

The Rockwood Review.

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Slowly, lazily, up the motionless river.

Like a dream with a sting of regrets behind.

Goes the tug, while I stare at the trees that hide it,

One more glimpse of its dear dark shape to find."

In this one can see that the writer's thought and imagery, borne so swiftly along by the current of her theme, are full of thrilling poetic suggestion, though they rebel against the too close bondage of rhyme and rhythm almost as much as the deliberately unadorned lines of the great American poet. Meantime, the important thing is that the suggestive beauty of the scene has been truly caught and interpreted by the youthful observer.

LANCASTER.

JAN. 14TH, '98.

Dear Editors of the "Review":—

I have in my garden a bed of pansies, which bloomed freely all through the summer and autumn.

In the beginning of the winter I covered it with dry leaves, and laid old sacks over them. On Jan. 5th, after a thaw and rain, the snow was gone off the bed, and I noticed that some of the coverings were displaced. Going to replace them, I discovered some pansy flowers, and after searching found twenty-two, some of which were in bud, and others pretty well in bloom.

The ground was frozen quite stiff beneath them, and a few were outside the shelter of the sacks and leaves.

I sent two or three of the most perfect ones to the Montreal "Star," gave some others to a neighbour and kept the rest.

There were over half-a-dozen perfect ones among the whole lot, the rest being somewhat torn and dragged. Those that were in bud opened wide in the house.

I have sent you this thinking you might like to put it among your Natural History and Field Notes.

I remain yours sincerely,

D. W. K.

The Junior Frontenac Hockey team is out of it, not through any fault of their own, but owing to the unfortunate fact that they were the victims of some unfortunate decisions. In Peterboro they played under rulings quite new in the East where hockey developed, and as a result had men sitting on the fence most of the time. These rulings were childish and absurd, and calculated to destroy much of the beauty of the game, and were founded on legal technicalities so hazy, that it took a Toronto law student to develop them. In Kingston the Peterboro boys played a clean fast game, but were completely outclassed, and were defeated in an extremely good game by five goals. Alas, but it was one goal too few, and the inferior team goes into the semi-finals. Competent referees, goal nets and proper rinks are required for the best hockey. Mr. Chancer Elliott makes about the best referee in Kingston.

The Queens Frontenac game was a good exhibition of hockey, but was marred by displays of very warm feeling on both sides. The game was rough at times, but fast, and some of the coaching from the side was abominable. As far as the result was concerned experience gained the day, and MacMurray showed that he has few equals on a hockey rink.

Peterboro has a gentlemanly lot of hockey players, who can play a good game characterized by hard checking and clever stick-handling—there great defect is lack of combination.

Cyril Knight, of Queens, is a coming player. If he can add about twenty pounds to his weight he will make a star of the first magnitude.

The Captain of the Junior Frontenacs should have been put on the wing ten minutes earlier in the Frontenac-Peterboro game. It would have meant three goals at least, and they only wanted one.