

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Labor Day as a new institution, proved a success, and one holiday more never seems out of place. If the day was a success on the whole, the management of the sports might have used a little more judgment in selecting a place for the amusements. Lacrosse cannot be played in the midst of a mob, nor can a game of Baseball be carried to a successful termination under similar circumstances. Why didn't the Committee secure the Athletic Grounds? The chances are that they could have been had for the asking, or at most, for a trifling sum. These are beautiful grounds, specially prepared for Athletic Sports, and yet the athletes will not use them. The cry is, the people will not go there, it is too far; and yet three thousand citizens found their way out to the Band Concert at the Asylum, tramped through half a mile of dust, and went home merry and content. The inference is that the young men do not know when they are well off.

The Concert by the 14th Band on "Labor Night" was a delightful affair, and an undoubted success. The Band has made wonderful improvement of late, and is taking rapid strides towards a prominent position in the first ranks of Canadian Bands.

The Fireworks were hardly up to "Crystal Palace" standard, but Billy Sheamade the most of them. Some of the rockets did not fly very high, and it was suggested that Billy hung on to the tail too long.

Labor Day proved that there are two men the city cannot do without on any great occasion. Of course we refer to "our two Billys."

What would the Kingston sports be without the help of Rockwood's employees?

Miss Mary Smart, of Moulton College; Dr. Wesley Mills, of McGill University; and Mr. Edwin Lockie, of Toronto, visited Rockwood House in September.

The Midland Fair is a thing of the past, and if there had not been so much rain, a success would have been secured; as it was, "Columbine" carried off all the Pigeon prizes worth having.

Annexation is the question of the day in Portsmouth. Public opinion is somewhat divided, and several immense difficulties must be settled before Kingston can have us. Hatters Bay produces more geese to the square foot, than are found to the square mile in the rest of the world. These geese own the whole village, and the word pound is as yet unwritten in our code of municipal laws. The fact of the matter is, Penitentiary and Asylum officials are too fond of "pate de fois gras."

Cows and horses are also free commoners, and at night we hear the "clank of the leg chains" attached to horses that go through the street at full gallop. Unless we can still have our live stock "free as the air," annexation will not boom. Then again every man Jack expects to be Reeve or Councillor at some time, so that his name may be added to the long list of distinguished citizens. If Kingston gets us, the only hope is, that as almost every man in the city has been Mayor at some date or another, new blood will have to be sought for in the Classic Suburb. Kingston would be glad to get our rate of taxation, which is good and high. But if it wants us, our terms are not subject to revision, and our platform is, "free geese and pate de fois gras for the working man, unrestricted liberty for our horses, pigs and cows, and a big share of municipal honors for our Solons."