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The Rockwood Review.

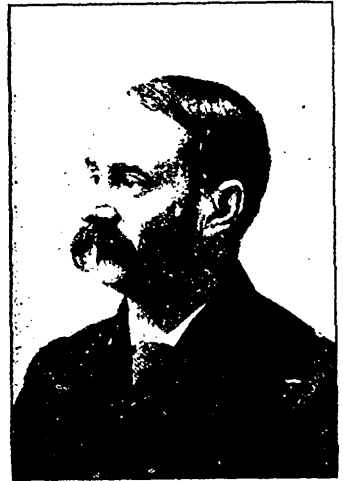


A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and
Local News.





DR. J. M. FORSTER.



DR. C. K. CLARKE.



T. MCCAMMON.



J. DAVIDSON.



"CURLING AT ROCKWOOD."

The institution of Curling at Rockwood dates from the winter of 1887-88. In that year Mr. Allan McLean, the Steward, and Dr. C. K. Clarke, the Medical Superintendent, founded the Rockwood Curling Club. At first an attempt was made to play on the River and in the slip at the foot of the Hospital Grounds, but the constant upheaving of the ice caused them to try and make a Rink in what was then known as the women's airing court, but this was also a

failure owing to the water breaking through the made ground.

In 1889 the various officers of the Asylum formed a Syndicate, and under the direction of Mr. James Dennison, a single-sheet covered Rink was built on the dock, having for one side the stone wall which ran along the water front. This Rink continued in use until the present gymnasium was erected in 1894.

During the season of 1888-89 the young curlers of Rockwood were frequently initiated into the mysteries of the "roaring game" by several delegations from the Kingston Club, who in that year were without a Rink; among whom might be numbered Clark Hamilton. Majors Drury and Wilson, Col. Cotton, A. Strachan, James Stewart and others. At this time the Rockwoods were modest, and in presence of such past masters of the game were naturally meek and of a very retiring though of an observant turn of mind, but they were fully determined to accomplish the feat which they afterwards attained, viz., teaching their teachers a few new wrinkles in the slippery game. It was in this year that a very amusing incident occurred, which I think will bear telling: A rink of curlers consisted of Clark Hamilton, Col. Cotton, and I think the gallant and lamented Major Short, came out for a game late in March. The ice was sticky, and it was hard work getting the stones up, when Col. Fox, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., arrived. His mission was to purchase two "shoats" from the Steward, and when that official generously told him to go and take his pick from the pens, he produced a corked and sealed bottle of Cutters old reserve Rye, which he naively remarked was for the delectation of the curlers, and which he stated there was no harm in smuggling over for such a worthy object. Imagine his surprise

and discomfort when he espied coming up the Rink none other than the astute Collector of Customs himself. Explanations were useless, and the fate of the "contraband" hung in the balance until the gallant Captain informed the guilty Colonel that he was not there like Sir Joseph Porter "officially." It is needless to say that the American beverage was instantly substituted for the oatmeal water the players had been drinking, and the play developed thereafter into as fine an exhibition of the "roaring game" as the most enthusiastic son of Scotia could desire.

The following year the Kingston Curling and Skating Association built these two present Rinks, and though they were not quite so frequent visitors to Rockwood, the friendly relations continued, and in recognition of the season of 1888-89, they not only elected the members of the Rockwood Club honorary members of the Kingston Club, but also generously donated a Medal for single competition between the members of the Asylum Club. This medal was won after a series of spirited contests by Mr. Allan McLean. His victory was very popular, as no one begrudged the "old man" the honors he so fairly won.

Before passing on it may be as well to state, that from the start of the Club Dr. Clarke has been the unanimous choice for President, Mr. McLean Vice President, and Mr. Wm. Cochrane Secretary-Treasurer.

In 1889-90 but three regular games were played between the City Clubs and the Rockwoods, the latter capturing one match of the three. The Rink opened January 11th, 1890.

The next year more matches were played, the season having opened December the 12th, 1890. This enthusiasm was characteristic of the following year, as the records show; and in the year 1892-93 an annual single competition was instituted. This year saw the worthy President the winner, and it was meet that he should win, tho' his victory was not "easy meat" by any means. The Doctor was heartily congratulated, and his fellow curlers were glad that the prize had been gained by one who has always taken a deep interest in manly sports and been their constant friend and champion. Still further interest was manifested in the game in the season of 1893-94, the chief cause of this was the fact of the Rockwood Club presenting a Cup for annual competition between themselves and the Kingstons. The Cup was paid for by Club subscription, and the conditions were made that it was for annual competition, home and home matches of two rinks per club, and only to become the absolute property of either club in the event of a two successive years' default. The first matches were



W. POTTER.



W. CARR.



W. COCHRANE.



J. DENNISON.

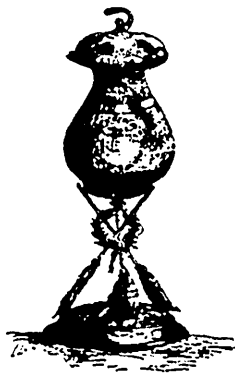
well contested ; below I append the score :—

At Rockwood, February 5th, 1894.

