

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JANUARY 1ST, 1898.

NO. 11.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The people who make a habit of sighing for an old fashioned Xmas, are rather knocked out this year, and are beginning to evolve a new theory of weather. The latest is that the destruction of the forests is making the climate more severe. Juveniles generally felt rather satisfied with the atmospheric conditions, which were particularly favorable for the operations of Santa Claus.

On Xmas Sunday morning the Rockwood Orchestra (13 pieces), played Gounod's Marche Pontificale, Mozart's Priests March and the different hymns. The service was imposing and much enjoyed.

Dr. Bucke. Superintendent of London Asylum, is the greatest enthusiast in the service. He is at present carrying on an animated controversy with Goldwin Smith, in the Canadian Monthly, regarding the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost unnecessary to state that Shakespeare is being "roasted" on the one side, and Bacon fried, minced and hashed on the other. It seems though in spite of Dr. Bucke's contention to the contrary, that people will still go on believing in the immortal Shakespeare. He may have been stupid and without learning, but his plays are still good enough for the average mortal.

Mr. C. R. Webster has given up football for local politics. If he makes as great a success of municipal affairs as of football, he will be a hard man to down in the scrimmage.

Miss Emma Nicholson, at the time of writing, is suffering from rather severe indisposition.

The wise men of Portsmouth have decided on an era of peace, and this year money will be saved by the fact that no municipal contest will be held. It was thought that Mr. McCammon's chances were dished owing to his extravagant ideas of expenditure, when asphalt pavements and charity votes were in order. He is still in the magic circle though, and is preparing a new bill on the goose question. It is a wonder that before this the politicians in the west have not "got on" to the fact that Portsmouth pastures all of its geese on the Government grounds.

Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth, is being steadily improved by having ashes dumped in it. Bye and bye, if the process continues, it will be able to keep its surface above water, and its swan ponds, lagoons and artificial lakes will be things to be remembered by the oldest inhabitant. The Penitentiary investigation committee were anxious to make trouble about the filling in of Aberdeen Park, but we all say peace be to these ashes—the committee didn't know what it was talking about.

Universal regret is expressed at the calamity by fire which has overtaken the Hospital. The only consolation is that it might have been worse.

Xmas day was celebrated by the Curlers in fine style. Two mixed teams of patients and officers had an exciting game on ice that was perfect.