



25

The Rockwood Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,

NATURAL HISTORY,

AND LOCAL NEWS.

## J. Routley,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES,  
And all kinds of BRIAR AND MEER-  
SCHAUM PIPES. Fishing Tackle,  
Guns, Rifles, Revolvers and Am-  
munition.

173 PRINCESS STREET.

CALL ON

## Geo. Offord,

For your BOOTS AND SHOES.  
Largest Stock, Lowest Prices.

127 PRINCESS STREET.

## H. BRAME,

LEADING UNDERTAKER AND  
EMBALMER.

251 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYD-  
ENHAM STREETS.

If you want to buy the Cheapest  
and Best FURNITURE go to  
H. BRAME.

## J. C. HARDY & Co.,

98 AND 90 PRINCESS STREET.

Importers and Dealers in DRY  
GOODS NOTIONS, MANTLES,  
ETC.

HARDY's One Price Store makes  
the best fitting Mantles to Order.

## THE GRAND UNION CLOTHING CO.

Can Suit you every time in Qual-  
ity, Style, Fit, and best of all in  
Price.

122 PRINCESS STREET.

When you want Real Good TEA  
AND COFFEE, come and see us.

JAS. REDDEN & CO.

## Henry Wade,

DRUGGIST.

Agent for Miller's Emulsion of  
COD LIVER OIL, Kingston, Ont.

**"GO TO SLEEP"**

Try "Go TO SLEEP" Powders.  
Sure cure for Sleeplessness and  
Nervousness. Contain no Narco-  
tics. Guaranteed safe and effec-  
tual. In Boxes, 25 cents, at Wade's  
Drug Store.

We have everything a Drug Store  
should keep.

Goods are right. Prices are right.  
We want your Trade.

G. S. HOBART & SONS.

MEDICAL HALL.

HOYLE says, "When in doubt lead  
Trumps." Hoyle being a recog-  
nized authority on Games of Cards,  
people refer to him as such.

In like manner, we want our  
friends to refer to us, when in doubt  
as to the best place to buy

CHRISTMAS, WEDDING OR BIRTHDAY  
PRESENTS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,

86 PRINCESS STREET.

## ATTENTION BUSINESS MEN!

Advertising pays every Business  
Man. In fact, the man who fails to  
use Printers Ink, soon ceases to  
have any custom.

It is advisable to select the best  
journals, and to use their columns  
persistently and intelligently. This  
costs money—but just as with virtue  
it brings its own reward. The  
REVIEW is very reasonable in its  
Advertising Rates, and already  
many of the really live men in town  
are on our List. This is a good  
thing for them.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

**S. OBERNDORFFER,**

Wholesale Manufacturer of FINE  
CIGARS, Kingston.

SMOKE FIDO AND FRESH.

Telephone, No. 275. Office and  
Factory

89, 91 AND 93 PRINCESS STREET.

**R. McFAUL,**

DIRECT IMPORTER OF DRESS GOODS,  
SILKS, CLOAKING AND MOURNING  
GOODS.

130 PRINCESS STREET, OPP.  
CITY HOTEL.

**J. W. Powell,**

PHOTOGRAPHER,

165 PRINCESS STREET.

CABINET AND CARD PHOTOGRAPHS,  
At Lowest Prices, for Good  
Work.

P. S. Photographs of Residences a  
Specialty.

The Finest Pianos, at the Lowest  
possible Prices, Sheet Music and  
Fittings.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING.

International pitch if desired.

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

**J. Reyner,**

GOLDEN LION BLOCK, KINGSTON.

**GORDON SETTERS.**

Two thorough bred GORDON  
SETTER PUPPIES for Sale. These  
are from the best Stock in America,  
four months old and full of beauty  
and vigor. For Prices and particu-  
lars, address

G. M. PIERCE,

ROCKWOOD HOUSE, KINGSTON.

**Richmond  
& Co.,**

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND  
CARPETS,

118 TO 120 PRINCESS STREET,  
KINGSTON.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS, JUST  
OPENED.

Largest Stocks, Lowest Prices.

**Spence & Co.,**

The Leading House for  
MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS  
GOODS.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWARE, &C.  
132 PRINCESS STREET,  
KINGSTON.

**G A McGowan**

MANUFACTURER OF

SHE, BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND  
LA FLOZ DE FRONTENAC  
CIGARS.

211, 213, 215 & 217 BROCK STREET,  
KINGSTON.

**McRae Bros.,**

GOLDEN LION GROCERY, KINGSTON.

For very fine Blends of  
BLACK AND GREEN TEAS,

FRESH GROUND COFFEES,

FRUITS, CONDIMENTS,

and the Largest Variety of

OLD WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKEYS,  
ETC., ETC.

McRAE BROS.

Meadowsweet, the pretty little Pastoral Operetta, given at Rockwood a few weeks ago, was a delightful affair, and reflected the greatest credit on Miss Trendall and the Nurses.

The Operetta is a dainty musical production, and to many it was a matter of surprise that "our girls" showed so much musical ability, the choruses and solos being rendered without a hitch. When sixteen beautiful young ladies undertake to perform an opera, the thing is bound to be a success, and woe betide the reporter who dares to criticise. We must not forget the dancing of the troupe. The "Living Pictures" in Kingston did not begin to compare with the beauty of our dancing scenes, and the universal verdict was that Rockwood has the "fairest of the fair," among its Nurses. An extended notice of Meadowsweet will be written after the next performance, which is to given on an elaborate scale.

