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The

Rockwood

Review.



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Literature, Natural History and
Local News.



The Rockwood Review.

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VOL. 5.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1899.

NO. 10.

LOCAL ITEMS.

It is regarded as a significant fact, that as soon as the Canadian Contingent was asked for, two members of our medical staff left for Ottawa., by special steamboat, and a Cabinet meeting was immediately called. In reply to queries regarding their mission, they state that what the Premier said to them no men of honour would reveal.

Dr. J. Webster and Mr. C. Y. Ford spent a few days on the Rideau recently, studying the autumnal foliage.

Mrs. Peirce has been indisposed for a week or more. Her early recovery is hoped for.

Red-eyed Vireos and three-toed Woodpeckers were in the grounds on October 29th. The date is somewhat late for the former.

Queen's has had bad luck in Football this year, but brighter days are in store, as she possesses excellent material, and will no doubt find out a better plan for its development than has been adopted this season. It is a pity to find Queen's students playing on outside teams, especially when they say that they would rather play for their Alma Mater. What is the real trouble—surely not favouritism?

Miss Nellie Jackson spent a few days recently in St. Catharines.

Mrs. D. M. Marshall and her niece, Miss Eliza Scott, have sailed for Scotland.

ROCKWOOD ANNUAL SPORTS.

After a long wait for a fine day, the Rockwood Annual Sports took place, on October 30th, under most favorable conditions of weather. The day was as warm as one in early summer, and the large attendance of city and village visitors, stimulated the competitors to the very best effort. All events were open to patients, and many were open to patients alone. Everything passed off without a hitch, and the best of temper was shown by all of the competitors, who accepted victory or defeat with the best grace possible.

Putting the Shot—W. Dehaney, 35 ft. 1½ in., J. Lawless, T. McCammon.

Pole Vault—E. Gilmour, 7 ft. 7, G. Coxworthy, W. Jones.

Three-Legged Race—E. Gilmour and G. Coxworthy, W. Jones and W. Amey, G. Irvine and A. Vanaskey.

100 Yards Race, (Patients)—A. Smith, Geo. Brown, F. Legault.

100 Yards Dash—W. Dehaney, 11 seconds, W. Amey, J. Lawless.

Patients Race, (45 and over)—J. Stewart, P. Collins, G. Johnston.

Running High Jump—J. Lawless, 4 ft. 9 in., W. Dehaney, W. Jones.

220 Yards Race—W. Dehaney, 26 seconds, J. Lawless, W. Amey.

Married Men's Race—T. McCammon, H. Ross, J. Graham.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—J. Lawless, W. Dehaney, F. Legault.

Standing Broad Jump—W. Dehaney, F. Legault, W. Jones.

Potato Race, (Patients)—G. Johnston, P. Collins, A. Vanaskey.

Potato Race—G. Coxworthy, W. Woods, G. Johnston.

120 Yards Hurdle Race—E. Gilmour, W. Dehaney, J. Lawless.

Sack Race, (Patients)—J. Stewart, A. Vanaskey, G. Brown.

Mile Race—W. Amey, G. Coxworthy, W. Dehaney.

Bicycle Race—W. Jones, E. Gilmour, A. Powell.

Children's Race, (15 and under)—Elliott, Potter, C. Graham.

Children's Race, (12 and under)—J. Davidson, Mackie, Dennison.

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The remarks of "Watchman" in the Kingston News of Oct. 21st, on football, were much to the point, and contained some wholesome truths that most people have been afraid to utter. As he intimates those persons who have the best interests of the game at heart, were delighted with the gentlemanly behaviour of the Argonauts and Granites, at a time when they had almost lost hope after the visit of the Rough Riders. For a short time it looked as if the bad elements had possession both of Queens and the Granites, but all indications now point to the eventual supremacy of what is the best in both organizations.

Commandant Kitson deserves the thanks of the community at large, for his determined stand regarding "scrapping and slugging" by the Cadets during football matches. It required a good deal of forbearance on the part of the Cadets, to resist the assaults of two or three of Queen's II., who were fully aware of the order, and did not hesitate to make what little capital they could out of it. The sweeping victory of the R. M. C. was all the more popular as a result of this.

