

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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reached the water. The soil torn here and there from that portion of the bank touched by the stream, when he had hopelessly struggled to escape, told plainly the tale of his fatality. A drag soon brought his lifeless body to the light of day, and Bill Mansford was carried by strong hands to his desolate home. His grave is still without a headstone, but he lives in the recollection of those who knew him as "His Own Worst Enemy."

GRANDFATHER.

The Rockwood Review

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Editors,—Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager, — Chas. M. Clarke.

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JANUARY.

January now is here, the sky is as blue as a sapphire,
Dazzling white is the snow, the sun is shining in splendor,
Gleaming down from above, from the great blue dome that is cloudless,
Fresh and cold is the air, and from

ledges and roofs and verandas,
Hang in glittering rows the icicles clear and transparent,
All the evergreen trees, the spruces and pines and the hemlocks,
All are laden with snow, and the cedar hedges are laden,
Covered thickly with white and mantled all in the snowflakes,
Burdened and laden down with the sky's great generous tribute,
Bare are the maple trees, but they are not shorn of their beauty,
No, for on every twig an icicle or an icebead
Sends out a silver spark, and so when the branches are tossing
To and fro in the wind, trees all sparkle and glitter,
Sparkle, glitter and gleam, as though they were covered with diamonds.
All the lower branches are ridged with the white of the snowflakes,
All the upper twigs are bright, nay brighter than diamonds,
All the roofs of the houses are partly mantled and folded
In purest, whitest cloaks and decked with icicle fringes,
Shining, twinkling brightly, gleaming, glittering, sparkling,
Glassy, clear, transparent, crystalline, pure and pellucid.
Are they not fair to see, these icicles are they not lovely?
Now observe the windows, and look at the delicate frostwork,
Thick on the larger panes, but thinner and lighter on small ones,
Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as stars or as landscapes,
Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a footpath,
Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful wonderful frostwork.
This is a Winter song, a picture of January's glory,
This describes the splendor of the beautiful January weather.

D. W.K.