

The Rockwood Review.

Although the black terns were greatly disturbed by thoughtless pot-hunters after their arrival in spring, they have once more returned to their usual haunts in considerable numbers, and have evidently been successful in bringing off their young.

A writer in the Toronto GLOBE makes several inaccurate statements about the breeding habits of Canadian birds. For example it is said that the Cedar Waxwing is the last bird to undertake nesting. As a matter of fact the American Goldfinch is much later.

The Golf fad does not seem to prosper at Rockwood—all of the officials claiming to be under age for such a staid and sober game.

Ornamental iron ceilings are being placed in Wards one and four. They will add greatly to the appearance of these wards.

Black bass about the Hospital dock seem to be well fed and highly educated. Although it is possible on any fine day to see dozens of loafers about the dock corners, nothing will induce them to bite. Minnows they scorn, crayfish they will not look at, worms have no attraction for them, the glittering spoon they avoid. In fact they seem to content to float about idly without endeavouring to feed. Most of these fish appear to weigh about two pounds—a few may be larger, none less—and the mystery of their existence is a constant worry to the many Isaac Waltons who haunt the wharf and its vicinity. The man who invents a taking bait for these fish has many happy hours before him.

Coal vessels began discharging their loads at Rockwood on July 10th.

Congratulations are offered to Dr. E. C. Watson, who has successfully passed the Council Examinations.

A hundred and sixty of the patients went to the Circus when here, and voted it the best thing of the kind they had ever seen. The performing seals were of course the greatest attraction.

A trick Bicyclist kindly gave the patients a splendid exhibition on July 10th. His marvellous feats were received with great applause. The only dread expressed was that Mr. W. Shea would attempt to repeat the performance and come to grief. Billy knows a trick worth two of that.

The Iris is once more in sailing trim, and under the clever guidance of Capt. Daniel McNair, a salt-water sailor of no mean ability, is giving a good account of herself. As Capt. Daniel is popular with the ladies, he finds his evenings pretty well occupied in giving his many admirers outings on the water.

The lilies in McLeod Basin are doing well, and promise to make a brave showing before the end of the season.

The Frontenac Hockey Club will it is said, lose three of its forward line this winter. This will give the young blood a chance, and as there are many promising players among the juveniles, there should be no difficulty in finding substitutes for those who are no longer available.