Street.*

The Rockwood Review.

The Finest Pianos,

At the Lowest possible Prices,
Sheet Music and Fittings.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING,

International pitch if desired.
Repairing in all its branches.

J. ROYNER,

Golden Lion Block, Kingston.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

Special attention is directed to
the following advantages offered
by our Savings Bank:

Deposits of One Dollar and up-
wards received, and interest allowed
at current rates.

Interest is added to the deposit
twice in each year, at the end of
May and November.

Interest commences on the day
the money is deposited, and con-
tinues until it is drawn out.

W. D. HART, MANAGER.

Richmond & Co.,

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND
CARPETS.

118 TO 120 PRINCESS STREET,
KINGSTON.

*Fall and Winter Goods Just
Opened.*

LARGEST STOCKS, LOWEST
PRICES.

F. Nisbett,

**Bookseller and
Stationer.**

*Cor. Princess and Wellington
Sts., Kingston.*

WE ACKNOWLEDGE

The "Rockwood Review" to be
a well edited and printed visitor,
in fact a very readable and spicy
little Journal,

YOU WILL ACKNOWLEDGE

If you call at our elegant and
comfortable new quarters, on the
Corner of Princess and Bagot Sts.,
that we are showing the latest
novelties in Seasonable Dry Goods,
at the lowest cash quotations.

CRUMLEY BROS.

Wm. A. Deeks & Son,

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS, BROOK
STREET.

*Skilled Horse Shoeing, Long
Experience.*

Quick Service, no better work done
anywhere.

ALSO ALL KINDS OF JOBBING. ALL
KINDS OF

WAGGON AND CARRIAGE
WORK

In connection at low prices. Repairs
a specialty.

Trusses! Complete Line.

PRIVATE OFFICE FOR FITTING

At Dr. A. P. Chown's,

The Pharmacy,

185 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

M. Dolan,

MANUFACTURER OF HARNESS
Horse - Boots,

Also a Stock of everything per-
taining to the Horse.

219 Princess Street.

The Rockwood Review.

J. W. Powell,
Photographer,
Cabinet and Card Photographs,
At the Lowest Prices, for Good
Work.
**PHOTOGRAPHS OF RESIDENCES A
SPECIALTY.**

**KINGSTON CONSERVATORY OF
MUSIC,**
AND PIANO AND MUSIC WAREHOUSES,
Princess Street.

A School of Elocution and Orchestra. Spring Term begins February 2nd. Fall term, September 3rd. Winter term, November 10th.
Special Classes for Violin, Piano, Singing and Elocution, \$2.00 per term.

O. F. Telgman, Director.
Mrs. O. F. Telgman, Principal
Elocution Dept.

McRae Bros.,
GOLDEN LION GROCERY, KINGSTON.
For very Fine Blends of
BLACK AND GREEN TEAS,
Fruits, Condiments,
Fresh Ground Coffees.

And the Largest Variety of
OLD WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKEYS.

The Leading House for
Millinery, Mantles,
*Ladies and Children's Under-
ware, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.,*

Is Spence & Co.,
143 PRINCESS STREET.
NEXT DOOR TO STANDARD BANK.

WHEN YOU WANT
**Real Good Tea and
Coffee,**
Come and See Us.
Jas. Redden & Co.

G. A. McGowan,
MANUFACTURER OF
**SHE, BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND
LA FLOR DE FRONTENAC
CIGARS.**
"Smoke Trilby."
211, 213, 215 AND 217 BROCK STREET,
KINGSTON.

James P. Gildersleeve,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
Fire, Marine, Accident, Guarantee,
Plate Glass.

General Ticket Agency.
Rail, Ocean, Lake and River,
Ocean Tickets a specialty.
Notary Public, Issuer of Marriage
Licenses.
42 CLARENCE STREET.

A. B. Martin
THE GROCER,
*Noted for Fine Goods at Bottom
Prices.*

Thos. Mills & Co.,
Manufacturers & Importers of
**Hats, Caps, and
Furs.**

Special attention to Orders and
repairs of Furs.
182 WELLINGTON STREET.

The Rockwood Review.

WHEN YOU WANT
Your Yard Cleaned, Your Ashes
Removed,
Or any Kind of Cart-
ing Done,
Ring up Phone 133 for a Cart
and Driver.

All Orders promptly attended to.
E. A. BOOTH, Jr.

McKeivoy & Birch,
PLUMBERS AND GASFITTERS.
**Happy Thought
Ranges.**

T. F. Harrison & Co.,
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.
FURNITURE,
Phone's Warerooms, 90,
PRINCESS STREET RESIDENCE, 91.

The Ontario Bank,
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTION.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,
3½ per cent Interest allowed on
Deposits.
Interest added to deposit twice a
year.
A. J. MACDONELL, MANAGER.

The best line of COOKING RANGES
in Canada is the

SOUVENIR,

Manufactured by the GURNEY,
TILDEN CO. Our price for this
superior line of goods is as low as
many inferior Ranges are sold at.
Call and examine these Ranges and
read our numerous testimonials.

R. M. Horsey & Co.,
PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Oldrieve & Horne,
SAIL MAKERS AND SHIP CHAND-
LERS.
TENTS TO RENT, AWNINGS MADE TO
ORDER.

Medley's Headache Powders,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.
3 FOR 10 CTS., 25 CTS. PER BOX.
Medley, Druggist.

B. McPaul,
Direct Importer of Dress Goods,
SILKS, CLOAKING AND MOURNING
GOODS.
130 PRINCESS STREET, OPP. CITY
HOTEL.

A. Strachan,
Hardware, Paints Oils, Glass.
SOLE AGENT FOR
SPOONERS PHENYLE DISINFECT-
ANT POWDER.

Stacey & Stacey,
Importers of Dry Goods,
106 AND 108 PRINCESS STREET.

