

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

well scared. A cab was driven up for him, and a wagon for his balloon. Charlie thinks it was too bad the whole thing didn't take place in our back yard, but I don't. And now my story's done.

The man and his balloon came tumblind down.

With rather too much of a bound; I hope that this scare will make him declare,

That it's wiser to stay on the ground.

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

Yearly subscription to residents of Kingston and Portsmouth, 25 Cents. To persons residing at a distance, 35 Cents.

Single Copies, 3 Cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10 Cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate,

Editors—Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager, — Chas. M. Clarke.

Communications should be addressed to the Box of "Rockwood Review," Rockwood House, Kingston.

Nedders: What's a bon mot? Slowitz: Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.

Tommy Shary (laying down two-pence farthing): A loaf of bred, please. Baker: It's dearer, my boy; it's riz. Tommy: All right, mister; give me one of yesterday's.

Fond Parent: Goodness, how you look, chlld. You are soaked. Frankie: Please, Pa, I fell into

the canal. Fond Parent: What, with your new trousers on? Frankie: I didn't have time to take'em off.

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history." "Yes," replied the author's wife; "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs.

Mrs. Cawker: Don't you think it is very strange that Mr. Stivitt's hasn't returned my call yet? Mr. Cawker: Not at all; it is merely the result of force of habit. "How's that?" "She was a telephone girl before her marriage."

Mamma: Well, Tommy, did you give the poor dog his medicine while I was away? Tommy: Yes, Ma. I read the recipe, and it said the compound could be mixed on an old broken dish. I couldn't find such a dish, so I had to break one.

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker; but before he could reply, she added: "How stupid of me to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

Young Mrs. Sappy: Oh, Adolphus, I can hear the burglars down stairs. Young Mr. Sappy: Then now we shall know if those spoons I bought are really silver. If they're silver, they'll take them, and if they're not, they won't.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a doin' of?" "Yes, sir," replied James, "you're a pourin' water into the milk." "No, I'm not, James, I'm pourin' milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water in my milk you tell them no. Allers stick to the truth, James, cheatin' is bad enough but lyin' is wuss."