McCammon,	Capt. Donnelly,
Davidson,	J. Gunn,
Dennison,	K. McIver,
Clarke, Skip 17.	James Stewart, 26.
Potter,	Kearns,
Carr,	Shaw,
Cochrane,	Dalton,
McLean, Skip 22.	Sutherland, Skip 17.

At Kingston, February 17th, 1894.

McCammon,	Leslie,
Davidson,	E. Hamilton.
Dennison,	Drury,
Clarke, Skip 21.	Strachan, Skip 14.
Potter.	A. J. Watson.
Carr,	D. Watson,
Cochrane,	Sutherland,
McLean, Skip 12.	Dalton, Skip 27.



The Kingstons thus winning by a total majority of twelve shots. Other rinks and coteries of curlers developing among the Rockwoods gave rise to many keenly contested matches, and though their interest was purely local, they tended to give the players skill and confidence. The "Gerda's Crew" vs. "The Scotchmen," "The Oddfellows" vs. "All Comers," were among these, and were played with varying success.

Besides these local matches the Rockwoods played other friendly

matches with their Kingstonian brothers of the "besom." "The Oddfellows went to town and took "The Bachelors" into camp though not conferring on them the encampment degree. This was the score:—

At Kingston, February 20th, 1894.	
"Oddfellows."	"Bachelors."
Williamson,	McNab,
Potter,	W. B Carruthers,
Dennison,	Jas. Gunn,
Cochrane, Skip 17.	A. J. Watson, 9.

In the same season that grand and genial opponent and skip, James Stewart, met his first defeat on Rockwood ice. It had been his boast that he had never been, and gently insinuated he could not be beaten under these conditions: however, our worthy President thought different, and put his theory into practice on February 22nd, 1894. The following is the tune to which genial Jim danced:—

Rockwoods.	Kingston,
Carr.	A. Shaw,
Cochrane,	K. McIver,
Dennison,	Walkem, J. B.,
Clarke, Skip 15.	Stewart, 13

But the interest taken in the inter-Club matches this year was completely overshadowed by that taken in the Club's single-handed competition. This year saw many promising juniors coming to the front, who in their practice games were accustomed to play lead and second for their senior club mates. The knowledge of pace and distance thus gained served them in good stead as the competition score shows, and after a very exciting contest in which many sure things did not pan out and many "ringers" were left at the post, Messrs. J. Davidson and M. P. Reid competed for the pair of Curling Stones, which form of prize had been decided on for that year. The game itself was a grand exhibition of this



WILLIAM MCLEAN—OUR G.O.M.



style of competition, and finally resulted in Mr. Davidson winning by 13 shots to 11.

Meanwhile the ever active mind of the of the President had been evolving a scheme which was to fairly revolutionize the game at Rockwood. Some of our patients had shown a great aptitude for the game; likewise the younger attendants had caught the Hockey fever which was fairly epidemic in Kingston; then again, a long felt want was something to take the place of the

old airing courts; this something must also overcome the inconvenience of bad spring and fall weather, and provide a place of recreation and for the patients when the weather precluded the possibility of outdoor exercise. To compass all these many wants and provide for these many contingencies, remained therefore a problem for the President to solve, and having received the sanction and the permission of the Government at Toronto, our Gymnasium was the answer to the intricate question. Here alike in winter as in summer, both patients and employees could enjoy themselves—but I am digressing, my subject has been temporarily forgotten and I must leave to the pen of some other enthusiast to describe the joys of the hockeyist or the delights of a drill-sergeant.

With such commodious quarters, the members of the Rockwood Club, now greatly increased numerically, like Alexander, looked round for other worlds to conquer, and with this idea in view, a meeting of the Club was called October 24th, 1894, and the Secretary was instructed to write to the secretaries of the various clubs belonging to the Central Ontario Curling Association and apply for membership therein. Satisfactory answers having been received, at a Club meeting on January 9th, 1895, the Secretary was instructed to accept, and this action was ratified at the Association's business meeting, held after the annual banquet at the British American Hotel, Kingston. At this January club meeting Mr. M. P. Reid was elected an honorary member, and the club skips for the year resulted after a ballot, in the choice of Drs. Clarke and Forster, and Messrs. McLean and Dennison.