### The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed in 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 box of "Rockwood Review," Rockwood House, Kingston.

## **A. C. Johnston & Bro.,**

IMPORTERS OF

## **FINE GOLD Jewellery,**

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, &c.

**A THIMBLE FOR XMAS.**

We are showing the best assortment. Other lines of goods are better than ever.

A. C. JOHNSTON & BRO.,  
COR. PRINCESS AND WELLINGTON  
STREETS.

"Curfew must not ring to-night" is a little recitation that is being studied by the R. M. C. Juniors and Queen's Freshmen. Principal Grant can now add one more to the list of reasons why students should attend Queen's, and the fond parents who send their little chaps to College can feel assured that their lambs are safely housed at a reasonable hour every night. It is said though that the policemen find it difficult to distinguish between the following classes, the College freshman, the dear little fellow just going home from Choir practice, and the genuine street tough. Our advice would be not to make any attempt to distinguish, but follow the plan of action adopted by the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.

Brockville Hospital for the Insane will open before the 1st January, 1895, but the patients to be transferred from Rockwood will be permitted to eat their Xmas dinner here, and get the presents that are sure to be found hanging on the wonderful tree that always makes its appearance at this time of the year.

# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, JANUARY 1ST, 1895.

NO. 11.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. K. Clarke, who was dangerously ill during the early part of December, is steadily improving.

Mrs. E. B. Martin, who has assumed the Matronship of the North Building at London Asylum, left here on November 26. Before her departure she was presented with a beautiful five o'clock Tea Service.

Black Ducks generally move South in the latter part of October or the beginning of November. This season they have tarried, and on the sixth of December several were shot in the Harbor.

When the Ontario Government makes a change of affairs, it prides itself on doing the thing at lightning speed. Two weeks used to be an average time of notice. The trotting record will soon be reached.

Miss Theresofa Gallaher has been appointed Assistant Matron of Rockwood Hospital. The appointment is an extremely popular one, and we congratulate the young lady on her promotion.

Is it true that since the publication of the REVIEW, the goose question is getting shaky in Portsmouth. At all events, goose is the every day article of diet at Rockwood, and two male attendants can regularly get away with a ten pound bird.

The Rockwood Hockey Club has been organized, and the following officers were elected:—Pres., Dr. C. K. Clarke; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. J. M. Forster; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. J. Webster; Sec'y. and Treas., Ed. Gilmour; Manager, James Dennison. The Club will have four lines, and the teams will be selected from those players who practice on the ice rather than on tradition. The first line includes the Stars of first magnitude, the second calls for ordinary matches only, the third is devoted to Juniors, and the last to the Fossils, who are steadily practising on the Quarry Rink every dark night, Mr. John Hartrick having kindly placed his assortment of coal oil lanterns at their disposal.

The Rockwood Curling Club has been admitted to the Central League. Kingston will now have two chances instead of one for the Trophy.

## A QUEER GIRL.

The queerest and funniest girl in town,  
Was Jimima Euphemia Milicent Brown.  
She couldn't do aught as other folks do:  
Ate soup with a knife, and with her fingers took stew.  
When cutting beef-steak, she handled a spoon:  
To church went too late; for meals came too soon.  
Her boots she wore on the top of her head:  
For hose?—took the sleeves of her jacket instead.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)



**W. P. FENWICK, OF YACHT GERDA.**

AWARDED Bronze Medal of Royal Humane Society, of London, for bravery in rescuing Robert Davis from drowning.

Mr. W. P. Fenwick, the subject of our sketch, was publicly presented with the Medal of the Royal Humane Society a few weeks ago, and everybody at Rockwood felt that the high praise bestowed on our brave friend was more than deserved. Mr. Fenwick deserves not one medal, but many, as he has risked his life time and again, in order to save fellow beings from death. Like a true hero he is extremely modest and talks but little about his adventures. He is an expert swimmer, and at one time swam to Garden Island and back without resting. Above all things, he is cool in time of danger, and does the right thing at the proper moment.

The first life he saved was that of a young fellow named Palmer, who fell off the stern of the Yacht. John A. Fenwick had to dive beneath a raft, and the rescue was made with great difficulty indeed, as he had to grope in a dark place for the boy, who was returned to consciousness after great trouble.

His next adventure was with a lad called Maloney, who fell off the

Ship Yard Dock while getting chips. This boy was saved by Fenwick. The third saving was that of Mason, who could not swim, but jumped from a dock in order to win a bet. Fenwick and W. Charlton rescued him.

Next came Brophy, a little boy who fell off the ship yard dock. It was the old story of gathering chips. Fenwick had to go in after him, and as usual saved his life.

Shortly after this two drunken sailors, from the schooner Atmosphere, were upset from a punt. These men were both saved by the subject of our sketch. A brother was saved from drowning, and then the record, reaches three cases, any one of which would entitle a man to the name of hero.

Charles Barnard, an old man, fell off the Asylum Dock, and although no one was at hand to give Fenwick help, he bravely plunged to the rescue, and after great exertions, landed his man safely.

