

The Rockwood Review.

This winter's visitation of white winged Crossbills has been the most remarkable known in many years. These birds have been here in large numbers for at least two months, the males and the females as a general rule keeping in separate flocks. They are very tame, and can easily be approached when they come to the ground to gather the seeds from cones which have fallen down. The male birds are very brilliant in plumage—a bright crimson with dark wings slashed with bright white bars—these glaring contrasts in color making the bird conspicuous. When captured the Crossbills do not seem the least alarmed, are not at all worried over captivity, and in a day or so will sit on the captor's hand and pick up seeds. It is characteristic of nearly all northern birds to be free from fear, and their gentle habits make them easy prey for heartless boys and young men, who seem to think that their mission is to destroy everything in the animal kingdom. The structure of the Crossbills beak is very remarkable, the mandibles being crossed at the points in such a manner that the seeds in cones can be extracted with great rapidity. Sometimes the common Crossbill is found with the flocks of white winged birds, and Siskins are to be seen with them also.

Rockwood has decided not to take up the ice-boating just yet awhile, as Hatter's Bay has able representatives in the shape of Reeve Fisher and Mr. Sullivan. It will be time enough to step into the breach when they fail, and although the odds against them are about thirty to one on paper, on ice they are not quite so great.

The Village affairs of Portsmouth are getting somewhat mixed, and with the Auciet bard we can fairly exclaim, "Where are we at." Some sarcastic critics wonder why we require a Council anyway, for they

claim that municipal affairs are pretty well arranged, now that the snow question has been settled against the Street Car Company. The only other question of importance is the goose question, and we all know how every Alderman will vote on that. Free geese and government pasture win every time, and the only chance of getting even, is for the government officials to keep up large families, who will attend school without paying fees. The first meeting of the council was ineffective as it had not a quorum, whatever that means, and several of the aldermen elect refused to swear in the presence of the Reeve, although it is suggested that they had ample provocation to indulge in a mild species of profanity in private. The "Hope" of the new year refused to swear, the hardy man of Stone was silent when the qualification oath was suggested, and the man of the Mill admitted that he needed more grist to enable him to go on. Someone suggested that all should go out and "cut grass" for a pastime, and things looked squally for a while. In the meanwhile several likely candidates have been feeling the public pulse with a view to embarking on a public career.

The advent of the Torpedo in ice yachting circles seems to have resulted in an explosion, but instead of the torpedo going off, as a well directed explosive should, it is the plucky owner who has done so, having resigned from the Kingston Yacht Club. In the meanwhile Portsmouth is wondering what makes all the fuss about international challenges. The Defiance of Portsmouth defeated all of the crack iceboats last year, and the Cup came to stay. After we have downed Cape Vincent, we shall move on with our challenge to the Hudson, with a Canadian boat, a Canadian crew and a Canadian