The usual club competition took a dual form this season, a senior and junior class having been instituted, the Secretary's epigrammatic proverb, "there's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing," was clearly illustrated. The senior winner turned up in our esteemed engineer, Mr. Wm. Potter, and anomalously Mr. Shea, Sr., captured the junior medal. Both series were hotly contested and honestly won.

and the medals accompanied by suitable addresses were presented publicly in O'Reilly Hall. The lengthy address to the junior champion completely knocked the wind out of that doughty player, and the innate modesty of the man from the ambitious city prevented him from replying, though he insinuated that he might have responded had sufficient time been given him to rehearse before a glass. The ambiguity of this statement leaves both the writer and the reply in the dark.

Rockwood's new Rink was the scene of the first of the home and home matches, for second annual Cup competition between the local players and the City Club. The season opened auspiciously for Rockwood as the score shows:--



DR. J. WEBSTER.

No. 2. Rockwood.	No. 2 City.
Potter,	Richardson,
Carr,	Skinner; W. B.,
Cochrane,	Stewart,
Dennison, Skip 19.	Strachan, 14.
No. 2 Rockwood.	No. 2 City.
McCammon,	Kearns,
Dr. Forster,	Leslie,
Davidson,	Dr. Watson,
Dr. Clarke, Skip 22.	Col. Cotton, 18.

Majority for Rockwood, 9 shots.

This match was played on January 31st. The return match played on the Kingston ice, however, decided that the Cup remain with the City Club another year, they winning by a majority over all of six shots, exactly one half of the previous year record. The score:--

No. 1 Rockwood. — Dennison, Skip 17. No. 1 City. — C. Hamilton, 20. No. 2 Rockwood. — Dr. Clarke, Skip 12. No. 2 City. — Drury May, 24.

Every member, however, was on the qui vive for the outcome of the Central Ontario Bonspiel, and much speculation was indulged in

as to the standing the "Baby Club" would take among the veterans. February 12th saw Perth in battle array, pitted against Rockwood. The contest took place on the Kingston Rink, and the "cranks" won by the handsome score of 45 to 22. Score:—

No. 1 Rockwood.	No. 1 Perth.
Potter,	Burrows,
Carr,	King,
Cochrane,	Walker J.,
Dennison, Skip 23.	Walker W., 8.
No. 2.	No. 2.
McCammon,	Hersey,
Dr. Forster,	Meighen,
Davidson,	Taylor,
Dr. Clarke, Skip 22.	Grant, 14.

Bets were freely indulged in by our late opponents, that ours was the Tankard for '95. But alas! for human weakness!! On that fateful night took place the annual banquet. Toying with "the cup" that cheers, indulging in pate de foi gras, late or perchance more thoughtfully early hours are the various whispered causes of the defeat sustained by the Rockwoods on the following morn at the hands of the five timed Tankard winners the Pembrokes. Such an impression did these doughty knights leave of their prowess that even to-day one of our defeated skips, on seeing a good shot made, will jump from the ice like Jamieson of the "cheeses," and exclaim: "There's a Pembroke shot for you, score one for the Boys." We sadly but truthfully append the record:—

No. 1 Rockwood.	No. 1 Pembroke.	No. 2.	No. 2.
Potter,	Behan,	McCammon,	Irvine.
Carr,	Kennedy,	Dr. Forster,	Forgie.
Cochrane,	Jamieson,	Davidson,	Miller,
Dennison, Skip 14.	J. Stewart, 19.	Dr. Clarke, 10.	J. Russell, 21.

The only satisfaction remaining to us was to see our latest opponent leaving the Tankard with our Kingston bretheren, having been defeated that same afternoon by 10 points.

Numerous local matches followed with the city clubs, in which Rockwood made a most excellent showing, and the most eventful and the most enjoyable season in the Club's history ended with a match on April 1st, the latest date on record. The players score were:—

McCammon,	Stewart,	Potter,	Fenwick,
Davidson,	Dr. Clarke,	Cochrane, 32.	McLean, 7.

This game was not only remarkable for its late date, but had it

been continued would have necessitated the introduction of a second score-board, as 30 is the limit score per board.

The Doctor insists that no notice should be taken of this game, as even curlers are not responsible for the events of All Fools' Day.

Wit out making any comments on a game whose merits even such a pen as that of J. M. Barrie does not scorn to describe with praise, and simply speaking of it as we have played it and enjoyed it ourselves, we have naught for it but good words. At Rockwood all other forms of amusement and recreation have come and gone, but of curling might be used the words of Cæsar, "veni vidi vici."

