

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

CURLING.

FEBRUARY.

The Curling season has brought some surprises to the ardent followers of the "roarin' game," and it is satisfactory to know that the Rockwood Trophy at last rests quietly at home; in Rockwood for the first time in three years, and that too by a majority of shots so large, that in this age of close finishes, one wonders where they all came from. It is to Dennison's animated, if not to say frisky rink of colts, the great credit is due, and while the other fellows were holding their men, the colts were running up four ends and five ends, we had almost written six ends, with a regularity that was disgusting to the city curlers. The final record left Rockwood victors by 33. In the first round, Dennison, Cochrane, Carr, Potter, defeated Lesslie, Walkem, Cotton and Ogilvie, 36 to 9. Clarke, Davidson Forster, McCammon, defeated Stewart, Drury, Strachan, Dalton, by 19 to 11. In the second round, Dennison won by 26 to 13. Clarke lost by 27 to 12.

In the Eastern Tankard competition the same Rockwood Rinks played the renowned Pembrokes, and led them handsomely until the very last end, when Dame Fortune played one of her scurviest tricks, and by two of the most extraordinary and unkind flukes, lost the gamet to Rockwood by one little point, so small and undeserved that Dame Fortune should be ashamed of herself. The Pembroke curlers are a good lot of fellows though, and some other day the fickle Dame may smile on Rockwood as amiably as she did on the other curlers.

The Curlers are very quiet about the doings of the different members while away. It is said that Mr. Cochrane made a very brilliant speech at the banquet, but this is all that can be found out.

Stern January has gone unto her home,
Far in the frozen North where
Winter reigns,
'Mid endless ice, and February has
come
And spread the sky with purest,
clearest, blue.
Keen is the air without and fresh
and sharp,
And all the snow is new and fresh
and white,
But yet the great sun with increas-
ing heat,
Has tried to shed some warmth ;
an hour ago
Atoms of snow still floated back
and forth,
So light were they that when the
breezes brushed by,
It scattered them about like thistle
down,
Among the maple trees which were
decked out
No more with diamonds but with
milky pearls,
White, pearly frost, most lovely to
behold.
Few icicles if any can be seen,
And little ice, for the last fall of
snow
Covered it close and hid it from
the view.
For three good months the river
has not flowed,
But has remained all passive and
chained tight.
No birds are seen, yet all is fair
and cold,
Cold, cold and bright, and in the
hemlock woods,
Silence, except for the swift shiver
of wind
Among the branches of the ever-
greens,
And on the river silence and white
ice,
And in the hamlets, villages and
towns,
The silver shower of sleighbells
tinkling sweet,
And the new kindling sunshine
over all.
February, 1894. D. W. K.