

The Rockwood Review.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Donaldson has quite recovered from her attack of typhoid fever.

If we had only known that our Mr. Tom McCammon was running for municipal honors, he would have had the Review at his back, and our votes at the polls. Mr. McCammon, having proved himself an artist as end man, will likely turn out a genius as an Alderman. Try again Thomas, and in the meanwhile read the story of Dick Whittington and his cat. When the time comes for you to draw up your leather cushioned chair to the baize covered table, on the Wilton carpet of the Portsmouth Council Chamber—your minstrel jokes will once more be young. They need a little levity in the Council, to throw their solid wisdom into bold relief.

The Municipal contest in Hatters Bay was exciting, if not close. The returns are not all in yet, but by February we shall probably be able to announce Fisher for Reeve, and several able assistants for Aldermen.

It may be asserted, with tolerable certainty, that Councillor Simmons will not be there. Several important subjects will receive the attention of the newly elected Council, and a by-law to empower them to expend \$2.25, to enable them to remove the thistles in Aberdeen Park, will be submitted at once. The question of tags for wandering live stock will come up, and an Act of Legislature applied for to prevent the Rockwood people from closing their gates to the peripatetic goose and night blooming broncho.

The Curling Club met in deep and solemn conclave a short time since, and many important problems were solved. The Juniors wage war against Juniors for a medal, and the Seniors have a struggle among themselves. The only knotty question is what constitutes a Junior? It has been suggested that the easiest way to locate him, is to arrive at the matter by infallible signs, just as the wielder of a witch hazel crotch locates water, although it must be confessed that the evidences in the case of the junior curler are more abundant than in the case of the water. In a match, the Junior holds a broom in his hands, but never sweeps. He keeps an eye on the skip, and after every shot, comes down to the Tee, to see that everything is all right. It never is quite correct, and he calls the skip aside, and in a hoarse whisper tells him what to do. This failing, he walks down to "hog line," rests wearily on his broom, and tells the other Junior what he would do. He never takes the ice the skip tells him, but satisfies his theories, and he never resists the temptation to "shoot" at the fellow who has just led. He sweeps when he has to, and finally skips a game, when he learns a thing or two, and finally arrives at an encouraging stage, and discovers that after all experience counts a little, hard work something more, and implicit confidence in the Skip all the rest. We may touch up the definition of a Senior later on. Space is limited this issue, The Skips elected for the season are Dr. C. K. Clarke, Allan McLean, James Dennison, Dr. Forster.