

The Rockwood Review.

The Brockvillians were too much for the new Kingston team. There is but one impression that the best team won. "Jimmy" Gage played well for Kingston.

Dr. J. M. Forster's father died in Oakville recently. An extended notice is to be found on another page.

Miss Marion Forsythe, formerly of Rockwood, was married to Mr. J. Morgan, of Morley, N. Y., recently. Congratulations.

Nearly all Kingston is taking in the cheap excursion to Toronto. The Granites and Queen's will not want for rooters. Our Business Manager, who has been playing scimmage in the Granites all season, will carry the best wishes of the community.

Mr. Kivas Tully, Architect of Public Works, Mr. Robert Christie, Inspector of Asylums, Toronto, and Dr. C. K. Clarke have been inspecting the bathrooms at Utica Asylum. These bath rooms are among the most modern in America. All of the new features will be adopted in the new wing at Rockwood, which will then be the best equipped Institution in Ontario.

The grounds about the Church of the Good Thief and the new Presbytery are approaching completion. The buildings are very beautiful and a credit to the community.

Wild ducks are now beginning to come in large numbers.

We are indebted to some unknown benefactor for two brace of very fine partridge. We hereby return thanks.

Mr. Davidson, Mr. McCammon and Mr. Hugh Ross report game very plentiful near Sydenham. After an exciting day's sport, they wound up an extensive battue by the capture of one black squirrel.

We are glad to see the Hon. Mr. Harty looking so much improved.

Toronto had some little lambs,
That got away with poor old Hams.
With heads all swelled, Toronto's
pets,
Looked down with scorn on our
Cadets,
Said they, we're champions born,
reserved for fame,
Cadets, why trouble us we'll win
the game?

Why make us jog to Kingston town?
Just default to us and win renown.
The Caddies young, shook in their
shoes,
And trembling much, said we
refuse,
To lose our chance, we cannot
yield,

Without a struggle on the field.
They met the lambs in deadly strife.
The "kids" skipped round all full
of life,
With rush, and pass and frisky hop,
Made of those lambs a mutton chop.
The cry now comes from Hogtown
fold,

Our players cannot play when cold,
Our best men did not care to toil,
On neck of one there rests a boil,
And yet the fact remains, Toronto's
pets

Did bite the dust to little wee Cadets.

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