Miss Edith Brown, of Toronto, made a brief stay with Mrs. McLean in October.

Cadet Clarke established a record in the R. M. C. Sports, by putting the 22 lb. shot 37 ft. 5 in. In the Varsity, McGill-Queen's Sports, the winning put with the 16 lb. shot, was 35 ft.

Mrs. Forster and Miss Peirce, were the guests of Mrs. Ashcroft, Montreal, for a few days.

Mr. Donald McLean, of Petrolia, visited at Rockwood recently.

The crop of hickory nuts is unusually large, a fact much appreciated by the numerous red squirrels always to be found in the grounds.

As a general rule the little Scaup Duck is very common in the late fall, while the big scaup duck is extremely rare. This year both varieties are comparatively common.

Bluejays are here in large numbers.

While every right thinking person deplores the events which have precipitated war between Britain and the Boers, it is impossible to help being thrilled by the accounts of the brilliant feats of arms being accomplished by our soldiers. One is filled with admiration too for the brave but distinguished Boers, whose stubborn defence shows what a sturdy and capable people they are. Let pessimists croak in regard to the degeneration apt to set in during "piping times of peace," but the events of the last few days show that brave men are still to be found, and courage is not a quality that has disappeared.

'We had a fitting notice of Mr. Wilfred Jones' departure for the Transvaal. The question is now what happened to Jones?

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Politics run mad, might easily be applied to many of the newspaper editorials of the present day. There is much to condemn on both sides, but possibly the most contemptible effort of late years has been the attempt of certain journals to stir up race strife, at a time when every Canadian should stand beside his brother. Because men do not shout about their loyalty from the house top, it does not follow that they are not loyal, in fact deeds count more than words, and it is a matter of history that the most devoted patriots have generally been those who have said little but done much. There are many Canadians who regret the Boer War, in fact all true Britons deplore the necessity that has forced an appeal to arms; but now war is a dreadful reality, there are no Canadians either of British or French extraction who do not wish for the success of the British Arms. It is not the quill drivers who endeavor to set French Canadians and English Speaking Canadians at each others throats who will be found in the Canadian Contingent. True dignity is evidently quite as rare as true patriotism among the picayune politicians, whose only ambition is to be "on top" no matter how.

Sporting events interest the majority of Anglo Saxons, and the sporting columns of most newspapers are read by the multitude, and even persons who profess to have a bitter dislike to such amusements as prize fighting and football, exhibit a familiarity with the details of these encounters that betokens a faithful study of the newspapers. Possibly these people cannot attend the sporting events, because of the absence of any such excuse, as that of the children and the menagerie, which does duty when the hyper-virtuous man wishes to settle his conscience and visit the circus at the same time. Under the circumstances the editor should rise to the occasion, and journals which are on a high level

in most particulars, should have sporting matters discussed and reported in a dignified and accurate manner. Take the subject of football alone. Ordinarily, a reporter who knows as much about football as he does about the higher mathematics, is deputed to write up the match. If the local team wins, the account fairly bubbles over with vulgar boastings of the prowess of the players, and the whole article is strongly suggestive of hysterics and soda-water fizz. The grand stand players are puffed up ad nauseam, the quiet hard working fellows are probably not mentioned. The other team is condescended to and perhaps sympathized with. If by any chance the visitors should win, then the referee catches it, there are accusations galore in regard to the crookedness of players and officials, and the hysterics now savor of tears—tears without smiles. No wonder this place hates that place, and that fewer detest this place, while the cock-a-doodle-do of the sporting cockerel is to be heard so often. There are writers of sporting articles who strive to be fair, and who consequently make no trouble, but unfortunately their influence is not always in the ascendant. Why men can have less fairness than children, over games, is something difficult to understand.

There has been a remarkable migration of Golden Plover this autumn. As these birds have been almost unknown here for several years, their return is heralded with pleasure. Curreen were also seen in fair numbers.

One of the most amusing features of football contests in Kingston is the running commentary of the playing kept up by the small boy. What he does not know about the five points of the game is not worth knowing.