The details of the Davis rescue have already been published, and for the heroism displayed on this occasion, the Medal was awarded.

Last summer an old man named Flynn, jumped off the Portsmouth Tannery Dock, and Fenwick, as usual, turned up at the critical moment, and although he knew that he carried his life in his hand, succeeded in saving his man.

A year ago the Messrs. Shea were upset from a skiff, in a rough sea, in fact in a sea that was far too violent for the ordinary skiff. Fenwick was promptly on the spot, and cleverly relieved them from danger. Later in the fall of 1894, the Bulb Keel Yacht, Isis, was wrecked in Portsmouth Harbor. The night was very dark, and the boat rapidly sinking, the crew exhausted and thoroughly frightened. Fenwick not only rescued the crew, but by his clever management, saved the

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

yacht from total wreck. On two occasions Mr. F. has prevented women from jumping into the Lake.

Mr. Fenwick is one of the most accomplished yachtsmen in Kingston Harbor, and is looked upon as a standard authority in all matters pertaining to boats. May he live long to enjoy the honors he has won.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Her skirt was sported in place of a gown,

And that was put under, but upside down.

She whistled her prayers, and laughed in church,

And every day asked for a taste of the birch.

If you said "Yes," she only said "No:"

If you wished her to come, she wanted to go.

When other girls walked, she started to run;

When everyone cried, she declared it prime fun.

Old Mother Hubbard once had a dog that was queer,

But to J. E. M. Brown, he couldn't come near.

The tricks which she did, you wouldn't believe,

And yet never once sought her friends to deceive:

She just couldn't help it, howe'er much she tried,

And if she hadn't done so, would surely have died.

She once was invited at table to wait,

And put everything crooked which ought to be straight.

She placed knives and forks on every one's chair;

Kindly gave of salt-cellars to each guest a pair.

With sugar refined these cellars filled up,

And put salt at the bottom of every tea-cup.

The cream-jug with syrup she carefully filled,

And took care that all of the sweet stuff was spilled.

The mustard she emptied into chocolate pot,

And added some ice to each dish that was hot.

If you asked her for bread, the butter was served,

If you asked her for ice, she gave ginger preserved.

It didn't matter what you wished her to do,

She was sure to do something to put you askew.

And yet this queer girl got a husband at last,

But he didn't well know her till the wedding was past.

The life that she led him, I don't like to say,

But the weather was warmer than even Cathay.

Of such an odd life, the poor man grew tired;

Said he wouldn't remain in it, even if hired.

Yet the law said he must, and so did his wife,

Till from morning to eve, there was nothing but strife.

But one day he told her he never would leave her,

And then she declared him a wicked deceiver,

Went off to the lawyer's, soon had a divorce,

And speedily left him for better or worse.

She returned to her father, took up her old name,

In her freaks and her doings was ever the same:

And this is the reason the people still say,

In a serio-comical sort of a way,

"The queerest and funniest girl in town,

Is Jemima Euphemia Milicent Brown."



A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED.

Between nine and twelve we have crossed thirteen fords, some of them really beautiful, clear water running over yellow pebbles, and surrounded by fine trees and lovely flowering of plants; others extremely rough, with boulders, which owing to the muddy state of the stream, it is impossible to see. We expect every moment the wagon will give way. Some parts of the road very, very dangerous. A mere track, just wide enough for the wagon, a high wall of rock on one side, on the other side a frightful precipice. About ten, a. m., we crossed the border into "Tennessee," and found the roads less mountainous. The rocky pass we travelled this morning was very beautiful. We saw fine, immense mountain peaks at one time. Our road lay at times far up the mountain side, and we looked down on some exquisite valleys, some not more than two or three acres in extent. We Camped in one of these small valleys for lunch, which has taken nearly all our supplies. If that store the natives we have met have been telling us about, and which each one tells us is only a mile further on, can not supply us, we shall be hard up indeed, as we are all blessed with splendid appetites. We have been accosted several times to-day by, "Say strangers, what munt be your entitilment?" The mountaineers we meet are a very fine looking set of people, fine, fresh color, and as straight as darts.

At last we reached the store of which we had been hearing so much for miles, and such a store; they have nothing at all eatable but lemon biscuits. We have bought the man out of them, and some fresh butter and eggs, from a farm house, and some milk, which is quite a treat, as we have had to use condensed milk all along. Strange to say the butter is plentiful and cheap; they will not sell milk. After crossing another ford, and driving over a very rough road, which a native told us we should find "right respectable," we Camped in a pine grove, on a hill, near another ford.

Sunday, June 2nd.—We are short of provision for ourselves and fodder for the horses, and are obliged to move on. There is a very lovely Sabbath stillness over everything, and we have met no one. At last we came to a store, and purchased flour, no bread, and food for the horses. I am going to make pancakes. The Dr. is lame in his hind foot, and it's hard to get him along. The road is fenced all the way, and no spot wide enough for camping. After a long drive we came to a grove, but no water. The Dr. has become so lame, we are obliged to stop. Elsie and Edwin have gone in search of water, and to find what the road is like to "Grenville," the nearest town. He tells us the River is too high to ford, and there is no bridge, so we shall have to try for "Jonesboro," the next town, twenty-five miles, if we can get the Dr. along. We have managed to get along five miles, and Camped in a pretty good place. Still looks like rain. There is a good bit of moon to-night. The valley we have travelled to-day is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen. On our right hand, the valley is shut in by a high, densely wooded mountain range, without a break as far as we can see; further down there are ranges of foot hills between us and the mountains. There appears to be a great scarcity of water all through this valley. We meet a great many women on horsebrck, no habits or saddles, and always the homespun dress, very scanty in the skirt, and sunbonnets to match. We have not seen a woman in a hat or bonnet since leaving "Ashville." We have seen to-

#### A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

day a woman with a strong grizzled beard and moustache. We have seen several coming through these mountains.

