

## The Rockwood Review

Mrs. Forster visited Belleville recently.

Dr. J. Robinson, of the Toronto Asylum has retired owing to ill health. This is greatly to be regretted, as Dr. R. was a true friend both to patients and employees, one who was always thoroughly appreciated by those who knew him well. We sincerely trust that his health may be fully restored in the near future.

If one wished to learn the truth regarding matters political, a study of the party papers would prove rather confusing at the present time. The has of the party man can, when necessary, make straight things crooked and crooked things straight.

The football season has been full of surprises. The absolutely confident teams have gone down when least expected, thus proving Mr. W. Cochrane's "bon mot," that there's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing. Queen's II. in their first match—Cadets in their return match and Limestones against Queen's III. all helped to prove the truth of the statement. Football is a difficult game to play on "shape."

Dr. C. Y. Ford has been given the Degree of M.D., C.M. at Queen's. We heartily congratulate the young medico on his success.

At last there seems to be a prospect of having an electric light plant installed at Rockwood. We have been promised this improvement so frequently and been disappointed so regularly that it has become a subject of interest to guess when it really would be accomplished. Mr. Wickens, the Government engineer has been here though, and has an earnest look that seems to mean "business" this time. A "light" load may mean a heavy burden judging by the numerous figures which seem necessary in getting up an electric specification.

The south-western wall of the main hospital is being pointed.

The Gerda has been off for several short cruises lately.

A flock of rather rare black birds, yellow-headed, passed through Rockwood grounds on October 24th. This is the second occasion on which they have been observed here. Great horned owls have also been noticed.

Some of the local sports have been enjoying very fair shooting this autumn.

The death of the Rev. J. A. Allen is greatly regretted in this neighborhood. Mr. Allen's scholarly attainments have been fully noticed in the newspapers of the day, but little has been said of his personal characteristics. Mr. Allen was an ideal man and a noble example to his neighbors. He took a warm interest in the whole community and especially in time of trouble did his broad sympathy endear him to every one. No one has been more sincerely mourned than this kindly old man, whose familiar figure was always a welcome sight to both young and old.

A correspondent asks us "How does a Boer get a wife?" The answer is simplicity itself. In true Arcadian fashion, he Come-on-dear's her.

We are still receiving letters concerning the crowing crow. Our last correspondent declares emphatically, to us it seems a little dogmatically, that the crow does not crow. He then explains: "The cock crows. The cro cusses."

An old cricketer, wishing to be thoroughly sarcastic about the net stretched round the ground at Lord's, told a friend that the great advantage of the innovation was that now the gross total of runs credited to you would go down as net.