Miss Kathleen Harty, and the Misses Clarke, visited Toronto during the Opera Season.

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SHOOTING MATCH AND FANCY WORK COMPETITION.

In addition to the ordinary sports a Shooting Match was held, open to all who did not enter other events. Some remarkable scores were made, and the first prize was won by Jas. Dennison with a score of nineteen. The winners were as follows:—

Jas. Dennison,
J. Shea,
A. Carey,
J. Davidson,
A. Mackie.

The Fancy Work Competition resulted as follows:

Sarah Larmer,	1st Socks.
A. Goodell,	1st Stockings.
Sarah McDonell,	1st Stockings.
Nellie Smith,	1st Stockings.
Margaret Croskery,	1st Stockings.
Anna Maria Smith,	2nd Socks.
Mrs. Potter,	2nd Stockings.
Maggie Allen,	2nd Socks.
A. McCartley,	2nd Stockings.
C. Fraser,	2nd Stockings.
C. McBride,	2nd Socks.
Maude Hutchins,	2nd Stockings.
R. Clarke	2nd Socks.
Bridget McConville,	2nd Stockings.
Mina McGregor,	3rd Socks.
Mary Mountenay,	3rd Socks.
Kate McKinnon,	1st Knitted Lace.
C. Howard,	2nd Knitted Lace.
Sarah Larmer,	1st Mittens, knitted.
Mary Darou,	3rd Mittens, " "
A. Smith,	1st Lace, Crochet.
Sarah Larmer,	1st Lace, " "
E Lister,	2nd Lace, " "
G. Legault,	1st Sofa Pillow, Emb.
Sarah Larmer,	2nd " " "
Mary Rowlands,	1st Table Mats.
Lizzie Doree,	1st Floor Mats.
S. McDowall,	2nd Floor Mat.
R. Foster,	2nd Floor Mat.
Mary Rowlands,	1st Pillow Shams.
Miss Legault,	2nd " " "
Mrs. Raymond,	2nd " " "
Mrs. Williamson,	1st Shirt.
" Fitzgerald,	1st " "
" Cass,	1st " "
Miss Lister,	2nd " "
Mrs. Smith,	1st Tidy, Crochet.
Sarah Larmer,	1st Art. Flowers.
Mrs. Smith,	1st " " "

Miss Asseltine,	1st Underclothing
Miss A. Handy,	1st " "
Mrs. Grant,	2nd " "
Rebecca Stone,	2nd " "
Mrs. McDougall,	1st Fancy Work.
Miss Legault,	1st " "
Bertha Telgeman,	1st " "
Mary Rowlands,	1st " "
Annie Mangan,	1st Plain Sewing.
Mrs. Bellamy,	1st " "
Emma Abbott,	1st " "
Mary Kerr,	2nd " "
Mrs. Woodrow,	2nd " "
Bridget Sculley,	3rd " "
Nancy Boivan,	1st Ironing.
Mrs. Bartley,	1st " "
Ann Mason,	2nd " "
Carrie Locey,	1st Bread Making.
J. McMillan,	2nd " "

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Dr. C. K. Clarke,
" J. M. Forster,
W. R. Dick,
A. McLean,
J. Davidson,
T. W. McCammon,
W. Shea.

JUDGES—

Dr. J. Webster,
J. Dennison,
C. Y. Ford.

SCORER—

Alexander Mackie.

STARTER—

W. J. Paul,

TIME-KEEPER—

W. Potter.

JUDGES OF WOMEN PATIENTS FANCY WORK.

Mrs. B. M. Britton,
" R. T. Walkem,
" W. F. Nickle,
" W. Workman,
" D. Marshall.

The Prizes for the different Sports were generously donated by the merchants of the city, and private individuals who are deeply interested in the welfare of the Institution. There was a happy party at the distribution of prizes in the Amusement Hall.

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OCTOBER.