GO TO BRAME'S,
Princess Street,
If you want FURNITURE that will
still be Furniture in A. D. 2,020.
**The Nebbiest Drawing Room
Sets.**

**POSITIVELY THE LEADING FURNI-
TURE STORE.**

Power & Son, Architects,
Merchants Bank Building,
COR. BROCK AND WELLINGTON STS.
PHONE 212.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, OCTOBER 1ST, 1896.

No. 8.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Dunstan and children are the guests of Mrs. Peirce.

Miss Osborne, Trained Nurse, who for several years has been on the Rockwood Staff, has resigned. Miss De Pencier is her successor.

Mr. Percy Johnson has purchased no less than four wheels this season, and yet claims to be free from the bicycle craze. Percy shows the peramulator with all of the abandon of a veteran.

Our Business Manager rode in the recent Bicycle Races, and did splendidly, getting second in a big class of novices. The finish was exceedingly close, and the winner an old and accomplished rider. Mr. McCammon managed the Manager, and did it well. In the five mile race, C. M. C. was thrown out by a foul, when he was riding well.

At London Asylum great attention is paid to Cricket, and the Club has been almost uniformly successful for years in great matches. The young ladies about the Institution, with the remarkable intuition characteristic of the weaker sex, felt that the mighty needed humbling, so issued a very witty poetical challenge to the men. The men were to use broomsticks for bats, and their left hands in bowling and fielding. Two matches were played, and the ladies left the men far in the rear. Miss Janey and Miss Norah Buchan, formerly of Rockwood, were among the most successful of the players.

Gunhilda, the beautiful Rockwood Gordon Setter, won everything she could win at the Toronto Industrial.

Miss Addie Stewart's mother died quite suddenly early in September. Miss Stewart has the sympathy of the community.

Columbine learned to ride a bicycle in one lesson. Good for Columbine. Columbine has been sick for a week. Bad for Columbine.

Mr. Wm. Shea did a brave thing in carrying out a lamp which had exploded at the Sergeants' Mess a few nights since. William had his hands severely scorched.

Football is all the rage now, and Kingston will have several good teams in the field. The efforts of Toronto to legislate Queens out of existence may not result so successfully as anticipated. Let us see Kingston or Hamilton, or at least some outside town, show that the best laid plans of selfish Toronto may fail, but above all let us have clean sport.

Dr. Clarke was badly shaken up and bruised on the 24th. A small boy maliciously shoved him and his bicycle into a deep ditch. The Dr. struck on his head, was unconscious for some time, and will not use his left arm for a week or so. These boys who have lately developed a fad for upsetting bicyclists will yet cause a serious accident. A few sound spankings by the police are in order.

The Rockwood Review.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. SWALLOWBECK FARM.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Christmas comes but once a year," but is right royally observed when it arrives. It is "coming" long before it reaches the country fireside, and is looked forward to for months before its advent. It is the time of wassail and rejoicing, of reunion of families, of the ending and beginning of the old and new year, of comradeship and almost equality between master and hind. "It is a poor heart that never rejoices," and mean indeed is the man who, having opportunity, does not give himself up to the warm influences of an English Christmas upon an English farm. At Swallowbeck it was the chief festival, and was religiously observed in all that tended to make its "keeping a glad memory to the rural mind. The substantials made the table groan, mistletoe, and holly, and laurel, and red-cheeked apples, and bright ribbons were hung in a huge bunch from the ceiling of the dining-room, and another of even more majestic proportions was suspended from the beams of the old-time kitchen. There was no kissing by proxy, osculation was as real as the mince pies, the turkey, the goose, the stuffed chine, and the score other of Christmas dainties. Bob, and Tom and Jack, were for once masters of the situation, and made good use of the annual license and opportunity, while Nance, and Deb, and Poll, laughingly and becomingly submitted to the infliction. The Harvest Dance was nothing to the footing of it at Christmastide, and Twelfth Night had come ere times were ended. But even Christ-massing had its limit, and turnip dragging and straw cutting, and thrashing and marketing went on in usual regularity when the feast was over.

Turnip culture was an important matter in such a sheep producing county as that in which Swallowbeck stood, and from the preparation of the ground to the feeding of the last root, it engrossed much of the time of the farm hands. Many of the well-grown roots were deprived of heads and tails in autumn, and stored away for winter feeding, but more than half of the crop was fed off upon the land. The lambs of spring, grown into "brags" at the fall of the leaf, were turned into a portion of the turnip field before snow fall, to eat off the tops of the turnips, and, being removed to another division when they had done that work, were followed by last year's sheep, now known as "theaves" or "gimerers." These, in turn, were succeeded by the "yowes," which ate what had been left by their predecessors. In this manner every scrap of eatable turnip was consumed, and the land was made rich by the heavy coat of manure so assured. Light soils benefited by the solidifying tramp of numerous animals, and a good crop generally followed turnips. One of the pests of Swallowbeck was to be found in its "twitch grass," or couch grass, and the tearing up and gathering, and final burning of this nuisance gave employment to women and children as well as men. To us it was a grand institution, for the fires afforded blaze and warmth and excitement, and a day with the "twitchers" was one to be remembered. And one such is remembered as I write: "We uns," duly decked in pinafores covering our ordinary clothing, went into a field given up to the twitchers, on one fifth of November, a date dear to all English juveniles. We heaped up a pile of the dry grass into some semblance of a man, dubbed it Guy Fawkes, and set it in a blaze, rushing up, as we thought, nearly to

The Rockwood Review.

theskies. Our exertions had caused us to doff pinafores and jackets, and these we had piled in a heap near the scene of our labors. The grass was so plentiful that a small windrow of it extended in the direction of our duds. While we were hurrahing for Protestant ascendancy, the insidious flame had seized the windrow, and run as if on powder to our clothes. Imagine our horror when we saw these involved in common ruin! And imagine, if you can, our sheepish looks when we arrived at the farmhouse, and sans pinafores and jackets, sought quiet entrance to its hospitable kitchen. Nemesis emerged from behind the kitchen mangle, and a long cane, held by ruthless hand, fairly curled about us, as we received condign punishment for our misdeeds. After that it was never difficult to "Remember, remember, the Fifth of November."