Monday, June 3rd.—Rather dull and rainy looking, horse too lame to move. J. had to hire a native and his horse to take him into "Grenville," six miles off for fodder and supplies. We are twenty miles from "Jonesboro." I am going to try and bake a flour scone. I am not very hopeful, but it will at least be better than nothing. Edwin has been trying to find something to shoot. Got one dove. The girls are trying for fish. James has returned with the supplies of bread, meat and strawberries. I made a stew for dinner, and we had just dined when it began to thunder and lighten, and then to rain very heavily, and we had to scamper for the tents. The horse is better, but it's very doubtful if it can travel for a while. It rained nearly all night. We were dry and comfortable, and rested well. Bought a lot of fresh eggs, at six cents per dozen; butter, twelve; strawberries, 10 per quart; beef, ten; and milk five per quart.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Cloudy but pleasant. J. thinks that though the horse is better, we had better remain and rest him. It is not a very pleasant camp ground. The children have gone to fish in the "Nolichuekee River," quite near. The natives call it the "Chuekee." J. is grazing the horses, and I knitting, find it very lonely, and wish we were on the march again. I have not seen a newspaper for more than a month. Tried to buy one at the stores we came to without success. About five, p. m., a furious rain storm came up. Just finished dinner, and had to rush for the tent. A Tennessean came up with strawberries. He was on horseback, with a basket tied in each end of the bag, and slung across the horse behind him. We bought five quarts of delicious wild berries from him. He did not seem in a hurry to get home, but took refuge from the rain by crouching under the wagon. He has been there nearly two hours, and the rain shows no sign of abating, but he seems quite content and happy. It has evidently set in for a rainy night, and if it were not for the Tennessee man we should go to bed.

Wednesday, June 5th.—Ten, a. m., it has been pouring in torrents all night, and now shows some slight signs of clearing. We breakfasted on strawberries, bread, butter and cheese, it being so wet we could not light a fire. I trust we may be able to move to-day; the horse is better, and if the mud, which is simply awful, were to dry up a little, we might crawl along to a better campground. We have named this "Rain Centre." A native came along, and seemed anxious and puzzled to know who and what we are, said: "Folks down to the Sto' calculate you uns is Gipseys. He said there had been a powerful lot of gipseys through this part of the kentry this year." We have got out of the region of "Howdy," everyone says good morning and evening to us. An old lady asked me to go and see her, and another said she would be pleased if we would do our cooking on her stove. They seem quiet, kindly sort of people, with good fresh complexions. Old and young wear the everlasting sunbonnet.

Thursday, June 6th.—Fine and bright. Started about half-past seven. Forded a very pretty, deep ravine, and climbed a very steep, slippery hill. The soil after the rain sticks like glue. We have to drive along a terribly muddy lane, three miles out of our way, to a bridge, the "Noliehucky," being dangerous to ford. A good part of the road this morning

THE CONVICTION OF PANG CHOU.

The sun was uncommonly hot for so early in the season; it streamed down unchecked by the leafless trees, and even made so bold as to pour into the library window of the Meredith Mansion, and dance coquettishly across the placid countenance and bald head of a gentleman reclining in an easy chair. An observer would have said he was asleep, but had he dared to state his opinions, Captain Meredith would have contradicted him flatly; yet when the sun, becoming more confident, threw a gleam of golden light straight into the open mouth of the sleeper, he opened his eyes suddenly, straightened himself up, and glanced furtively around, to see if any one was present, for it ill became an old sea dog like him to be found napping on a Sunday afternoon. Finding himself alone, he again sank into the depths of his chair, and remained quiet for a time.

The Captain was a large, portly person, with a round good-natured face, and merry twinkly eyes. For twenty years he had been Captain of an East Indiaman, and had with many misgivings resigned his position, on coming into a fortune left him by an aunt. An orphaned niece lived with him, and superintended his bachelor establishment, or rather made believe she did, for the old housekeeper considered her but as a child, and openly scorned her advice and assistance.

The sun sank lower, so did the Captain's eyelids, but hearing footsteps approaching he picked up a book, and was diligently reading when the door opened and a tall slender girl entered. She came languidly forward, tossed her hat and gloves on the lounge and sat down.

The Captain looked up, "Hello Toots! tired? How did you get on

with, Fang Doodle, to-day? he asked. The girl laughed rather listlessly. "It really seems like trying to write on the sands; you just get the letters all beautifully made, when a great wave rolls in, and washes it all away. Last Sunday I taught Pang Chou a verse of "I am so glad," and to-day he hadn't the vaguest idea of anything about it."

"I suppose opium and his other little failings are the big wave that swept "I am so glad" away," suggested her uncle mischievously.

