

The Rockwood Review.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. K. Clarke, who was dangerously ill during the early part of December, is steadily improving.

Mrs. E. B. Martin, who has assumed the Matronship of the North Building at London Asylum, left here on November 26. Before her departure she was presented with a beautiful five o'clock Tea Service.

Black Ducks generally move South in the latter part of October or the beginning of November. This season they have tarried, and on the sixth of December several were shot in the Harbor.

When the Ontario Government makes a change of affairs, it prides itself on doing the thing at lightning speed. Two weeks used to be an average time of notice. The trotting record will soon be reached.

Miss Theresofa Gallaher has been appointed Assistant Matron of Rockwood Hospital. The appointment is an extremely popular one, and we congratulate the young lady on her promotion.

Is it true that since the publication of the REVIEW, the goose question is getting shaky in Portsmouth. At all events, goose is the every day article of diet at Rockwood, and two male attendants can regularly get away with a ten pound bird.

The Rockwood Hockey Club has been organized, and the following officers were elected:—Pres., Dr. C. K. Clarke; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. J. M. Forster; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. J. Webster; Sec'y. and Treas., Ed. Gilmour; Manager, James Dennison. The Club will have four lines, and the teams will be selected from those players who practice on the ice rather than on tradition. The first line includes the Stars of first magnitude, the second calls for ordinary matches only, the third is devoted to Juniors, and the last to the Fossils, who are steadily practising on the Quarry Rink every dark night, Mr. John Hartrick having kindly placed his assortment of coal oil lanterns at their disposal.

The Rockwood Curling Club has been admitted to the Central League. Kingston will now have two chances instead of one for the Trophy.

A QUEER GIRL.

The queerest and funniest girl in town,
Was Jimima Euphemia Milicent Brown.
She couldn't do aught as other folks do:
Ate soup with a knife, and with her fingers took stew.
When cutting beef-steak, she handled a spoon:
To church went too late; for meals came too soon.
Her boots she wore on the top of her head:
For hose?—took the sleeves of her jacket instead.

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