

ANCIENT AND MODERN KNIGHTS
AND LADIES.

In the brace and wonderful old days
when Harold was the King,
And bold Robin Hood and all his
merry men,
Went roving through the forest, and
camping in the glen.
When a gallant Knight on horse-
back, was a very common thing,
And tough bows of yew trees, wood
and arrows had not ceased,
To be the proper weapons for slay-
ing man and beast.
Still, at the lists and tournaments,
with plumes above his crest,
Each knightly English gentleman,
did lay his lance in rest,
For the fame of merry England,
and the prowess of the ring,
In the good old fighting days, when
Harold was the King.

But now in these more modern days,
when neither Robin Hood,
Nor any bears with beds, and chairs,
and houses in the wood,
Tempt roving Knights and Goldy
Locks to seek adventures there,
You will find the studious Goldy
Locks with bow and violin,
A dainty little instrument, tucked
under her small chin,
And Margery, quaint Margery Daw
with pencil poised in air,
A calculating problems with a medi-
tative air,
While Herbert turning somersault
and curvets in a ring,
Vaults on his steed, the high trapeze,
like bird upon the wing.
But after all the tournaments, and
feats that you can name,
Twas Herbie won the guerdon, and
Harold got the game,
And Harold is the victor still, and
Harold is the King.

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dressed to Box of Rockwood Re-
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We notice with pleasure that
Master Harold and Herbert have
had their hair cut. It was a long
felt want.

"This is a high-handed outrage,"
as the boy remarked, when he
found that his mother had put the
cookies on the upper shelf.

Willie: Aunt, what do they call
the man who hunts up the taxes?
Aunt Sarah: Taxidermist, of
course, because he skins everybody.

"What'd that furniture dealer say
when you told him that mirror he
sent up was cracked?" "Said he'd
look into it."