"No, Uncle Silas, lazy and stupid Pang Chou may be, but good I am sure he is. Why to-day when I was talking to him, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks, and he seemed quite touched," said the girl stoutly.

"I guess his nerves were getting shaky for want of a stimulant," and Captain Meredith laughed slyly; he delighted to tease Elsie about the Chinaman she had undertaken to Christianize. "But you must remember, my dear, he added, that childlike innocence often makes the hypocrite."

"Well Uncle, she said rising and gathering up her belongings, it is of no use coming to you for encouragement and sympathy. But, she said as she turned the door knob, I have invited him here for Thursday evening to see if I can impress him any." She closed the door, and her uncle proceeded to complete his meditations.

When Thursday morning arrived, Elsie became a little apprehensive. How to entertain her guest she did not quite know. Suddenly a bright idea occurred, she would write her minister. He would be the very one, for he was always preaching missions, and surely this was a mission, although on a small scale of course. A note was despatched to the Rev. Arthur Kiddis, and Miss Elsie settled herself to enjoy the

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

consciousness of having done a most satisfactory thing indeed.

At half-past seven the young hostess was suddenly called to the kitchen, where a most distressing accident had happened. The house-keeper being away, the cook in bed with the rheumatism, all the responsibility rested upon the broad shoulders of the inexperienced parlor maid, who had promised to see "Dot plamed super histed if nothin' don't go wrong." But something had gone wrong, and it took Elsie and her assistant a full half hour to repair the disaster.

When she had at last tripped up to the drawing room, she paused on the threshold a minute to survey the scene, and then swooped down to rescue her unfortunate protegee. For poor Pang Chou was seated on a sofa, bolt upright, feet together, and wearing an expression half amused, half frightened. On the right sat the Captain, roaring insipid baby-talk into the ears of the astonished celestial; while directly in front stood Rev. A. Kiddis, hands locked behind, occasionally varying the conversation with questions shaped in the mould of the Shorter Catechism.

"How do you do, Pang Chou, said Elsie after greeting the clergyman, I am pleased to see you," and she grasped her pupil warmly by the hand.

"Yah, yah, me velly wellie, Mees Mellie dette."

"You'r a fine fellow aren't you Fang-er-Fang Phou," bellowed the Captain, who labored under the impression that because the foreigner could not understand all that was said it was because he could not hear. "Yah, yah," said Pang Chou non-comittingly.

"We got along capitally, Elsie, capitally," and the Captain rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

The girl sang and played for her

visitors; and then when the gentlemen were engaged in conversation by the fire-place, she tried to impress the apparently guileless heart of her heathen, and convince him of the error of his ways. Pang Chou listened meekly, his hands modestly folded, and his narrow slit-like eyes turned religiously upward, and looking the picture of saintly devotion and piety. Occasionally he would murmur a scarcely audible "Yah, yah," and thus encouraged Elsie waxed quite eloquent, and only ceased on hearing her name pronounced in sepulchral tones from behind the curtains draped over the door.

Going into the hall she met Gretchen in great perplexity. "Dot stuff half pubbled und pubbled all over der pot, und dot plamed fire ist gone away, und der ist no super you can dis night half."

However by dint of strenuous efforts and spirit lamp, the coffee was made, and soon everything was ready to be carried to the dining room.

"They don't have coffee like this in China do they, Pang Pou?" inquired the Captain, supping the brown fluid slowly.

"Yah, yah, good, in China, yah," and the Chinaman nodded his head affirmatively.

"He knows more than you'd think," said Captain Meredith in a word aside. "Pretty clever chap, I haven't a doubt, seems quite like a Christian."

Pang Chou shot a swift side glance out of his shy little eyes at the speaker. He understood more than they thought he did. Yes he was cleverer than any one guessed, or they would not have all turned to look at a picture, and left the celestial standing by the supper tray alone.

"I have enjoyed an agreeable conversation with our young for-

eign friend, Miss Meredith, and am quite prepossessed in his favor, I assure you," said Mr. Kiddis, after the knowing Pang had departed. "I congratulate you on his progress, he appears to my experienced eye quite enlightened, indeed I might even dare to say, he seems deeply conscious of his iniquities, and so determined to lead a better life."

"It is kind of you to be so very encouraging. I am sure I am very grateful to you," said Elsie thankfully.

"Pray do not mention it, my dear friend. I feel it is a duty, nay I might say a privilege, to assist you in your endeavor to lead a poor benighted soul into the light."

"I suppose you have to deal with some pretty droll characters in your pastoral work, Mr. Kiddis?" said the host.

"Well of course, sometimes, occasionally, now and then I do come in contact with queer personages, some very odd indeed, I might say indeed."

"Yes, yes, quite true, meet jolly little deacons, and grave old hypocrites, I suppose, suggested the old sailor with a smile.

"Well I have encountered some strange, odd, fantastical creatures, but I trust I do my duty by them all," and the clergyman laid his soft little hand in the big palm of the Captain, and bade his friends an elaborate good-night.

