

The Rockwood Review.

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MARRIED.

On the 10th Oct., '94, at All Saints Church, St. Andrew's, N.B., by the Rev. Canon Ketchum, Miss C. S. Stevenson, only daughter of the late Hon. Ben. Stevenson, to A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, N. S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. J. Osborne, of the Standard Bank, Markham, was a guest at Rockwood House in October.

And now the frisky footballer does kick the bounding sphere, and struggles in the scrimmage without a sense of fear. His hair is thick and long, all tangled in a mat. His eye is wreathed in mourning, his nose is beaten flat. His shins are scraped, his ribs stove in, his ears as big as eggs. And sundry strange nodosities are found upon his legs. And yet he plays with savage glee, and trains on pork and beans. He wades through gore, and yells galore, hurrah for good old Queen's.

Aberdeen Park, in which the Town Hall of Portsmouth picturesquely nestles, is worthy of a visit. The autumn foliage of the large crops of thistles is peculiarly brilliant. A beautiful granolithic pavement, composed of ten-inch fragments of limestone has been placed before the Temple of Justice. 'The rocky road to Dublin isn't a patch on it, and it is a fortunate thing for Councillor Simmons that he didn't start that special busline, for neither busses nor people could have stood the trip over the stones. We might say to the good people of Kingston,

who have been getting milk shakes, at 5c. a quart, via Portsmouth, for the last six weeks, that they may now guess the reason why.

Sir Oliver Mowat made a formal inspection of Rockwood Asylum in the early part of the month. He was accompanied by Hon. Wm. Harty, Mr. E. J. B. Pense and Col. Duff. Sir Oliver expressed himself as much pleased with what he saw, and the daily papers were kind enough to speak in a flattering way of the Institution.

Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Portsmouth, was badly injured in Beech Grove in the beginning of October. He fell from a step ladder and broke a rib. Sorrow was universally expressed, as Mr. Cameron is greatly respected in the community. We are pleased to know that his progress towards recovery is satisfactory.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, N. S., visited Kingston on their wedding trip.

For some years past the impression has gone abroad that the R. M. C. is gradually becoming a school for infants rather than for infantry, and the steadily decreasing average size of recruits has been caustically commented on by the girls just out. The Gentlemen Cadets are determined to put an end to this sort of a reputation, and are developing a mania for naughtiness that would make even a Bab Ballad Curate blush. On a recent bill of fare for a midnight orgie it is said that "fresh Cadet fried" was one of the entrees, and Seniors