From some plain or other, peat was brought to Swallowbeck in carts, and helped to keep up summer fires in the kitchen, when coals were not required. Its fragrant smoke is a pleasant recollection. But the fuel for the large oven, in which the supply of bread was baked, was of different character. The fences of thorn required annual pruning, flashing with a bile-hook, and then cuttings were bound up into bundles termed kids, and these being stretched near the house and there left to dry, were thrust with liberal hands into the mouth of the oven, and produced heat sufficient for baking purposes. Even now, one can recall the red and brilliant fires thus shining in upon a youthful memory.

Church-going was really enjoyed by our youthful company—and that is saying much for its attractions. It wasn't the service droned out by parson and clerk, although even that had its soothing effects, upon visitors and juvenile nerves, but

the walk of nearly two miles from Swallowbeck to Bracebridge, with flowing hedge-rows, a halt or two, a flowing river, with fish beneath a wide brick bridge, and the little adventures by the wayside, which boys, somehow or other, find whenever they walk abroad, and all which combined made the trip so pleasant then, and so pleasant to think of now. Palm Sunday was specially notable, for upon it we gathered great bunches of willow catkins, and proudly carried them to Bracebridge church, under the sure and certain conviction that they were the veritable "palms" cast before the Saviour upon his entrance to Jerusalem.

There were other days in the year when we felt that life was truly worth living. In one local newspaper—one of the oldest in England—were duly announced in the hunting season, the fixtures for the Burton Hunt during the coming week. We scanned these carefully, and when we discovered, as we sometimes did, that on the following Saturday the hounds would "throw off," somewhere within measurable distance of Swallowbeck, we were ineffably happy. Upon that morning we were out of bed by daylight, swallowing breakfast at the earliest practicable moment, and out of doors two or three hours before it was possible for the pack and its red-coated whippers in to arrive. But they invariably came, and it was the moment of moments when, even yet distant, was descried the spots of scarlet upon the highroad, and the other spots of brown, and black and white, with waving tails aloft, which assured us that the hounds were really there. With bated breath we saw them pass—with sycophantic leer at the near whipper in, we excitedly followed—and with determined trot we kept steadily on until the woods were reached

The Rockwood Review.

and drawn. What music was in the "Tally-ho," what a rush in the track of horsemen after the fox was away, what glory in the fact, that by a short cut across well-known fields, we kept up, even for how-ever short a time, with the hunt. And how doubly superlative was the intensity of our pleasure, when Reynard turned back upon his tracks, and made for the grounds from which he started! Once the brush was won by the tenant of Swallowbeck, and ever after that, the horse "Taffy," upon which he rode, was counted amongst the classic Deities.

The death of a fox, every now and then, was hailed with delight by the mistress of Swallowbeck, for it meant better preservation of poultry. The death of numberless heads of game—there were no battues then—would have been of greater benefit to the master of Swallowbeck, but he willingly or or quietly submitted to the depredations of rabbit, hare, partridge and pheasant, and regarded the poacher with holy horror, and we were made to believe it to be the cardinal sin to put down a snare, steal a partridge's egg, or set a dog upon ground game.

But I must bring these memories to a close. To me they are precious, but to the reader they may seem juvenile. They deal largely with a past gone forever. The farmer of to-day differs widely from him of the early quarter of the century, but I doubt whether England has gained from the change. Let that be as it may, she owes much of her glories and prosperity to the class who tilled her lands in the days when I knew Swallowbeck.

GRANDFATHER.

MUSIC AT THE PARK.

All day long in the neighboring park

I hear the droning sound,
From the matin song of the meadow lark

Till his vesper notes in the gathering dark,

While the merry-go-round goes round.

The noise it beats the Fourteenth band,

The proud steeds spurn the ground,
And the children ride in the chariots grand,

To the stirring strains of "Dixie
"Land,"

While the merry-go-round goes round.

The "Swanee River" drones amain,
It's measure has no bound,

And "Yankee Doodle" addles the brain,

And then they all begin over again,
While the merry-go-round goes round.

I wish the man that wrote the songs,

Were shot, or hanged, or drowned,
With all his tiresome ding-dongs;

I'd rather hear six brazen gongs,
Or even the clatter of hammer and

tongs,
While the merry-go-round goes round.

The Rockwood Review.

NOTES FROM BIRD-LAND.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT—
BIRD MANNERS IN FLEDGING-TIME
—AT THE EDGE OF THE GLADE—
TOWHEES, THRUSHES AND SPAR-
ROWS.

Amherst, Mass., July 6.

For some weeks I had lazily surmised (without investigating the subject) the existence in the neighborhood of a yellow-throat household; I so often saw the young heads of the family in the freshest hours of the day, flitting with their peculiarly noiseless, familiar, yet elusive movement from bough to bough of the great dome-shaped maple-tree, upon or rather into which (for it embraces the house), my upper windows open. They turned their bead-bright eyes on me fearlessly as I sat sewing or reading; and I on my part admired their light elegance of shape and rich but quite charm of coloring, neither, however, making any advance to a nearer acquaintance.

But on a morning in the last week of June, as I was wandering along a bit of swampy land at the foot of the orchard, with the double purpose of testing the earliest blueberries and finding a favorable spot to which to transplant some roots of CALOPOGON PULCHELLUS, that orchid whose purple rosy butterfly flowers I surprised this summer for the first time—as I was loitering there, I was arrested by a whisking and fluttering under the fringes of alders at my right, and in a moment detected the male yellow-throat, evidently greatly perturbed and intent to warn me off the premises. Instantly I dropped down into a bed of brakes and began to listen and look, unmercifully resolved upon further discoveries. The little fellow was exceedingly agitated, and, after the manner of mortals apparently thought fit to work himself to a more than natural

pitch of frenzy, whirling around and around, a foot or two from the ground and almost within reach of my hand, and uttering two sharp distracted notes which may be imitated by the syllables "chick" and "seep." His most curious antic was performed by running up a short branch and then coasting down it with his wings half extended and quivering like a humming bird's, and his whole body ruffled and tremulous.