From that time Pang Chou made remarkable strides toward Christianity. Every Sunday Elsie came home more encouraged with the progress of her pupil. And yet time and again she heard of the dishonesty of the Chinaman. "It is false, I am quite sure, exclaimed the girl to her bosom friend, as the two were chatting together in Helen Etherwood's cosy chamber. "Why just last Sunday he told me so humbly, in his delightful broken Eng-

lish, that he had never stolen in his life, and I told him I believed him, and I do."

"Well I am sure I hope you are right, Elsie. But my brother gives him an awfully bad character. He may have just been teasing me, knowing I would take up the cudgels in the defence for your sake," said Helen comfortingly.

"Well don't let's talk about him now, if you please. I hear nothing but Fang Doodle, Fang Doodle, as Uncle chooses to call him, all day long at home; so when I came here I wanted to escape it you know," and leaning back in her easy chair, she changed the subject graphically describing an episode that had occurred in the Meredith kitchen that morning. "Oh! it was too funny, she said, laughing merrily, to see Gretchen standing in the middle of the floor, wildly flourishing a huge frying pan, and the carpet stretcher agent gabbling along, punctuating his speech with emphatic thumps on the floor with the big end of a stretcher. I just stood in the doorway, and laughed and laughed, till Uncle came down. He asked what was the matter? and she said 'Dot pig fool dink to make me py dot stick.' 'Indeed sir, said the agent, turning to us, it is the very best arrangement in all Christendom, and should be placed in the hands of every housekeeper.' I really thought he would talk Uncle blind; so I left, and called off the warlike Gretchen to tidy the drawing room.

"How delightful it must be, being the mistress of such a lovely house," sighed Helen enviously. "Indeed, my dear friend, said Elsie in confidential tones, my being mistress is but fiction. Why! I believe Mrs. Thompson would box my ears if I dared hint at such a thing. She seems to think I am about ten, and young for my age. She'd make me

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

wear pinafores if she could." "How queer of her, one would think she had taken you to raise. Why don't you rebel? Strikes me I would." said the stout-hearted Helen.

"Strikes me you would do nothing of the kind. Why my dear, you positively don't know what you are talking about. I would as soon think of heading a rebellion against the Government. No, no Helen, something may turn up sometime, but till it does the "poor widow lady," as she calls herself, will rule the roost at home.

Time and again was the wily Pang Chou wanted to adorn the drawing rooms of his faithful teacher. Always was he regaled with music, the faintest of suppers, and the Rev. A. Kiddis. And every time did he become more convicted of the ignominy of his guilt, and promised more honestly to lead a better life.

One time it was particularly impressive. The minister talked long and earnestly, till not only the Chinaman, but also the entertainers were melted to tears.

"Yah, yah, me been badde manne, velly badde manne, me be better now," and the promising convert pressed his hostess' hand with fervor and took his leave.

All summer Elsie taught her pupil with the greatest diligence, and apparently with the greatest success. Yes, just apparently.

It was a cold damp rainy day in October, that the housekeeper was taken ill, and as usual everything went wrong. The morning had been devoted to silver cleaning, and some of the spoons were missing, and Elsie scolded the housemaid for her carelessness, until the poor girl cried. And just as the tired young mistress sat down to lunch, a messenger arrived, with a note, requesting her presence at the police station.

"What on earth can they want with me!" she exclaimed irritably.

"I don't know any of my friends that are likely to be there."

"Perhaps it's —, the Captain suddenly stopped. Tell Henry to drive you down, you had better go as respectably as possible, since you have to you know.

Elsie said nothing, and hurried away to dress; and inside of half an hour she stood in the entry of the Police Station, wondering what to do next. Presently an officer approached.

"You Miss Meredith?" he asked, surveying her critically. The girl bowed.

"Well Miss, will you jest follow me; we wants to know if you ever saw them before," and he pointed to six silver spoons, lying on a table, together with a little fruit knife and a quaint silver lined snuff box.

"Why! of course, they are mine, that is they belong to my uncle. Those are his initials on the handles. Where did you get them, sir?" she demanded turning to the officer, and for the first time she noticed that a little group of men had gathered round the table.

"Go and fetch the feller," whispered one of them to a policeman, who departed and presently reappeared, towing behind him the reluctant Pang Chou.

"Perhaps you can identify him, Miss? Know him!

Oh! the shame and mortification that swept wave-like over the girl. Yes most assuredly she knew him. Was it not on him she had lavished all her eloquent appeals and entreaties? Was it not for him she had labored so unceasingly? Was it not of him she had boasted to her friends? Boasted of his conviction and regeneration. Yes, of a surety he was convicted, not of his sins, but in them.

"Ye see Miss, we kinder suspected the heathen of havin' things as didn't belong to him; so we jest

made him a call, and got them, and some more. First he wouldn't tell who owned them, but we threatened to skin him, so he was forced to let out, wasn't ye told, ye old chicken-faced ferriner? A nudge from a companion stopped the rest of the speech, and Elsie was thankful to bid the Station adieu, and leave the crafty celestial in the strong hands of the law.

During the drive home, she had time to meditate on the conduct of the unfaithful Pang. She remembered with pain how she had told of his saintly conduct, and all the time he was imposing on her ignorance.

After the first grief and disappointment passed, she found herself angry, so angry indeed that she called him a 'hyprocritical wretch,' when telling the story to her uncle.

To Helen she poured out her full vials of wrath, in one mighty stream.