Summer days are gone and over,
The fields are bare where the bluejay sings,
And the mullein stalks where the brown bird clings ;
And dragon flies and late bees hover
In lush swamp grasses and sun-dried clover,
Haunt of the Killdeer and the plover.
Pipe of snipe, and blackbird's whistle,
Hips and haws, and down of thistle,
Shepherd's purse, and plantain seeds
Ripe for the small birds needs.
Now the clambering bitter sweet
Opens flame-red berries out,
Where with nimble hands and feet,
And many a ringing laugh and shout,
In hazel trees and hickories brown,
The schoolboy shakes the russet treasures down.
Blue the haze rests on the hill,
Wave and sky look far and dim,
Fleecy cloudlets sail and swim,
Autumn days are soft and still.
Autumn harvests gathered in,
Golden apples in the bin,
Fruit and corn and yellow wheat
Make the farmer's store complete.
Sharp-eyed gleaners in the path
Of the ox-cart's rustling sheaves,—
Reapers of the aftermath,—
Burrowers among the leaves,
Where the spider nightly weaves
Ropes of pearls in jewels set,
Fit for Titania's amulet :
Tiny harvesters are merry
Gathering stores while skies are fair,
Scarlet leaf and russet berry,—
Motley is the only wear.
Hawthorn apples sweet and sound.
In small cellars underground,
Keep the long cold winter round.
Mossy cells in field and wood
Shield the bumble bee's young brood,
Ready with the winds of spring
To visit every blossoming thing,
And in the meadow grass of June
To sing again their lulling tune.
Morning airs are crisp with rime,
Fields and woods are brown and sober,
But this is the round world's resting time,
And the sweet of the year is gray October.

K. S. McL.

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ELTON SLADE'S AUCTION HABIT.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNEL, IN
"COSMOPOLITAN."

The dust in the wake of Elton Slade's clattering wagon with a final dizzy whirl subsided, and his wife, Waitstill, went back to her work. There were little humorous, indulgent creases in her face. She laughed a little, softly.

"That's the third one this season!" she said aloud. "I don't know what Elton would do for recreation if 'twasn't for 'em. If there's one thing over 'n' above another that's Elton's edification, it's an auction!"

The neat, shiny little kitchen had the incipient smells of good things for dinner in it, and Waitstill set to adding yet another.

"I wonder what he'll buy to this auction," ran on her low monotone. She talked to herself for company,

"Last time he brought home that keg of rusty nails that the angel Gabriel himself couldn't built a trumpet-case with. There isn't a lonesome, decent nail among 'em!"

She laughed again, with a gentle ripple over her buxom form.

"It's a regular craziness of Elton's, but it's lucky he ain't a money-maniac and wants to buy expensive things every time. My grief, Elton's things ain't worth two cents! There's more old scrap-iron and broken farm tools and legless chairs and chairless legs out there in the barn-chamber than I could count in a fortnight o' Sundays. Auction trash, too, every mite of it is."

The pans clashed merrily under the brisk fingers, and Waitstill Slade's merry laugh joined in cheerfully.

"Bless him, he's got to amuse himself some way, and auctions are innocent anyhow. Elton hasn't got another single bad habit. I guess you don't need to complain much, Waitstill Pyncheon Slade!"

The neighbors maintained that "Mis' Slade" humored Elton too much — "babied," Aunt Drusilla

Rudd called it.

"I suppose it's because she ain't ever had anybody else to baby," she usually concluded, charitably. "Waitstill Slade would 've made a capital bringer-up of ten or a dozen children.

When the noisy wagon came back along the dusty road and clattered into the Slade dooryard, the good things had been waiting a long time for dinner. The smells were not quite so savoury and appetizing.

Waitstill had been watching ever since Elton turned the school house bend, and her keen eyes had seen the bulky load "on behind." It stumped her, she said.

"My grief, what's Elton been buying now? It's something big and comical-shaped and dark colored," she murmured, as she peered through shading palms. "I can't make it out. It bumps round dreadfully. Looks as much like a cabinet-organ as anything else, or a chaise-top! Even when the wagon rattled in she was unenlightened.

"What's that you've got in behind, Elton?" she cried, from the back door-steps. She had thrown her apron over her head, and the light breeze blew it about her in sinuous waves.

"What—in—the—world,—Elton—Slade?"

