

# *The Rockwood Review.*

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ONE of our patients, whose rotund figure and rubicund face are well known to most residents of Portsmouth and vicinity, and whose trenchant criticisms of persons and things in general are always worth listening to, even if delivered in decidedly vigorous Anglo-Saxon, gets off an unusually good thing occasionally. A few days ago a jaunty youth stepped off the street car and meeting our friend at the gate, said rather airily, "Hello Pat which is the way to Rockwood." "Begorra, who told ye me name was Pat" said our rotund friend. "Oh, all I had to do to know that was to look at you." "Well then if ye are as clever as all that ye'll aisily know the road to the Lunatic Asylum when ye see it."

PAT has very limited faith in the honesty of many of the residents of Portsmouth and is not slow to point out what he supposes to be the weak points of those he suspects. He was in the habit of attending one of the churches in the neighborhood and conducted himself with propriety until one celebrated occasion, although time and again it was more than apparent that he was having great difficulty in repressing his feelings. On this occasion, a collection was being taken up and Pat watched the progress of the plate with great interest until it reached a member of the congregation, upon whom he had cast the eye of suspicion for some time. He

thought he detected fraud and without a moment's hesitation, arose in the pew and in tones fully in keeping with his two hundred and eighty pound frame, accused the poor village of putting twenty-five cents on the plate, and taking out five dollars in change. It is needless to say that a lively sensation resulted, and Pat has had to carry on his devotions in private ever since.

PAT is not the only humorist in our midst, as a prominent lawyer of Kingston can testify. Jimmy B. —a patient was recently busy drilling some rock which was to be blasted, when the legal gentlemen accosted him in rather facetious style and asked him what he was doing. Jimmy looked over his man earnestly and quietly replied, "I am drilling through to Hades to consult with your clients." The conversation ended abruptly.

BLUEBIRDS arrived on April 1st.

IN O'REILLY HALL, on April 16, the best entertainment of the year was given. The programme consisted of music and a clever sketch entitled, 'An Old Maid's Wooing.' The orchestra was strong, having in all 17 pieces, which were: 3 first violins, 2 second violins, 1 viola, 2 cellos, double bass, flute, clarionette, bass, clarionette, French horn, trombone, cornet, piano and drums. It played several selections among which was the Overture