

The Rockwood Review

The death of bicycling as a sport is apparently near at hand, and the decline of interest in cycling as a pastime has been almost as rapid as was its development. The majority of people merely use the "silent steed" as a matter of convenience, and this is really its legitimate place. A few young men and women who are cooped up in offices and shops, no doubt find their bicycles of great use in giving them a maximum amount of outdoor exercise in a minimum of time, but the droves of red faced panting enthusiasts, who used to crowd the dusty country roads at all hours of the day, imagining that they were enjoying themselves, have disappeared. Even the Rockwood Bicycle Club is only a dim tradition, in which lager beer, Billy Shea and the ambulance waggon figure more extensively than the bicycle itself. All of this does not mean that the bicycle is not as prominent as it ever was, but merely emphasizes the fact that the wheel is no longer one "eternal round of pleasure."

Bicycle racing has very properly been ostracized by the general public. The professional—amateur wheel advertisements, pacers, and other paraphernalia soon ended the interest of those who had a true liking for the sport—then again those who raced found the track practice almost as monotonous as a criminal does the treadmill. We could not get along without the bicycle as a convenience. We can exist without it as a means of recreation.

The remarkable development of Queens as a University is an object lesson well worth studying, and Principal Grant is to be highly commended for cultivating the spirit of sturdy independence which has always characterized this successful institution. Kingston acted wisely in encouraging Queens. This bonus will bring more grist to the mill than half a dozen grain elevators.

A general hope is expressed that Mr. McCannion and his associates will revive the Dramatic Club on an early date. It is said that the unmarried men regard themselves as too good looking to make first class comedians, so a minstrel show is out of the question. Several good farces are said to be on the market. Let us have some of them.

Mr. R. H. Mullin paid us a flying visit on the occasion of the Argonaut Granite Match, which by the way he refereed. It was no doubt the experience of his lifetime, but he dealt fairly with both teams, although the usual kick was coming from some of the players. The lot of the referee is not a happy one, and the touch line critics who are generally as ignorant of football knowledge as a bald head is of hair, are worse than the players themselves.

Rather a funny incident from which a moral might be extracted took place at a recent football match. A policeman, of football fame, was engaged keeping back the crowd that was rather troublesome. A dispute took place on the touch line and the angry onlookers of course took part in the discussion. The policeman forgot his duty entered into the altercation and was just about to hit one of the players with his baton, when the player quietly remarked that he thought the police were engaged to keep back the crowd and not to interfere with the game. The officer took the hint and sheepishly returned to consciousness and his duty.

A new arrangement is to come in force regarding Tuesday night entertainments. In deference to the wishes of those of delicate nerves the band will play once a month only, and will carefully avoid anything but the most soothing and seductive melodies. The orchestra will take a more prominent part than heretofore, and the new vocalists of talent who have recently been added to the staff will come to the front.