

The Rockwood Review.

more time to play than to work, but that danger existed long before the discovery of football. The game does wonders for the physique of our lads, and recent statistics show that the development of those who play the game systematically is far better than those who do not. From a spectators standpoint, Canadian football is most satisfactory, offering so much in the way of open play, magnificent runs and clear kicking. A run such as that made by any one of three or four of the players in any great match in Canada, would receive columns of praise in American newspapers, as the American game is hampered by heavy and dangerous mass plays, and cruel interference, resulting in constant injuries. Football in the whole is a good institution, and as long as it is kept clean and above suspicion, is of inestimable value in the development of our boys and young men.

FINANCE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of the month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smart had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to admit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half-crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good," said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows

business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but what we may have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well."

"And now, Thomas, how much has your half-crown earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What, not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost," said Mr. Smart. "How was that?"

"I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."

HIS OWN GREAT TROUBLE.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:—

"Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

INTERROGATIONS. — Magistrate: "Were you ever up before me?"

Prisoner: "Sure I don't know, your wurship. What time does your wurship get up?"