

very badly, so we whipped them and put the naughty ones beneath the others by way of punishment. Just then Toodles, a little dog with us, ran away, and it took us quite a time to find him, and by this time the skiff came for us. Just as we got settled in the boat, we shipped a big wave, and then two more, so we were able to paddle our feet in the water in the bottom of the boat. We arrived home safely, the babies didn't catch cold, and we all said that we had enjoyed a very happy day.

IN HOSPITAL.

Ever and ever so long ago,
Me and Charlie and cousin Joe,
Three little chaps that liked to play,
And build big forts on a holiday,
And march with a sword and a wooden gun,
And blow on horns all day for fun,
Three small lads, that used to race and roam,
All got the measles at our house at home.

First one got sick and had to go to bed,
And then another had a buzzing in his head,
At last all three were laid upon the shelves,
And had the whole nursery all to themselves.
Then we got a holiday for which we didn't ask,
A long, long holiday without a single task;
All the books were put away, and all the nicest toys
Came to cheer and comfort us, poor sick boys.
Funny what processions marched along the line,
All the men and animals on Charlie's bed and mine;
Cats that would mew, and furry dogs that bark,
Camels too, and elephants, out of Noah's Ark,

Soldiers in red coats, and sailor boys in blue,
Battle ships, with cannons, and Jack tars for a crew,
Union Jacks a-flying from mizzen mast and main,
Sailed along the billows in the counterpane.

Then we made a tent of sheets, and camped out on the beds,
And fished along the banks between, with fishing rods and leads.
And caught the silver shiners, nurse had set afloat,
With magnets in the wash-basin, and oarsmen in a boat.
And then we went to war, and made a dreadful noise, and got Quite out of breath with firing pillows 'stead of shot,
And nurse came in and straightened out, the tumbles in each bed,
And gave us jam and jelly, for supper, without bread;
And when we all got well again, and out of doors could run,
We voted having measles, after all, was jolly fun.

K. S. McL.

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

Yearly subscriptions 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.