

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Answers to Puzzles in January
Number:—

H
TEN
HERON
HERBERT
SCENT
ARM
T

2nd. Christmas.

3rd. Ark.

Buried Cities—Stratford, Elora,
Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton.

HOCKEY.

Come list to my song of the
bright gleaming skate,

The flight of the puck, the vary-
ing fate,

Now victory, and then the loss of
a game,

It takes both of these to win un-
dying fame.

There is naught in the world can
with Hockey compare,

'Tis the sport of the brave, 'tis
loved by the fair—

Hark! the whistle is blown, the
puck is being faced—

The athletes stand ready, with
each muscle braced,

And then like a swallow, the
"centre" flies out,

Now forward, now zig-zag, now
doubles about,

In time to send Puck in search of
a jest,

To one of the wings who is never
at rest,

But rushes and glides down the
side of the rink,

Before his opponent can find time
to think.

Still just as he turns too shoot for
the goal,

The fickle black rubber gives the
ghost of a roll,

And "cover" is off like a bolt
from a bow,

To right and to left, with head
carried low.

Then whizz through the posts the

rubber is sent,

Poor "point" hangs his head in
sad discontent.

Again and again do the teams
chase the puck,

But Fate is relentless, there's no
room for luck;

'Tis skill tells the tale, and skill
wins the day,

If rules are lived up to, and hon-
est's the play,

There's naught in the world can
with Hockey compare,

'Tis the sport of the brave, 'tis
loved by the fair.

A. WALT WHITMAN PARODY.

(From the Week.)

"Here is the poem of me the enter-
tainer of children!

See! a cat is passing through my
poem;

See, it plays the fiddle, rapturously:
It plays sonates, fugues, rigadons,

gavottes, gigues, minuets, roman-
ces, impromptus—it plays the tune

that led to the defunction of the
aged cow;

But most of all it plays nocturnes,
and plays them pyrotechnically

as befits the night time.

See the moon shining in the pellucid
sky;

See! the cow, inspired by the in-
toxicating strains of the Stradiv-

arius, throws off her habitual lan-
gour, and leaps over the moon.

O me! O pulse of my life. O
amazement of things!

Why so active, thou cow?

Why so passive, thou moon?

See the dog
He grins and runs through the city,

seeing humour in his surround-
ings.

Have all dogs so keen a sense of
humour?

See the dish, maliciously meditative.
See! it takes advantage of the gen-
eral confusion, and absconds with
the silver spoon."