

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

twice with Rockwood in Jock Hart's absence, is the well known fair haired George of Queen's team. He and Jock are two of the greatest favorites among hockey enthusiasts in Ontario, and well deserve the reputation.

The Junior Rockwoods were a hybrid organization, but won all of their matches. Rockwood II. Juniors.—W. Dennison, Hugh Robertson, W. Oldrieve, Leo Doran, J. Robinson, L. Jones and several others, had a successful season, and met with few defeats.

The Beechgroves are the pride of Rockwood. Capt. W. Potter, right wing; centre, Herbert Clarke; left wing, T. McCoherty; rover, J. Cotter; cover point, Harold Clarke; point, J. McWaters; goal, Ernest McCoherty. These little fellows have beaten everything big and small that the city and village could furnish, by honest, gentlemanly hockey. They have played matches without number, with but one result, victory on every occasion but one, when three out of the illustrious seven were sick with Grippe. They are not puffed up over their victories, and always treat their opponents kindly and fairly.

A threat! Scene, Paris. A clarinet player approaching timidly the guests, that were sitting before a cafe on one of the boulevards, "Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I should much like to give you a tune on my clarinet, but I well know that you do not like the instrument. If therefore you will kindly"—here he passes round the hat, with the usual result receiving the customary tribute from the people, who were perhaps only too glad to escape the torture. So it went on for some considerable time, the clarinet player receiving his remuneration without the least trouble. One day, however, one

of the guests at one of the cafes called out to him in good humor, "I have seen you now quite often enough, but I should also like to hear you play for once!" "But I play so badly," said the musician in his embarrassment. "I readily believe you," said the gentleman, "but that does not matter, I love the clarinet, play!" The musician now became still more confused. "Gentlemen," he stammered, "I must make a confession; I cannot produce a single tune on the clarinet, I only use it as the means of menace, and I have always found it most effective as such."

A PROPHET AND FORERUNNER.

O bird of sleek and glossy sable
coat,
And hoarse and rancous throat,
That has no voice to warble or to
sing.
Whose solemn flapping wing
Settles with slow precision in the
firs,
Making a little stir like Spring,
Among bare boughs,—there is no
voice of her's
More welcome than thy unmelo-
dious note.

I hear thy croaking call,
In which there is no melody nor
cheer,
Nor any picture of delight at all,
But just the bold announcement,
"Spring is here."
Yet in the furrows after April rains
Thou find'st a scattered few of last
year's grains,
To pay thy heedful searching, and
the laws
Of nature still obedient to thy caws.

O thou most sage of bird philoso-
phers,
Calling thy mates among the black-
boughed firs,
More sweet to me thine unmelli-
fluous croak