I hardly knew my noiseless neighbor of the maple tree—his conduct now so irresistibly suggestive of Indian ghost-dancers and other of the quasi-inspired; but I remained motionless, hoping to be taken for a blue log, and in the course of a minute or two his mate appeared, and was immediately pitched upon, so to speak, with masculine vehemence, while the too patent danger that threatened was screamed into her ear. She was a slender matron, clad like her lord in yellowish olive, but only feebly reflecting his patch of deep sulphur yellow on throat and breast, and omitting entirely that dark band or mask over the eye and cheek which is the distinguishing mark of the species. Her note of distress, too, was quite distinct from his—a plaintive, unsibilant "teep" without show of violence; but as they circled about me, side by side in full cry, they so punctured the air with their protests that a catbird in the neighboring thicket burst into an angry tirade, interspersed with those flute and bell tones, those crystal roulades, that are never long wanting to our prince of vocalists.

I was amused to see that my quarry insisted on keeping his partner under his wing, as it were. When first she appeared they crossed bills, or exchanged a bird-kiss, and if she moved from his side he instantly followed and resigned his

The Rockwood Review.

former demonstrations to perch within touch of her. But after some minutes of attentive watching, I began to suspect that, in spite of all this parade, the green gloom of the alders concealed nothing more precious than a dozen or so of sapsuckers which hung on the branches in their cool globes of foam; and I accordingly rose and betook myself to a great clump of ilex, its wand-like branches closely strung with the inconspicuous clusters of little wheel-shaped, cream-white flowers. This was a move in the right direction; the anxious pair followed me up with redoubled dissuasions, and a moment later I caught sight of the object, or one object, of their solicitude, in the person of a very short-tailed, puffy and unresponsive youngster, seated on a twig and evidently exploring the world for a first time, and quite unsteady as to his wings. He paid no attention to his parents' cries, and it struck me that his expression was sulky, as if he wondered impatiently what all this hubbub was about; his beak looked unnaturally long and large—a common case among nestlings—in contrast to the curtailment at the other end, and his plumage was ill-set and somewhat crude and dingy in coloring, without those finishing touches of dark and bright noted in connection with the full-grown male bird. That he was not yet out of leading-strings I gleaned from the fact that the little mother soon approached with a worm in her bill; and the intruder was moved, in conscience name to withdraw.

On the day following I paid another visit to the ilex-bush. Not a feather was visible, but I had no sooner stepped foot in the region than from a brush-grown tuft in the midst of the swamp, a little resentful voice piped up "Tseep; chick!" Not one snatch of his proper melody had I been favored

with during these two encounters; but afterward I heard it many a time, ringing through the marsh-tangle before the sun neared the meridian—a sweet-toned, emphatic strain befitting the name of warbler, a name which has but scant justification in some members of the SYLVICOLIDÆ family. In quality though not in vocalization it suggests the full "crescendo chant" of his near cousin the ovenbird.

The yellow-throat's nest is a bulky affair, placed near or upon the ground, as befits his terrestrial habits; the eggs, which I have yet to see, are described by Coues as white, rather sparingly sprinkled with several shades of brown, but in marking, size, and shape very variable. Two broods are reared during the season.

The edge of a marsh is a spot as favorable to birds as to flowers, and when it borders, as this one does, upon a stretch of secluded woodland broken by sunny openings, and counting frequent pines and hemlocks among its summer foliated trees, it is sure to be full of song in May and of fledgings in July. Up and down the dead or dying trees skirting the bog go the nuthatches and black-and-white creepers, with an occasional woodpecker and chickadees in plenty; the tiny tappings of the last audible at a considerable distance. In the still standing but far-decayed trunk of a yellow birch, not larger than a man's arm, one may discover a nuthatch's nest—empty, perhaps, but prettily eloquent, with its floor of spongy chips, well cushioned with grass and further softened by a few tell-tale feathers, and all so snugly enclosed in that papery cylinder. Grouse go booming up from among the mossed logs, or scatter into the underbrush while their wild, bright-eyed broods vanish magically under the fallen leaves: and many are the oppor-

The Rockwood Review.

tunities for the observation of avian manners.

It was here that I started up recently a neutral tawny mother bird with thickly streaked breast, her identity quite unknown to me (perhaps a hermit-thrush, but I would not vouch for it), who went trailing lamely off just beyond reach, now here, now there, with the most awkwardly pathetic attempt at deception that I have seen among many such. Of course her feint defeated its purpose and guided my eye to the bird baby almost under my feet—an indeterminate downy mass with weak flesh-colored legs and scarcely a hint of quills, much too young according to my ideas to be "out." The little creature was perfectly tame, however, and nestled, down in my outstretched palm among the running pine and pyrola leaves, while I drew my hat over my face and studied the maternal behavior through the brim of it. For the space of half an hour there was comparative silence in our paradise; then the nestling grew hungry and began to send up such piteous chirps, varied by shrieks, as would have melted an ostrich's heart. Near and nearer circled the mother bird, until I could hear her fanning the air with her wings, while the little heart beat wildly against my hand, and I lay scarcely daring to breathe and wondering how much mother-love would venture. But hersimplicity knew an art that I had not reckoned with. About two feet off, at the foot of a stump, she alighted, and suddenly changed her cries to a tender twittering, a lisp of invitation and encouragement, and recognizable and irresistible even to a human ear. Away fluttered the captive, and I had no wish to detain it, although she coaxed it forward by short stages to a distance of a couple of rods before she felt to rejoice over it in an outburst of

ecstasy.

