

The Rockwood Review.

Rockwood did not send any crack dogs to the Kingston Dog Show, but Mr. Routley's, Lincoln, a Rockwood dog, came out first in the Gordon Setter class, defeating several celebrated American dogs. Columbine takes much of the credit for the victory.

Dr. Shannon of New York, called on the staff of the REVIEW early in September. New York evidently agrees with Dr. S.

The second of the series of races between Viola and Iris took place about September 1st. The race was sailed in a reefing breeze, and was keenly contested. Mr. Davidson handled the Iris with skill, but it is evident that under ordinary circumstances, Viola is the better boat, and the result of the race was in favor of the Viola by a handsome margin.

Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea spent his holidays in Scranton, Penn., and came home looking younger than ever. He has added several new comic songs to his collection, and will do a burlesque on Irving's Hamlet in the winter.

So much talk was occasioned by the clever get up of Mr. Thos. McCammon at the celebrated bicycle parade, that Mr. McC. had the outfit, including himself, photographed. The background in the picture is well chosen, due prominence is given to the "red bird" and its decorations, but the striking feature is the left eye of the bicyclist. Ajax defying the lightning in four different positions, is not in it with this left eye. Mr. McCammon is now awaiting the arrival of a new wheel from Brantford, a present from the manufacturers. The wheel should arrive before the great handicap race.

Our Mr. John McDonald was elected Secretary of the Association of Stationary Engineers, on the occasion of their Convention here.

Mrs. Mullin of Hamilton, and Archie Mullin of football fame, spent several days at Rockwood in the early part of September. Archie will as usual play with the young Tigers, and is growing an extensive crop of curls, in anticipation of a vigorous campaign in defence of the Cup.

What has become of the Keewayden Bicycle Club? It commenced with a tremendous flourish of trumpets and yards upon yards of gay ribbons, teas here, parades there, and all the flash and fire of social distinction and high toned exclusiveness, and now it seems a thing of the past. What is the matter with the Keewaydens? Somebody tell us what has happened. Let us have light upon the subject.

Bicycles, tennis, rackets and other frivolous sports have been given up by certain members of the medical staff who have become disciples of Izak Walton. It is no unusual thing to see one usually sedate young doctor wildly chasing after a frisky grasshopper, or locust, with which to bait his hook, or another more enthusiastic medical man, trolling up and down the lake, between Rockwood and Hatter's Bay, in hope of getting a nibble. So far the score between the two has been fourteen nibbles, and one pike weighing 32,640 grains.

Speaking of the pleasures of hope puts us in mind of the fact that Mr. Thos. Evans has always hoped to catch a large fish in the Rockwood slip, and has patiently stuck to the waiting game since 1864, now and then being cheered by the capture of a bass a few ounces larger than anything the other fellows could get. On the 7th Sept. (Labor Day), the big fish came along in the shape of a fifteen pound pike, the finest yet caught at Rockwood.