"Why! exclaimed her friend admiringly, I had no idea you had so much spirit, it quite does me good to see you mad."

"Yes, I suppose it does, it does me good too. Just to think that I have been deceived, hoodwinked and duped, by that contemptible creature, it makes me fairly boil. One comfort, he will have plenty of time now to meditate on the error of his ways. Six whole months, think of it.

When the Rev. Arthur Kiddis heard of it, heshook his head gravely, said he had never expected anything better from that unprincipled son of Cathay. Hoped it would teach Miss Meredith how vain are the efforts of man, to say nothing of frail woman kind. But it must be said that even that reverend gentleman was surprised like every body else, when one morning the cell of Pang Chou was found empty. He had made his escape, how! no one ever exactly knew, but one of

the jailers was suspected. Yes the clever Pang Chou was gone, to be seen no more in those regions, and the only thing he left was a small tract found in his cell, called "The Conviction of a Sinner."

JESSIE B. PANTON, Stratford.

SWEET MARIE.

Every nation's heard the song, Sweet Marie,

Now sung in every tongue, love to thee.

But that lover staunch and true, in his tales of love to you,

Had but lover's sends in view, Sweet Marie,

But the singer here to-night has some questions that are trite,

Opinions he'll invite, Sweet Marie,

On a question up to date, that has puzzled him of late.

I'll explain it if you wait, Sweet Marie.

Come with me, Sweet Marie, let us think you and me

On this topic of the times, Sweet Marie,

And a true solution gain, of this subject in refrain,

May our search be not in vain, Sweet Marie.

I've no secret in my heart, Sweet Marie,

A tale I would impart Love to thee, Everybody in this room knows the

talent concert boom, How Church ladies fuss and fume,

Sweet Marie, They make pies, buns, head cheese,

Sweet Marie, Give concerts at small fees, Love for thee,

They sell tea and sugar too, make of stockings, not a few,

Faith! I can't tell all they do, Sweet Marie.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Come with me, Sweet Marie, beats  
the old time soiree,  
Not because it's very grand, love to  
hear,  
But because it's all the rage, we'll  
at least two seats engage,  
And this talent thirst assuage, Marie  
dear.

I have certain crude ideas, Sweet  
Marie,  
How from this fad to free us, you  
and me,  
There's the nickel slot machine, it's  
the best scheme I have seen,  
Beats the talent concert clean, Sweet  
Marie.

But the plan I think the best, is the  
one I now suggest,  
To raise money for the Churches,  
Sweet Marie,  
Just you give a small per cent, of  
your income that's unspent,  
From your purse 'tis only lent, Sweet  
Marie.

P'raps you'll not side with me, Sweet  
Marie,  
Offence I may have given unto thee,  
But you know down in your heart,  
it's the truth I now impart,  
Tho' my words are somewhat tart,  
Sweet Marie.

### LETTERS.

#### HATCHLY.

December 1st.

My son banished the Town Sparrows from our farm buildings this summer by firing "blank cartridge" at them frequently, on account of their pugnacity to the Phœbes and Swallows.

One day about the last of September, when the buckwheat crop was drawn to the barn, a jovial looking old Cock Sparrow came prospecting into the barn, through the port holes left for other bird convenience. In a day or so subsequent, four or five others came in

company.

Was the first comer a delegate or merely an explorer? At any rate, our buckwheat was needed for other purposes, and more "blank cartridge" was exploded, and the intruding but chirrupy presence of the passerinæ troubled us no more.

We have during the past ten years been visited by small flocks of Doves, generally about a dozen in a flock. These frequent the corn and buckwheat fields, and during deep snows in winter show their socialistic tendencies, by coming into the farm barns for food and shelter. Even when the American Wild Pigeons were abundant here, these so called "mourning" Doves (from their doleful, despairing, sounding, "cooing,") were not unfrequently met with, but are now much more numerous all over south western Ontario. We noticed their frequent presence when, about a year ago, we rambled in the woods in the County of Haldimand. The Killdeer Plovers--like the Woodcocks--also leave here at the full moon in November.

Our terrier Nipper has some very eccentric ways and notions. It is his custom, when we are hauling loads of hay or sheaves of grain to the barn, to make a rush and get under the barn bridge, and howl and bark with all his might, during the time that the horses and wagon are passing over the planked approach to the barn doorway! This caper he invariably performs as many times a day as the team and wagon go in or back out of the barn! Even if he is up in the hay mow or loft and perceives indications of the team moving out, it is dangerous to attempt to hold him, such is his eagerness to be in position and rehearse his canine monologue, when the accompaniments are in what he thinks right shape. We are told that there is another



dog in the neighborhood that is afflicted with the same penchant or idiosyncrasy. He has also so persecuted one of our house cats, by "treeing" him on every possible occasion, that grimalkin has betaken himself to the forest solitudes, and reverted to the lynx-like ways of his (supposed) distant progenitors, and he only visits our homestead at intervals, several weeks apart, but is still willing to receive human caresses and marks of recognition in the cow byre, when he is sure of Nipper's absenteeism, for signs of whose ingress he always keeps a "weather eye."