I must confess here to a grateful partiality for those birds that, like the whippoorwill and the phoebe, distinctly announce their names on first acquaintance, and render discussion unnecessary. What anguish of spirit it would save us if they all did it! Especially the warblers, who never intimate by a syllable whether they are blue-winged yellows, black-throated greens, yellow red polls, or some one of a dozen other combinations. To the considerable class which I have mentioned belongs the "chewink" or "towhee"—by either name unmistakable, when his clear call rings out from the grassy margin of the glade, or over the lawn to which he comes at sundown to trill his simple air, since the familiar cry is not his only musical performance. A little sprightly chirruping will often bring two or three families out of the copse, where they are scratching like hens, or flitting from birch to birch, and by whistling and talking—for the voice of man has a taming power over wild fowl—you may watch and play with them by the hour together. They are handsome birds, nearly as large as robins, black above, white and ruddy chestnut beneath, and they seldom fly far from the ground or the piles of brush beside which their somewhat clumsy nests are concealed.

The endearing voice of the song sparrow is heard in these thickets as elsewhere, and glimpses of his dusk-brown family may be hid behind the old rail fence or in the corners of the pasture lot, no singer perhaps, being more universally known and loved in New England; the swamp sparrow haunts the spot, and in April and again in November the migrating fox-sparrow passes this way. But of all the birds that gather in the low undergrowth, the woonthrush stands first as musician,

The Rockwood Review.

OUR FISHING EXPEDITIONS.

BY DAMSON GREENE.

A good deal had been said about the magnificent fishing to be had in the vicinity of Kingston, and the accounts of big catches of pike and bass appearing in the daily papers had whetted my ambition to capture some of the "finny monsters," as the reporters invariably call them. I suppose that helps to pad out the spicy locals. Well, a week or so ago, a young doctor whom we shall call Dr. Luke, a Government official answering to the name of Jack, and I, a callow young medical student, decided that we should spend a couple of days in going a fishing, and the details of the campaign were soon arranged. The first day should be spent at Collins' Lake. "a body of water completely surrounded by land and pretty girls," as Luke said, he being acquainted with one family in which there were no less than fourteen—all beautiful. Jack said that as he was a little too fleshy through want of exercise, he would do the rowing if I would pay for the boat. As I was on good terms with the only boat owner on the lake, and knew that the boat could be had for the asking, this arrangement was satisfactory, if one sided. Tackle was overhauled, split bamboo rods put in good trim, and several long hoarded quarters expended on attractive baits, although Dr. Luke said he pinned his faith on the frisky hopper or wriggling worm. Several knowing disciples of Walton told us that Collins' Lake was an ideal spot for fishing, full of black-bass, and occasionally "suckers" would run up the creek. Full of enthusiasm we started before sunrise, in a light democrat wagon, with plenty of everything on board, bait for fish, men and horse, and a large box filled with ice to preserve our catch in. We reached the lake

at five, and as I supposed, a boat was easily secured, although our host explained that it was a little leaky. The lake is not large, round in shape, and probably a mile in diameter. The boat was leaky, and when we were a hundred yards from shore, the water had come over the thwarts of the skiff. We made for shore as rapidly as possible, and Dr. Luke said that he would go up to a farmer's and buy a bar of brown soap, which was a capital thing with which to caulk a leaky boat. He got what he wanted, price, twenty-five cents, really thirty, as the farmer charged him five cents discount on the American quarter given, the only quarter the Dr. had with him. The boat was caulked fairly well, and did not leak to any great extent. A nice little ripple was on the water, and we all thought that the fish should bite, Dr. Luke tried the Seth Green gang of flies and I put on a swell spinner. The water seemed not more than four feet deep, but we supposed would soon get deeper. Delusive hope—we struck out for the opposite shore, when suddenly in the middle of the lake we went aground in black mud. Jack bravely tugged at the oars, and made some progress, getting the boat deeper in the mire than ever, and straining the seams, so that even brown soap at thirty cents a bar was powerless to keep out water. Dr. Luke remarked to Jack that he was making a mess of the whole business, (which was literally true, as the name of our lunch was MUD long before this), and Jack retaliated by saying that if he thought he could do any better, he had better try. Dr. Luke with some warmth remarked that he very soon would try, and would show that his nautical knowledge went further than caulking leaky seams. By this time he had removed his boots and stockings—

The Rookwood Review.

the Seth Green flies, with numerous weeds attached, were hauled aboard, and Jack and I making brave attempts to keep dry. The Dr. saw a wrecked biscuit box near at hand, and hooked it up to the boat with an oar. Said he, "I will step out on the biscuit box, and when the boat is relieved of the extra weight, we can slide her back over the course we came, until the bow is abreast of the biscuit box, then I will step in, carry the box to the stern, and repeat until we reach deep water, and see that you jays do as I tell you." He placed the box in position, balanced himself with the oar, and boldly stepped forth. The box was not founded on a rock, and Collins' Lake mud is soft—and deep. Now if the Doctor had stepped on the centre of the box he might have settled down gracefully and steadily, but having stepped on one corner, something was bound to happen, and it did. It seems that soft slimy mud has been accumulating in this lake since the time of the Plesiosaurus, at least Dr. Luke now says that it must have been doing so for many millions of years, judging by the quantity and sliminess of it; at all events our friend went into it not like the Dr. Foster of Mother Goose fame, up the middle, but up to the neck, and so suddenly that we were quite as startled as he was. Jack began to laugh and invite him to come in out of the wet, and to ask him if he would like a little of the ice to put on his head, so that the rules of hydrotherapy and mud baths might be properly applied. Dr. Luke was grieved, not to say annoyed, and suggested that we had better help him out, so Jack asked him to hand the oar to the boat, and hang on one end. Now Jack is no weakling, but he had to brace himself very stiffly and pull—heavens how he pulled, but yet he made progress, so did the Doctor.