"Hey? Oh, that? That's a reg'lar bargain, Waitstill. I only paid a dollar for it. Mahogany, too; no veneering about it. It's mahogany clear through. Jude Perry came mighty near outbidding me.

"But what is it, Elton? There, I might's well come out and see for myself—Elton Slade, it's a cradle!

Elton unloaded it and hovered about it a little nervously. He took out his handkerchief and polished a small spot of the rich dark wood till it shone redly.

"See there—see the grain, will you, Waitstill! Ain't it beautiful? It was up in the attic lumbering round like a pipe box. I tell you it was a reg'lar bargain."

But his wife, Waitstill, said not

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a word. The tears were in her eyes and blurred the old battered cradle till it looked more than ever like a chaise-top. She was thinking of the babies that had gone to sleep there, jolted by some mother's foot.

It was an old-fashioned hooded cradle, that grandmothers babies little twisted faces had peeped out of long ago. There were little yellow cradle-clothes in it still. The process of being "auctioned off" and jolted home in the wagon's tail had disarranged them more than the gentler hand of time.

Waitstill stooped and straightened them out. How yellow, how yellow, the little pillow-slip was, and the little woollen quilt was nibbled by generations of moths.

"Set it into the front hall, Elton, and come right in to dinner," she said, briskly to cover the jolts in her voice. "I'll see to it. I wouldn't put it up in the barn-chamber with the nails and things.

After dinner, when Elton had gone away again, she hurried the clearing-up and went out into the front hall.

The cradle drew her like a magnet.

"I guess I'll do up the pillow-slip and the sheets," she thought, thriftily. "But the quilt's beyond helping—it's all riddled, I could make a new one—"

The idea pleased her at once. She got her bag of bright pieces and planned the work with eager interest. It would be so cunning when it 'twas done! It must be real bright, of course—babies' things ought to be.

It was quite a while before she could decide where to put the cradle. It couldn't stand in the front hall.

"Why, yes—why didn't I think of it? I'll put it in the spare room. Nobody but me gets in there, and it'll be a real addition to the furniture. I can oil the wood part all up. Besides, I can go in and look at it sometimes when my work's done."

That was the best part of it to Waitstill Slade. The spare room

was on the ground floor, opposite the parlor. There need be no running up and down the stairs when the magnet drew her—just a step or two from the sitting room, across the hall, slantingwise.

She pushed the cradle along into the spare room and "arranged" it in an empty corner. A rocking-chair sat too near it for her to resist the temptation of sitting down a few minutes. Involuntarily she put out her foot and set the cradle gently jogging.

"I wonder how it felt," she murmured, wistfully. "They set beside it and knit or darned, and I s'pose they were dreaming about when the baby grew up. I s'pose they were making plans to the tune o' the jogging."

There had never been a little cradle, old or new fashioned, in the Slade household. There had never been any plans to make for the baby's growing up.

Waitstill did up the bit of a pillow-slip and the yellow little sheets with narrow hems. She made the gay little counterpane and tucked it in neatly with the edge of white sheet above it. How pretty—how pretty the little mite of a bed looked.

Waitstill got into the way of going into the spare room afternoons with her sewing. Elton was nearly always away in the fields. It was shady in there and cool—and the little bed was there.

She moved in her work-table beside it, and sat there sometimes all the long summer afternoon, in a low rocking-chair. The cradle was always jogging.

"Nobody sees me," Waitstill reasoned when she was afraid she was laughing at herself—her other self. "Nobody knows I do it, and I like it—it's a comfort. I guess there ain't any reason why I can't do it if I want to. I like to see the little bed rocking, and hear the jog, jog, jogging. It's real easy to imagine—things."

Waitstill Pyncheon Slade had received her quaint name as an heirloom direct from Puritan ancestors, but even the quaint name

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could not dispel the vivid imagination that had contrived to grow up with it through fifty years of monotonous, hum-drum life. In another setting Waitstill Slade's imagination might have made a poet of her. In the setting of treeless fields and rock-studded pastures and a lonely, childless life, it made her only a beautiful, cheery woman with a hungry spot in her heart. The things she could not have she "made believe," as little children make believe in their play.