The twinge of defeat, or the disappointment at non-success, have no permanent abode in the true curler's heart. On the rink he will scream himself hoarse, cut capers like a boy till his sanity is questioned; he cajoles, encourages, commands, but there it ends. To-day he suffers a crushing defeat, but thoughtless of the past, "bobs up serenely," on the morrow ever ready to take philosophically "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." All honor to the founders of our Club. "May their shadows never grow less."

"You may talk to me of Rugby,
Sing hockey's praises gaily,
Or descant on cricket's beauties,
Praise tennis to me daily;
You may talk about your baseball,
It's catchers and its twirlers,
But give to me the broom and stone,
There's no game like the curler's."

W. COCHRANE.



G. COXWORTHY.



W. SHEA.

HOW BILLY WON THE MEDAL.

Did I never tell you how Billy won the medal, the junior's one of gold?
It's a mighty funny story though to most of us now old,
To begin at the beginning as the fairy stories do,
It's the custom of our Curlers when their Tankard match is through,
To compete in single contest, with six stones on a side—
And the one who can't get thirteen points, defeated must abide.
Now this year there were Seniors and Juniors too as well,
So two medals were arranged for, and then it so befel,
That excitement rose to fever heat around the Rockwood Rink,
And oft the canny curler had ample time to think—
How he could curl this port, or wick that stone, or raise that iron a yard,
And next shot find no hope, unless he smashed the guard.
The juniors were a hopeful lot and by strange luck it chanced,
That the rivalry of all was more than "much enhanced"
By the fact that Billy "Pater" as well as Jack the "Son"
Were entered both as Juniors and both were out for fun—
Billy's age as perhaps you know, is sixty, if a day
And he's the chirpiest, blithest fellow whose month is ever May.
In his earliest competitions he curled as if he felt
That he might take a beating, and the other win the belt—
But no! the good dame Fortune had claimed him for her own,
And by strangest combinations, his was the winning stone.
Billy wiped his sweating brow and smoothed his elfin locks,
Went home and changed his reeking duds including "Sark and socks,"
No prouder man e'er trod on ice, he still was in the ring,
While with Jack poor boy, whose chance was gone, it was another thing.
The Curlers shook their heads and laughed, and talked of slippery games,
While Billy's fighting stock went up like Roderick Dhus Fitz James.
He wore a 'Tam upon his broad and somewhat shining brow,
Though to keep it in position required "knowing how";
His next opponent was a "frisky colt" of strength, and eagle eye,
Enthusiastic too, and strong of hand, with aspirations high—
"He beat Old Billy? well if he didn't" he would smile?
"He could do it in an hour if not a shorter while,"
And he did for an end or two, and ran up quite a score,
First three, then one and finally a four—
Then Billy struck a lucky wick, and fluked it twice again,
And made a lucky draw or two, and "sooped with might and main,"
Excitement ran high as the Score was called eight all,
And Walter chuckled loudly as he pegged it on the wall.
The frisky Colt still smiled but the pace was getting hot,

And next end both our boys completely "went to pot."
 Not one stone did they get within the magic ring,
 So anxious were they both to play up "just the thing":
 Again they tried, and sad though t'is to write,
 Not one did either score in this bloodless stony fight
 The frisky Colt declared that a Hoodoo had come in
 To work the game for Billy, who could not otherwise win.
 The perspiration streamed in torrents from the colts,
 As they slung the sixty pounders, like ponderous iron bolts,
 The frisky Colt now steadied and laid them on the tee,
 First one, then two, a miss, and now then three,
 This followed by a fourth, all scoring safe and sure,
 Poor Billy's cake looked dough, the frisky Colt's secure.
 Billy sent his last, and though within the ring,
 It did not score, and frisky's win, looked a dead and certain thing.
 Eight and four make twelve, it's a snap to draw the last,
 But Frisky is excited and sends it down too fast.
 Zip—chip—flip—nip—skip—slide and smash,
 And every stone that Frisky had, has gone with sudden crash,
 But left within the rings, are five that count for Billy,
 The medal's won and men cry out, while others act quite silly.
 The crowd "catch on" a mighty yell, the joke strikes one and all,
 And Billy's lifted high and carried to the hall,
 He won his medal fairly and to those who jeer would fling,
 Please remember "Nothing's so uncertain as a dead sure thing."

C. K. C.



"A CURLER'S FINIS."



J. WILLIAMSON.



W. DEHANEV.



J. SHANNAHAN.



J. SHEA



W. FENWICK.



J. RIDDELL.



W. STEWART.