At first he came slowly, but finally suddenly, and as he did so Jack disappeared over the other side of the boat backwards, and we still had one of the crew decidedly "in it," as the popular slang has it. Jack is no light weight—two hundred or thereabout, and he cut a pretty figure in the mud. Dr. Luke, who had now climbed in, said as he scraped the black mud off, that as he gazed on Jack, he could easily imagine himself far off on the Upper Amazon, watching the hippopotamus play among the lotus. I suggested that the hippopotamus and lotus were more likely to be found on the Nile, but he said it made no difference that Jack would be taken for a hippopotamus either one place or the other. Jack did not find the suggestions about ice and coming in out of the wet so funny as they seemed a few minutes before, and when we got him on board, wanted to argue that we should have told him that the Dr. was coming up suddenly. There was a good deal of friction between the two, but finally when as much mud as possible was scraped off, we decided to pole the boat to shore, a hundred yards or so, and eventually succeeded in getting there. The mud larks found a place where the water was clear, if shallow, and washed themselves and clothes as well as possible. Our lunch was spoiled, the boat too leaky to use, even if we could get her back, so we decided to call it a case of wreckage, and let the farmer get her back as best he could. I began to suspect that this was his boat for leading, so did not feel worried about it. We had left our horse tied up under a tree in the farmer's lapa, with a bundle of hay with which to regale himself. Old General is twenty years of age, but on some occasions a veritable war horse. When we left, he had evidently munched his hay quietly

The Rockwood Review.

and thoughtfully, and wandered back in mind to the days of his youth, when the world seemed young, and life a dream of cats and beans and pastures green. His eyelids gently drooped, his head took an easy position, and his ears were filled with the hum of grasshopper and droning bee. Now "is that a bee," said General to himself, as the droning took on a livelier air, "methinks it may be a hornet," and he pricked his ears. At the same time an energetic hornet struck him near the tail, another on the nose, and in a moment the General had snapped the tie rein, and had gone down the road at railroad speed, and finally jumped a fence into a field full of the forbidden fruits. How the old boy must have enjoyed himself, for when we found him he had dropped eighteen of his twenty years, and when approached was as shy as a debutante, and then shaking his head gave a frightened squeal, turned tail, flung his heels in the air, and was gone in a moment. We tried everything for an hour, and then Dr. Luke in his fury finally picked up one of the farmer's ripest musk melons, and threw it with all his strength at the recreant steed. It struck him full in the forehead, ripe in all its luciousness, and before the old fellow had time to recover his surprise, I had him a prisoner. He was a sight to behold. Nose skinned and bleeding, swollen too where the wasps had stung him, knees barked, harness broken in several places, and in all respects a horse the worse for wear. The farmer saw us, and urged a bitter complaint against us, which I was forced to satisfy with the usual panacea for such ills, a GOLDEN remedy which I had to apply on a free silver basis. We started for home without a fish, dirty, wet and dispirited, and Jack and I felt that we were disgraced,

and must redeem ourselves by going fishing the next day at the Spectacles, where George Gayworthy had caught dozens of beauties a week before—at least Gayworthy said he did. Dr. Luke said he would not be one of the party, and further remarked that Collins' Lake was probably named after the immortal John Collins because it was not characterized by an excess of water—a quality he said very common among John Collinses. I draw a veil over the remarks made when we got home, because every smart Aleck in a neighborhood feels it his duty to be funny at the expense of a disappointed fisherman, and everyone knows that any joke about fishing is as old as the hills. No new joke can be made about fish, so what is the use of repeating the time honored chestnuts which were hurled at us. Next day we got a little sail boat, and after considerable trouble borrowed a skiff. All skiff owners seemed a little stiff about it, and said that nothing hurt a good skiff so much as fish kicking around in it. Finally we struck a good natured fellow, who said that he would lend us his skiff, because he knew everybody else had refused us, and anyway he did not think we would catch any fish. We got George Gayworthy and Johnny Peterson to come along instead of the Doctor, George because he knew where the big fish were to be caught, and Johnny Peterson because he could sail a boat well, in fact generally sailed in every race in the bay, and once would have won if they had not dropped the spinnaker overboard, and made a drag anchor when there was no storm on deck. Yes, there was a storm on deck too, but not in the way I mean. We had not gone far when George said we must have minnows, because the fish at the Spectacles would not bite unless they had minnows, in fact the only

The Rockwood Review.

bass caught this year had been on minnows. He had heard of one man who tried every kind of bait at the Spectacles for six weeks, and never thought of minnows until the end of that time. He did not even get a bite, but when he tried minnows he caught the bass so fast that the boat filled and sank. The man was drowned, and the fish had been caught so quickly that they all swam away unhurt. George said he knew where this spot was, and if we could get minnows, he would take us to it, and these fish would be pretty apt to bite again. We had a minnow net and pails, and George knew a likely spot to catch them. There was a head wind on, and Peterson said that was always his luck. If he had a race on, it was invariably a beat to windward, a change of wind and a beat to windward to return. If the spinaker had not gone overboard in that one race when he had a chance he would have won, but as it was he would yet strike the right breeze. Jack was pretty quiet and not very good natured over the previous day's adventures. By noon we had caught our minnows, and had worked up to the Spectacles. George said he would soon show us where to catch fish, but seemed worried, and finally said that some jays had shifted his marks, and he could not get the bearings. We now discovered that we had misunderstood George, (about his having been there recently,) who was looking for his marks, the buoys used by the Canoe Association at their meet some years before, and taken away then. George was very mad, and said there was no chance for a fisherman now a days, everybody tried to put a stop to true sport, however he knew a good spot for fish even without his marks. He told us how to manage it, and Peterson got the boat on the spot, and the anchor was dropped. We

