

# The Rockwood Review.

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## BIRTHS.

Dehaney—On July 30th, the wife of Wm. Dehaney, of a daughter.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Metcalf and the Misses Metcalf, spent a brief holiday at Rockwood House in the early part of August.

Mr. B. W. Folger has sent a handsome Deer to the Grove at Beechgrove, and it is rumored that this is merely the first of a number he proposes to give to the Deer Park that has now been opened. Woe betide the stray dog that dares to approach Beech Grove just now! The junior members of the Review staff are prepared to receive all such visitors. Mr. Folger has an eye to the beautiful, as well as one to business, and he is quite right in believing, that the Beech Grove stocked with Deer, would prove an attraction not only to our people, but to visitors as well.

Great was the slaughter of the innocents at the Entrance Examination, but fortunately the Rockwood squad came through without a scar. The grammar paper seems to have fallen like a bomb shell in the camp, and it is whispered that the Examiners might have found it difficult to answer some of the questions propounded. Possibly, the Examiners intended the word "paralysis" to appear in the paper, instead of "analysis." At all events the results point in that direction.

Rockwood is becoming noted for its brave men. Last month we recorded W. P. Fenwick's daring rescue of a drowning patient, and now we must chronicle the saving of nine or ten lives, at the Channel Grove Accident, by Messrs. Horssey, Bury and McGeein. If these cold blooded fellows had not shown the most commendable bravery, and promptness of action, several lives would have been lost. The Humane Society will need to have a special Rockwood issue of medals struck out.

The deep wells have been pumped out, and the new ones bored. When the drill struck, it was suggested that the Chinese were trying to pull it out on the other side.

Probabilities, that if this weather goes on, we shall have to subsist on a diet of baked potatoes for the next year.

The editors are in Montreal, and the sub-editors feel the burden of their responsibility.

School has reopened, and the cry goes up that the holiday has been all too short. There are two sides to this question. Certainly the weather has given us every chance to enjoy ourselves, but it seems too bad to be forced to go back to books when summer is apparently not half over.

Guest—(Corn being served at table): Children, what musical instrument does this food suggest? Norman—The Cornet, of course. Harold—Well, perhaps it does, but it makes me think of a mouth organ.