"And," said Waitstill Slade, sturdily, "it don't hurt anybody a mite, not a mite."

That was how she came slowly to making believe, in the spare room, with her sewing-work in her lap.

One night at supper, a few weeks later, Elton laid down his knife and fork in sudden remembrance of something.

"Why, if 'tain't to-morrow! I declare if I didn't come next door to forgetting it altogether! Don't you want to come with me, Waitstill? You'd enjoy it—you couldn't help it."

"Well, if I knew what it 'twas," laughed Waitstill. "Is it a camp meeting or a funeral or—Elton Slade, you don't say it's another auction?"

"I say it. It's Jim Bill's auction—Jim Bill Baker, you know, the little one-armed chap that drove the Five Corners stage. He lost his wife a week or ten days ago, and he's going to pull up stakes. It pretty nearly broke him all up."

"Oh, I didn't know—the poor man! And hasn't he got quite a lot of little children, Elton?"

"Eight, counting the smallest of the lot, and I don't know's he's big enough to count. Don't believe he's more'n three months old, if he's that. Jude Perry says it's a real pitiful case. He says Jim Bill goes round lugging the smallest chick on his one arm, and the tears rolling down his face."

The next morning Elton went to the auction. He was not to be back until nearly night. He jogged

along slowly, thinking about poor Jim Bill and all those eight little young ones. The usual auction zest was gone out of the trip.

When he jogged homeward in the late afternoon, he was still thinking of Jim Bill's babies, or one of them at least. It lay across his knees in a long, limp bundle. With one hand Elton steadied it, and with the other he drove. His honest, homely face was a study of self-disapproval and helpless dismay, and of shy enjoyment. He kept looking down at the long bundle with the pink dot of a face at one end, on his knees.

"Well, I guess I've done it this time," he muttered. "I don't know what Waitstill'll say now. She'll be watching for me and saying, 'My grief! I wonder what Elton bought to this auction?'"

Here the bundle stirred. The big browned hand slid along its length with soothing intent. On its return trip it ran across a tiny moist fist that clutched its forefinger tightly and forbade any further progress. For the rest of the ride Elton Slade's finger was a prisoner in close confinement.

Waitstill was evidently not at home and Elton breathed a sigh of temporary relief.

"She'd be out to the door if she was to home," he thought, "and I should have to tell her what I have done right off. It'll give me time to think. Sho! I don't know what Waitstill'll say, but I had to do it. I had to."

He laid the long, limp bundle on the seat and got out. Then he tried to lift it down, but there was a good deal of real difficulty in manipulating it under those circumstances. Elton grew warm and nervous.

"There's such a terrible waste o' cloth—how's a man going to tell where the little chick ends? And he's so mighty slippery! Sho!"

When the perilous decent was finally contrived with a measure of success, Elton carried the baby into the house. The kitchen was empty, but the tea kettle on the stove sent forth a long, curling

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steam of welcome. Elton tramped through the sitting room. An inspiration came to him.

"It needs a bed to lay him on—the spare room's just the place!" and into the spare room, across the hall, slantingwise, they went.

That was empty, too, but a rocking-chair stood beside an old-fashioned hooded cradle, with some white sewing lying across its seat.

Elton Slade had not been into the spare room for a long while—not since he helped Waitstill put down the carpet after spring house-cleaning. It was a strange, unfamiliar place to him. His eye lighted on the cradle.

"Sho! that's where she put it, is it?" Don't it look nice in here! And Waitstill's got in all shined up. It's just where this little young one belongs—in with you!"

The baby snuggled into the little nest with grave approval, and Elton left it there and went back to put up his horse.

"I'll tell her at supper time," he said to himself.

At supper time Waitstill came in breezily and hurried the things onto the table. She had been over to Aunt Drusilla Rudd's on an errand.

"Well, Elton, what did you get to Bill—Bill Jim's is it?—auction?" she said, cheerfully. "I looked in the wagon to see as I came along, but I couldn't see anything but two rake heads."

"I got those," Elton said, promptly; "there's enough teeth in 'em to make one—I only paid a cent apiece."

He was playing uneasily with his knife and fork, listening all the time for a baby's sharp wail. But it did not come.