fished for an hour or so, and caught three little perch. Jack got Gayworthy very mad by saying that the whole fish story was a fake, and Peterson and I went out trolling for an hour or so. When we came back (we didn't catch anything), Gayworthy and Jack were sitting at different ends of the boat, but we made them shake hands and be friendly, and George began to brighten up a little, and said that he had forgotten about it, but the bass at the Spectacles could only be caught in the evening, so we had better lunch and have a snooze until the dark. We lunched and snoozed, and in the evening caught two small bass, one of which was a rock-bass, and at dark thought of starting for home, but the wind had gone down, and it was fully nine miles to the dock. Peterson said he would have to get back that night, so we agreed to take turns in rowing the skiff and towing the boat. Peterson said to give her plenty of line, and each would take an hour at it, George to be time-keeper, and one to sit on the bow with a lighted cigar as a mark to keep the skiff straight. He would take the first hour. It was very dark now, and we could scarcely see him as he tugged away at the oars—but we heard him. John was working hard, and we could tell by the strain on the line that he was not funking. We could hear him talking to himself, and several times he seemed to say that if this was not the dogondest heaviest brute of a boat he ever towed. He seemed warm when he came in, but for that matter so did everyone else when he had put in an hour. When each fellow had done his watch, Jack said that Cedar Island should have been passed long ago, and Knapp's Point did not seem an inch further away than when we started. This caused a spirit of enquiry to start up, and Peterson asked if

The Rockwood Review.

anyone had lifted the anchor before we started. No one pleaded guilty, and we discovered that the anchor was still in the holding ground. I hope never to witness such a scene as occurred on that sail boat then. Talk about mutual recriminations. Each man blamed the other, and if anyone wonders why none of us speak as we pass by, it is easily explained, but not so the neglect of the man who failed to lift the anchor. The query of The Lady or the Tiger, which? is not in the same class with it.

MARGARET.

A PEARL, A DAISY, A STAR.

Under the sea hidden well
Lies the white pearl in its shell
Darkly set,—
Even so from the snares that allure,
From the cares that encumber and
fret,

Folded sweet as a lily secure,
Thy white soul walks maidenly pure,
Margaret!

Among weeds in the sun flaunting
high
The daisy looks up to the sky,
Dewy wet,

A shelter from tempest and heat
Are her branches her path that beset,
To fence in thy wandering feet,
And keep thy life fragrant and sweet,
Margaret!

Out of the night twinkling far
Blossoms a silver-white star
Through the net
Of the darkness beholding His face
In the light which no eye ever met;
So thou, let thy lowlier ways
Lead upward, thy silence be praise,
Margaret!

K. S. McL.

Kingston, Portsmouth & Cata-
raqui Street Railway.

**Better Cars than
Ever.**

GREATER ACCOMMODATION.

CARS EVERY 10 MINUTES.

**ONE TICKET TAKES YOU TO
LAKE ONTARIO PARK,**

WITH ALL ITS PRIVILEGES.

One Ticket gives you a belt ride,
including the trip out to

Alwington Avenue and Return.

25 Cents will get you 8 Tickets.

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed
at Kingston.

Yearly subscription to residents
of Kingston and Portsmouth, 25
Cents. To persons residing at a
distance, 35 Cents.

Single Copies, 3 Cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10
Cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors,—Miss Goldie and Miss
Margery Clarke.

Business Manager,—Chas. M.
Clarke.

Communications should be ad-
dressed to the Box of "Rockwood
Review," Rockwood House, King-
ston.

The Rockwood Review.

Rockwood did not send any crack dogs to the Kingston Dog Show, but Mr. Routley's, Lincoln, a Rockwood dog, came out first in the Gordon Setter class, defeating several celebrated American dogs. Columbine takes much of the credit for the victory.

Dr. Shannon of New York, called on the staff of the REVIEW early in September. New York evidently agrees with Dr. S.

The second of the series of races between Viola and Iris took place about September 1st. The race was sailed in a reefing breeze, and was keenly contested. Mr. Davidson handled the Iris with skill, but it is evident that under ordinary circumstances, Viola is the better boat, and the result of the race was in favor of the Viola by a handsome margin.

Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea spent his holidays in Scranton, Penn., and came home looking younger than ever. He has added several new comic songs to his collection, and will do a burlesque on Irving's Hamlet in the winter.

So much talk was occasioned by the clever get up of Mr. Thos. McCammon at the celebrated bicycle parade, that Mr. McC. had the outfit, including himself, photographed. The background in the picture is well chosen, due prominence is given to the "red bird" and its decorations, but the striking feature is the left eye of the bicyclist. Ajax defying the lightning in four different positions, is not in it with this left eye. Mr. McCammon is now awaiting the arrival of a new wheel from Brantford, a present from the manufacturers. The wheel should arrive before the great handicap race.

Our Mr. John McDonald was elected Secretary of the Association of Stationary Engineers, on the occasion of their Convention here.

Mrs. Mullin of Hamilton, and Archie Mullin of football fame, spent several days at Rockwood in the early part of September. Archie will as usual play with the young Tigers, and is growing an extensive crop of curls, in anticipation of a vigorous campaign in defence of the Cup.

What has become of the Keewayden Bicycle Club? It commenced with a tremendous flourish of trumpets and yards upon yards of gay ribbons, teas here, parades there, and all the flash and fire of social distinction and high toned exclusiveness, and now it seems a thing of the past. What is the matter with the Keewaydens? Somebody tell us what has happened. Let us have light upon the subject.

Bicycles, tennis, rackets and other frivolous sports have been given up by certain members of the medical staff who have become disciples of Izak Walton. It is no unusual thing to see one usually sedate young doctor wildly chasing after a frisky grasshopper, or locust, with which to bait his hook, or another more enthusiastic medical man, trolling up and down the lake, between Rockwood and Hatter's Bay, in hope of getting a nibble. So far the score between the two has been fourteen nibbles, and one pike weighing 32,640 grains.

