



The Rockwood Review.

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Greetings.

Wish you a Happy New Year.

The Xmas service conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hammond was greatly improved by a quartette of good Kingston people, who braved the gale blowing to add to the pleasure of the inmates. Miss Bassam, Miss Mooney, Mr. W. Bassam and Mr. J. Shea sang the quartette, "Softly the Night is Stealing," very sweetly. The septette of stringed instruments added greatly to the effect of the music rendered.

Miss Ethel Bamford, a most promising graduate of the Rockwood Training School has just left for Charlottetown, P.E.I., where she will assume the duties of Head Nurse and Matron of the Hospital for the Insane. We prophesy for Miss Bamford a most successful career as she is possessed of all the qualifications necessary to make an ideal officer. Rockwood stock is booming, and its officials are so much in demand that it is becoming a difficult matter to keep the vacancies filled.

The announcement made in the Review to the effect that the Farce "Who is Who" was in preparation was a mistake. We apologize and suggest that it is probably the "Baby Elephant," or "The Slippery Day Stairs." It is many years since these time honored classics were produced here. What is the matter with Billy Shea?

THE REVIEW feels called upon to enter a protest, and Billy Shea will in future omit the song "Hearts of Oak" if he wishes to please the editorial staff of THE REVIEW. We have no fault to find with Mr. Shea's rendition of this soul stirring piece—in fact he meets our ideas of the proper method of singing this song in every particular—and his get up, from the sailor's cap to the spring of his trousers, is in the most correct taste. We can even forgive him his blonde curls (real hair) and his rosy cheeks—but what we do object to is the repeated calling of our attention to the fact that we have Hearts of Oak. We know it, we have heard it remarked several times before, and if we can read between the lines, judging by the persistency with which this sentiment is slung at us, there are some doubting Thomases in our midst. No Billy, our loyalty is all right and we could struggle along for a year or more without singing either Hearts of Oak or the Maple Leaf Foever, without losing one jot of our loyalty either to ourselves or our country. We are given to waving the old flag just a little too much, and are becoming almost as weak in this respect as our neighbors to the South. This is the time of the year when Peace on Earth Good will towards Men makes first-class motto. Too much lip loyalty rather mars its effect and tends to bigotry.