"I'll tell her at milking time," he thought.

On his way out of the kitchen, he bethought him to look in on the little young one and see if it was all right. He went round to the front door and stole in through the hall in his stocking feet. The baby was asleep. His tiny, wizened face made a faint pink spot on the pillow, and one little round arm

was thrown across the gay quilt. The little rosy palm was uppermost.

"Sho! sho!" muttered Elton Slade, a little huskily. The forefinger that had been in prison tingled inexplicably.

He crept across to the cradle and bent over it. The small palm quivered at the touch of his bearded lips, but the baby slept on.

"Sho! sho! sho!"

After the supper dishes were washed and set away, Waitstill went back into the spare room for her work. A little cry greeted her on the threshold. In utter astonishment, she followed it to the pink spot on the little cradle pillow. In the room's dim light it seemed to her that the "making believe" had suddenly embodied itself by some amazing miracle. Yes, oh, yes! A baby lay in the cradle, wriggling feebly under the little gay patchwork quilt! A baby—flesh and blood, with moist, warm little fists and an imperative little cry!

Waitstill sank down beside it and drew it into her arms. Then through one of her swift intuitions she knew that it was Jim Bill's little baby—she knew it!

She knew Elton had brought it home to her.

"This is what he got at the auction!" she cried.

If Elton could have seen her then, in the dark room with the light all in her face!

If Jim Bill—poor Jim Bill—could only have seen her.

At milking time, when Elton Slade went back to the house for the milk-pails—and to tell Waitstill, a strange picture met him.

Waitstill sat in front of the stove in a low rocking-chair, giving the baby a bath. A basin of water and a soft towel were near.

The baby long-clothes lay in a heap on the floor and the tiny, pink, unshrouded form lay in Waitstill's lap. She touched it with light motherly fingers.

"Sho! sho!" She was crooning a little low song without any words. Elton stood in the doorway and listened. How fast her hands

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moved—how easy they touched the little young one. How much Waitstill looked like somebody whom the baby belonged to!

Then she glanced up and saw Elton in the door.

"Waitstill," he cried, and his voice had the sound of twenty years in it. It vibrated, as it used to then, with tenderness.

"Waitstill! Waitstill!"

She held out her baby-burdened arms to him, and he never quite decided whether she was crying then or laughing.

"No—no! Don't call me 'Waitstill' any more, Elton. It don't belong to me. I feel as if the Lord had changed my name!"

AUTUMNAL JOTTINGS IN NORFOLK COUNTY, ONT., 1899.

A rather pleasant outing was undertaken by the writer of this, and a companion of botanical proclivities, to an interesting strip of country on the northern margin of Lake Erie—partly in the Township of Woodhouse and partly in that of Charbottleville, South Norfolk County, Ont.

The main incentive to the jaunt was a wish to procure well rooted specimens of three or four wild flowering plants, which our companion (Mr. Jas. Goldie, Sr., of Guelph, Ont.), wished to obtain for the purpose of transplanting into his arboretum and variety garden that surrounds his suburban residence.

The journey was successfully accomplished on the 26th, 27th and 28th of September last, the late date in the autumn being thought most eligible for successful transplanting of the wayside wildings.

One rather interesting plant of the number was a vetch-like legume, with pretty red and yellow bunches of flowers in its blossoming season, known as the hoary wild pea or *Tephrosia Virginiana*. This herb delights in deep, dry, sandy soils, and flourishes in arid and infertile strips of country a mile or two north of that part of Lake Erie shore. The foliage is pinnate like

that of the garden pea, but smaller, 13 to 14 pairs of leaves on the stem and side, and the whole plant has a rather acrid unaromatic odour, which protects it from being exterminated by the depasturage of roving cattle. The pea-like seeds though are said to be eaten by certain species of birds, as well as by some of the smaller rodent quadrupeds, and is gradually spreading around its district, rather to the dismay of the cultivators of sandy-land, who complain much of the difficulty of ploughing caused by the matted and tough roots of the *Tephrosia*, impeding and clogging the effective motion of the ploughshare through the loose and crumbling soil.

