

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

Miss Brown, of Toronto, visited Mrs. McLean, and Mrs. Terrill, of Belleville, Mrs. Forster, in July.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster returned from their bicycling tour brown and happy. The Doctor attributed his joy to the result of the elections. He does not give a glowing account of the condition of the roads between Kingston and Toronto, and seems to think that good road-makers are rare in Canada. It is quite true, and as a general rule, new metal is put on just when it is not wanted. In summer, when bicycling and driving might be a pleasure, it is the custom to heap all kinds of angular rocks in the centre of the highway. No one dreams of driving over these until the autumn, when necessity forces them to do so. If the road repairs were left until early fall, the thanks of all sensible people would be earned, but it will take years to break up the bad habits that tradition has forced on us.

The boys with the assistance of Mr. Dennison, have constructed a fine bathing dock in the centre of the little bay. A spring board makes diving a high art as well as a luxury, and as there is no longer any necessity to pick your way over rough rocks to the deep water, everybody is happy, and it is to be hoped takes a daily bath.

Purple Finches have been getting comparatively rare of late years, although at one time very common about Rockwood. This season they seem to have returned, and several nests have been built in the grounds. Pine Siskins were present in large numbers for a few days in July, but the Orioles seem to have left us very early in the season.

Master Norman Lockie, of Toronto, is the guest of the Business Manager.

Mrs. Potter had a serious illness recently. Her condition is reported as much improved.

Cricket is dead in Kingston, and for the time being the bat and ball have been laid aside. There are several reasons to account for the collapse of the noble game, but it is quite certain that the failure of the Club is merely a temporary affair. If it is to rise again, there are two necessities, first—a good and private ground, whether it is to be the Athletics or Queen's Campus. Cricket can never thrive on the present ground, where it is impossible to keep a decent crease. One cannot convince the general public that its rights are not at least equal, in a City Park, to those of what it calls the "dude in flannels," and the average young man is intensely interested in irritating and annoying the cricketer. A second trouble is the want of a professional coach, who will teach the boys how to play cricket thoroughly, and take an intelligent interest in the game. Temporarily the bicycle craze combined with the other things mentioned, has caused the good old game to languish, but when the reaction comes cricket will in all probability take on a healthier aspect, and the present break will enable the management to lift it out of the rut in which it has joggled along so slowly for years. There is really no game to take the place of cricket, and no sport occupies as important a moral position, for a man cannot play it without being made to feel that this game, above all others, has been kept free from degrading influences, and he feels that it is every man's bounden duty to keep up the record.