

The Rockwood Review.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

The electric cars have reached Lowe's corner. Talent concerts and cheaper buns are next in order.

There is something in a name. Why not call the expanse about the Portsmouth Town Hall, with its lovely grove and turf and swan pond, Aberdeen Park? The Governor General must have been impressed when he drove by.

Mr. Shea is writing an Idyll on an Ideal Irish Stew.

The Bursar's Office has been tinted. The result suggests, "Hail Smiling Morn"—the Aurora Borealis—of a basket of Easter eggs.

On the 17th April, Miss Lulu Britton was married to the Rev. Donald McPhail, of Picton. Everything contributed to the success of the occasion, and even Dame Nature put on her best bib and tucker. This was no more than Miss Britton deserved.

Wild flowers are abundant in Hatwood. The Kingfisher is abroad, and the small boy with a gun is very much in evidence. Some people seem to have more firearms than sense, and forget that guns have a disagreeable habit of going off and taking little boys with them.

The City Fathers of Portsmouth are in a grave quandary regarding the sidewalks, some of which, to say the least, are in need of repair. Can it be that the introduction of granolithic pavements is contemplated, or is it possible that in future all people in this town will

go by electricity, and allow the sidewalks to be used for kindling wood. In the meanwhile, let all visitors to the Bay walk with great caution, and in Indian file when making an approach to Rockwood.

Rockwood loyalty has been questioned many times of late, and two things have been asked, first why does the Orchestra always omit the National Anthem at entertainments, and second, how comes it that no bunting is displayed on great holidays? To the first we would reply that the Orchestra believes that this sort of thing is generally overdone, and it reserves the tune for great and impressive occasions, to the second, we would say that ownership of flags is a grave responsibility in this town—a every Society in Kingston insists on its right to borrow, without believing in its obligation to return. As a result, six fine flags are missing; however, through the kindness of a clever friend, Rockwood will, on the twenty-fourth, spread to the breeze an Ensign fifty feet long, at the top of a staff over a hundred feet high, and the man who succeeds in borrowing that flag will indeed be a genius.

We congratulate G. Kennedy on his promotion from the ranks to Col. Sergeant of 1 Co. 14 P. W. O. R.

The dispute over N. W. Rebellion affairs reminds us that no less than three of the staff were there. Each has a medal but cannot show a beaver skin. The inference is that all were in the ranks.