

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

"well roasted" are now being brought on as a second course. It looks as if the material we make our soldiers of was becoming a little thin skinned.

Football is the order of the day, and now the Kingston Club wants to play at night as well. Nothing dampens the ardor of your genuine football enthusiast. He revels and rolls in mud; rain and cold are trifles not to be considered, and a black eye is a luxury few deny themselves. The Brockville Queen's match was played in a sea of mire, and every one wonders how Brockville scored that one point. But after all our affections are deeply centered on the Granites and the Barrie Streets, and no matter whether Queen's falls a victim, we want our boys to win. Yes, and we don't want to see Queen's lose.

Baseball is dead, but it is whispered that the Princess Streets followed the Duke of Wellington's lead in their last match with the Harty nine. It is said that Wellington prayed for rain or Blucher at Waterloo. He got Blucher, and the Princess Street nine got rain. The Harty nine would have won anyway—perhaps.

The Harty Nine should change their name some say. It should be D. Harty.

Beechgrove is just lovely. That is the universal verdict, and although some wanted to have it opened on Friday, we had our way, and it made a good commencement on Monday.

Mysterious practices of the new Opera "Meadow Sweet" are said to be taking place at Rockwood, and all the characters but one are being assumed by young ladies. This one exception is that of Butterfly. No one light and airy enough could be found among the young fellows of

the place, so one of the married men has been called on, the name of the part changed, and the singer is content to grub along under the title of "Chrysalis."

Mrs. Martin has been visiting friends in New York and Toronto.

Our Mr. Wm. Shea was registered at the Hotel de Colonnade, N. Y., for two weeks. He has returned with a metropolitan air, three new character songs and a stock of jokes and ideas that will keep us in good humor all winter. Mr. S. says that although he enjoyed the World's Fair at Chicago, still for cosmopolitan completeness give him New York.

The birds came down from the north much earlier than usual this autumn, and those who pretend to know all about it predict an early and severe winter. Certainly the red squirrels and chipmonks have been very busy, and the absence of the usual crop of hickory nuts has made them anxious.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Francis A. Seymour, brother of Mrs. K. Seymour McLean, who has contributed so frequently and generously to our columns. Mr. Seymour's death occurred at Fulton, N. Y., on the 8th Oct., and brought sadness to a large circle of friends in Fulton and Buffalo.

Several important engagements are reported between — well—Japan and China, we nearly said some of the Rockwood Staff.

When is Brockville Hospital for the Insane to open, is the puzzle that none of the Napoleons of Asylum organization are able to work out? In the meanwhile they are figuring on the other question, is it true that Rockwood is to supply all of the Supervisors?
