

The Rockwood Review

The poultry market has been in a congested state for weeks and the slovenly way in which birds for sale are dressed is remarkable. If farmers were alive to their own interests they would see that the fowls placed on the market are carefully prepared and dressed. They would get higher prices and find even a readier sale for their poultry than at present. It is all very well to know how to make a tough old hen look tender, but it is even better to be able to make a spring chicken absolutely irresistible.

The following conversation heard at one of the patients socials a few evenings ago, pretty well illustrates the fact that all of the clever people are not outside of the Hospital walls. First Patient—I hear that Mr. (Principal) Grant is rapidly recovering. Second Patient—No, you're mistaken, Grant has been dead for several years. First Patient—Oh, no—you are the one mistaken, I, fear you are confounding PRECEDENTS with PRINCIPLES.

A boy once wished for a Xmas tree
And his Paw gave him one for a treat,
And a tree toad tooted from out the tree top
A treatise on treating raw peat,
The boy was annoyed at the tale of the toad
And was angry too at his Paw
And he went for that toad with a goad, that had growed
On the road where the crow cusses caw.

A middle aged stoker
Married Jane Anne De Boker,
He crept up by stealth,
And hoping to choke her
Made her swallow the poker,
But the iron just toned up her health.

Harper's Weekly objects very decidedly to boys who happen to have been born in Canada playing on New York Hockey teams. America for the Americans is the motto. What humbugs these American sports are at any rate—they are quite willing to write elaborate editorials proving Canadians to be true Americans, when they win events for them against other countries, but when the victims are the blue blooded Yale students—how different the tune. If the Americans wish to learn the game of hockey it is very evident they must be taught by Canadians, because it has taken our lads a generation to develop this magnificent sport, and here children skate in the "hockey style" from the earliest years. It goes almost without saying that every hockey player of eminence in the United States was born in Canada. It is a fact, dreadful for the American sporting dilettanti to contemplate, but we can assure him that we are more than willing to welcome the lads back to our country, which does not recognize Canadian birth as a social defect. Uncle Sam is always the biggest thing on earth, even the biggest "baby," when sport is concerned.