

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

DAIRYMAIDS' CONVENTION SUPPLEMENT.

Rockwood has been the scene of many entertainments, but the Public Performance of the Dairy-maids' Convention, eclipsed everything that has gone before. The Programme was long, our "Review" is small, so those persons not especially mentioned, must attribute their neglect to want of space, for as a matter of fact, everything was so good that harsh criticism would be out of place. The general public responded to the invitation extended by the employees, and when the curtain rose, an audience of six hundred was present; an audience both intelligent and good natured. First came a couple of selections by our Brass Band, and of course Mr. Madill wielded his baton with energy and skill, while the players surprised the city folks by their effective playing. Now followed a bright overture by the Orchestra, in which the "little man in the tin shop" showed that he had by no means exhausted his resources, when he had, with the versatility of a Demorgan family, played on the big drum, little drum, cymbals, triangle, xylophone and cuckoo.

The Vocal Octette, "The Girl I left Behind," was daintily and beautifully sung, and when we say that Messrs. Potter and McGeein danced better than ever before, all understand how great was their success.

The Solos, Shall I Love in Vain, and the Spider and the Fly, by J. Shea and Miss Convery, were given in capital style, while Mr. Madill's Clarinet Solo was brilliant and artistic.

Mr. Cochrane sang well, and we heard one young fellow declare that he could not decide, which he liked best—Cochrane's tragedy or Shea's nonsense,—but fear of the

pistol made us decide in favor of the "Tailor and the Crow." Even if the Tailor called for his blunderbuss, he didn't get it, and Mr. C. not only carried a gun, but what was worse, fired it off.

Now came the Grecian Statues, in which Cain killed Abel, showed remorse and then fled, only to appear smiling in the next act, as Samson carrying the Gates of Gaza. We didn't see the Gates, but the lecturer said they taken were there. We will take his word for it. Ajax defied the lightning, but in spite of this winked when Dr. Buchan turned the lime light on him. Of course the Statuary looked well.

Now followed the Dairy-maids' Convention. How pretty the Dairy-maids looked, even if their dresses were not just the same as real Dairy-maids wear, and yet editors of our years will vote for the girls of the Convention every time. The scene opened with a view on the Agricultural Farm, Mr. Shea singing that the cows were coming down the lane, but fortunately for our peace of mind they did not come. Soon the Dairy-maids and Cow-boys came trooping on the Stage, and sang that they were hastening to the milking, although they did not seem in a hurry, but finally went off. Mr. Shingle, jr., came out on tip toe, with a gun and green coat, and spied pretty Phyllis. They sang a lovely song, and although they heard the cows in the clover, did not go to them for a long time. Shingle wanted to accompany her milking, to which she readily consented.

Miss Nicholson in "The Little Maid," Miss Convery in "The Bells," Misses Orser in their Solos,