Speaking of the pleasures of hope puts us in mind of the fact that Mr. Thos. Evans has always hoped to catch a large fish in the Rockwood slip, and has patiently stuck to the waiting game since 1864, now and then being cheered by the capture of a bass a few ounces larger than anything the other fellows could get. On the 7th Sept. (Labor Day), the big fish came along in the shape of a fifteen pound pike, the finest yet caught at Rockwood.

The Rockwood Review.

Frank J Hoag,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

COR. PRINCESS AND MONTREAL STS.
Telephone, No. 258, Kingston.

A Drug Pointer.

You cannot do better than give us a call when buying anything in our line. Prices the Lowest and Quality guaranteed. Favor us with a call.

GO TO

Frank W. Coates,

Jeweller and Practical Optician,

For First Class Watches or Jewellery,

Of any description, or have your eyes properly fitted for Glasses.
Examination free.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

CAPITAL—(Including Reserve of \$6,000,000, \$18,000,000.

In Savings Bank Department, deposits of \$4 and upwards are received, and interest allowed at current rates, (from date of deposit to date of withdrawal).

Interest is added to the deposit twice a year, on the 30th June and 31st December.

R. B. CROMBIE, Manager.

Always go to Clack Wright's

WHEN YOU WANT A STYLISH HAT.

A Reliable Place for Furs.

PRICES REASONABLE.

A. O. Johnston & Bro.,

IMPORTERS OF

**Fine Gold Jewellery,
Watches, Diamonds, &c.**

IN THIMBLES,

We are showing the Best Assortment. Other Lines of Goods are better than ever.

COR. PRINCESS AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

**Professional,
Arthur Ellis, Architect,
KINGSTON.**

**E. E. Sparks, D. DS., LD. S., MD.
Dentist.**

230½ PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

**Britton & Whiting,
Barristers, &c.**

B. M. BRITTON, Q. C.,
J. L. WHITING, B. A.
Offices, 69 Clarence St., Kingston.

**J. S. Skinner,
Barrister and Solicitor,
81 CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.**

**James Reid,
Leading Undertaker and Em-
balmer, also the**

Best Assortment of Furniture,

At the Lowest possible Rates.

R. Reid, Manager.
254 and 256 Princess Street.

**W. H. Hambly, Hardware,
The Best in Town.
115 Princess Street, Phone 438.**

The Rockwood Review.

Model Steam Laundry,

42 AND 44 PRINCESS STREET.

TELEPHONE 302. KINGSTON, ONT.

FINE CUSTOM WORK.

We make a specialty of Restaurant, Hotel, Railroad and Boat work.

MILNE & MILNE, Proprietors.

Satisfaction secured by wearing

Jenkins' Bicycle Suits,

Bicycle Sweaters, Bicycle Stockings, Bicycle Suspensories.

All goods guaranteed in price and quality.

JENKINS, 174 WELLINGTON STREET.

J. Halligan & Co.,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Imported Wines and Liquors.

Agents for La Batt's Prescott Ale and Porter.

HAVANNA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Brock Street, near Market Square, Kingston, Ont.

Millinery does not mean expensive Millinery by any means. We sell

English Millinery,

And it costs no more than poor taste may elsewhere.

Hardy's, 125 Princess Street.

R Waldron,

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

IMPORTER OF

English French and German SILKS, FANCY DRESSES, MEBINOES,

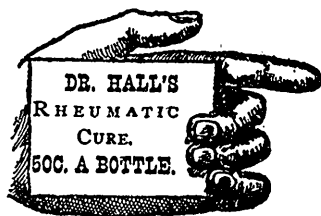
Irish Linens, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Family Mourning and House Furnishings.

WE DON'T KEEP
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND FISHING
TACKLE,

WE SELL THEM.

W. J. Paul, Tobacconist.

Princess Street.



Never fails to cure any form of Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Taken internally.

At Wade's Drug Store.

Coal and Wood,

B. Crawford & Co.,

Kingston.

N. McNeil,

Plumber and Steam Fitter,

BROCK STREET, KINGSTON.

Improved methods of Heating with Hot Water or Steam.

Kent Brothers, Bankers,

CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

Notes Discounted, Drafts bought and sold, Deposits received at Interest, subject to cheque on demand.

The Rockwood Review.

DOES IT PAY

To Insure in the Canada Life ?

In 1851 Sir Oliver Mowat took out a \$4,000 policy with a premium of \$94.34 per annum, the profits being used as an annuity to reduce the premium. Since 1885 the premium has been entirely extinguished by profits, and Sir Oliver is besides now in receipt of an annuity of \$144.70. It pays to insure in the Canada Life.

J. T. White, Agent.

C. E. CLARKE, M. D.,

Examiner for Portsmouth.

Columbia Bicycles !

RENTING AND REPAIRING,

Franklin Typewriter. Copying Done.

**Bicycle and
Typewriter
Headquarters.**

J. R. G. Dobbs & Co.,

44 CLARENCE STREET.

S. Oberndorffer,

Wholesale manufacturer of

Fine Cigars,

Smoke Fido and Fresh,

Telephone, No. 178. Office and
Factory:

87 91 AND 93 PRINCESS STREET,
Kingston.

MONS. LOUIS ANDRIEUX,

Graduate of Liege Conservatory,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND SOLFEGGIO.
288 Barrie Street, Kingston.



THE EARLY BIRD !

They say—gets the start, gets ahead.

We are usually ahead in

*Novelties, New Books, Sporting
Goods, New Music, &c.*

HAMMOCKS are risen, selling at cost.

John Henderson & Co.

GOLD IN THE HEAD,

And Headache, cured in five
minutes, Catarah cured in a week,
by using DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF,
25 Cents a Box. For sale at

WADE'S DRUG STORE.

We don't claim to be the only

CLOTHIERS

In the City, but we do say we are
the Leaders.

GRAND UNION CLOTHING CO.

J. Routley,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES,

And all kinds of

Briar and Meerschaum Pipes.

Fishing Tackle, Guns, Rifles,
Revolvers and Ammunition.

173 PRINCESS STREET.