Another of the interesting plants found and removed was "*Lithospermum hirtum*," which in its season is attractive to the eye on account of its large bunches of yellow flowers, in cymes or semi-hemispherical masses, three or nine inches in diameter.

The bird's-foot Violet was also found, but its season of flowering was long past, thus favouring its removal to a distant area, where it will be in future less likely to blush unseen, or waste its fragrance on the desert air.

A somewhat rare, wild rosaceous shrub was also found abundant in one boggy pasture field and removed. This was *Potentilla fruticosa* or shrubby Cinquefoil. The stems still bore a few belated flowers, and the foliage is neat and like that of some of the heaths, but chiefly clusters near the top of the stem.

The *Potentilla* has been supposed by some biologists to be the starting point in botanic evolution of all of the economic fruit producing trees of modern orchards, (instance, Grant Allen.)

W. YATES.

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GREAT HORNED OWL.

BUBO VIRGINIANUS.

The Great Horned Owl is found in suitable localities throughout the greater part of North America, Costa Rica, so far as known, being the southern limit of its range. Like other birds and mammals which have a wide and diversified range, this species is modified by climate and other local influences so that it is separable into several well-marked geographical races. The typical form ranges from Labrador and the eastern United States south through eastern Mexico to Costa Rica.

The Dusky Horned Owl inhabits the northwest coast region from Oregon to Alaska, and also Labrador; recently it has been found to extend south through the Rocky Mountains to Colorado and Arizona.

The Western Horned Owl inhabits the western United States (except the northwest coast), ranging eastward across the Great Plains (straggling to northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and western Ontario), northward to Manitoba, and southward over the table-lands of Mexico.

The Arctic Horned Owl inhabits Arctic America, chiefly in the interior, ranging south in winter to Manitoba and the mountains of Dakota and Montana.

In studying this Owl in relation to its food habits it will be perceived at a glance that a bird so powerful and voracious may at times be a source of great benefit, while at others it may be the cause of great damage. Now, the serious inroads it makes on the tenants of the poultry yard, as well as the destruction of many game and song birds would seem to call for the total suppression of the species. Again, when engaged chiefly in the capture of injurious rodents, which threaten the very existence of the crops, it is the farmer's most valuable ally and consequently should be most carefully protected.

The food of this species is of great variety; birds and mammals as well as reptiles, fish, crustaceans,

and insects contribute to its fare. Among the birds most often taken may be mentioned all kinds of poultry (including half-grown turkeys), grouse, quail, doves, and wild ducks. Even hawks, crows, and other owls do not escape the voracity of this tiger among birds, and the large hawks are among those attacked and eaten.

Of all the birds of prey, with the exception possibly of the Goshawk and Cooper's Hawk, the Great Horned Owl is the most destructive to poultry. All kinds of poultry seem to be taken, though when Guinea fowls and turkeys are obtainable it shows a preference for these. In sections of the country where it is common the inhabitants often complain bitterly of its ravages.

The following from Dr. B. H. Warren's report on the birds of Pennsylvania, shows a still greater proportion of this class of food: "My own record of sixteen examinations of Great Horned Owls, which, with one exception, were taken during the winter months, revealed in eleven individuals only remains of poultry; two others, portions of rabbits, and of the three remaining birds of this series it was found that one had taken two mice; another showed small amount of hair, apparently that of an opossum. The sixteenth and last bird contained a mouse and parts of beetles."

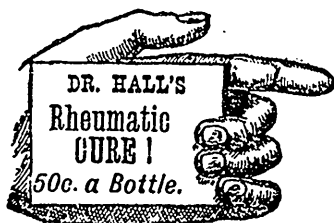
The following from the pen of Dr. P. R. Hoy, shows how destructive a single Owl may be: "The specimen in the collection of the academy was known to carry off from one farm, in the space of a month, not less than twenty-seven individuals of various kinds of poultry before it was shot.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam gives the following account of its depredations: "Indeed I have known one to kill and decapitate three turkeys and several hens in a single night, leaving the bodies uninjured and fit for the table." This preference for the heads of their victims is more or less common to all birds of prey.

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