Arthur has a habit of shouting "Maria" whenever a stranger cat comes around our place. This word is a signal for Nipper to charge straight at the feline, and he always looks sharp about him towards all points of the compass, when he hears the word from the lips of his master, and if anything small quadruped, clothed in fur, appears on the horizon of his vision, it has got "to git" in the briefest possible time. And all the cats in these precincts are aware of the fact, and shape their course accordingly — trees, housetops and high fences at such a moment, are the only shifts that offer salvation.

And when our two small children wish for some fun, and see an erratic feline about our premises, they search out their father, and implore him "to just Maria that cat" for them, for come what will, there is sure to be a display in the way of speed, of all that canine and feline muscle are capable of.

The last pair of our House Wrens bade us good-bye at the time of the full moon in October, and an acquaintance who has strong sporting proclivities, assures me that the Woodcocks which in considerable numbers frequent our bogs in spring and autumn, invariably leave here

at the time of November's full moon. The man in question tells us that he has noticed this fact for the last twenty-five years or more. About the 9th of Oct. last an unusual number of Wild Ducks appeared about our ponds and small brooks. There were flocks of about a hundred, but they only made a brief stay, and moved onward. And in a few days afterward, a letter was read here from a relative, residing near Deloraine, Manitoba, which informed us that seven inches of snow, with a frosty wind, were the conditions prevailing in that quarter. But the mystery is how the small birds get a hint to move off to safety whilst the weather is serene and mild! There are young flocks of Gold Finches here now in good numbers, but there are no yellow (male) ones among them. Probably the males do not get their adult plumage until they are a year old. These flocks are believed to be late hatched broods, and will stay here all winter. There is plenty of composit and coniferous seed to sustain them.

Dandelion flowers still bedeck the road margin plentifully, and the Fringed Gentians is in full blossom now in some of our morassy places.

W. YATES.

### PUZZLE PAGE.

A DIAMOND.

1. The eighth letter of the alphabet,
2. A numeral,
3. A wading bird,
4. A boy's name,
5. To perfume,
6. A limb of the body,
7. An article from China.

My 1st is in "lock" but not in "key,"  
 2nd, " fish " sea,  
 3rd, " fairy " fay,  
 4th, " strait " bay,  
 5th, " short " wide,  
 6th, " skate " slide,  
 7th, " meadow " down,

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

8th, " village " town,  
9th, " sorrow " town,  
Whole is the goodliest time of all  
the year.

Supply the same syllable in each  
blank:

In the p—  
We did h—  
For a dog did b—  
All in the d—  
We saw a sp—  
It was Dr. Cl—  
Missing his m—  
As he fired at al—  
Which might have been ash—  
Escaped from the —

### BURIED CITIES.

Our dog Rover had his first rat  
for dinner to-day.

The convicts are making stone  
walls.

Is that bachelor an Englishman?

Great Scott, a war between Japan  
and China!

Is that an electric motor on top  
of the Asylum?

Our poet must have lived with a  
Milton or a Homer.

Always eat cucumbers, but a melon  
do not taste.

The primals and finals of the fol-  
lowing words form the name of a  
welcome holiday visitor:—

1. Pertaining to scenery.
2. One of Shakespeare's airy  
spirits.
3. A well-known character from  
the "Merchant of Venice."
4. A pronoun.
5. An ancient centre of learning.

## THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

Special attention is directed to  
the following advantages offered by  
our Savings Bank:

Deposits of One Dollar and up-  
wards received and interest allowed  
at current rates.

Interest is added to the deposit  
twice in each year, at the end of  
May and November.

Interest commences on the day  
the money is deposited and con-  
tinues until it is drawn out,

W. D. HART, MANAGER.

## THE OLD GLASGOW WAREHOUSE

### ON THE CORNER.

As a Dry Goods House was esta-  
blished in 1842, the very name of  
which is still a green spot in the  
memory of the old fathers and  
mothers of the city and county.  
We have occupied the old stand for  
about four years, and welcome all  
seekers of good goods at low prices  
to call and inspect our stock.

Our Ladies New Fall and Winter  
Jackets and Dolman Long Capes  
are especially nobby. Our Dress  
Goods and Gents' Furnishings are  
a large feature of our Specialties.

We solicit cordially a share of  
your patronage and invite a personal  
inspection.

CRUMLEY BROS.,

GLASGOW WAREHOUSE.

## JAMES REID,

LEADING UNDERTAKER AND  
EMBALMER.

Also the Best Assortment of  
FURNITURE, at the Lowest possi-  
ble Rates.

R. REID, Manager,  
254 AND 256 PRINCESS STREET.

DO YOU WANT

## A SHIRT?

The best value in the City can be  
bought at

JENKINS,  
174 WELLINGTON STREET,  
KINGSTON'S G.N.S. FURNISHER.

## Steaey & Steaey,

IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,  
106 & 108 PRINCESS STREET,  
KINGSTON.

The best Line of COOKING RANGES  
in Canada is the

## Souvenir,

Manufactured by the GURNEY,  
TILDEN COMPANY. Our Price  
for this Superior Line of Goods is  
as low as many Inferior Ranges  
sold at. Call and examine these  
Ranges, and read our numerous  
testimonials.

R. M. HORSEY & CO.,  
PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

CITY  
**Drug Store,**  
**McLEOD'S**  
CITY DRUG STORE.

## CORBETT'S,

PRINCESS & WELLINGTON  
STREETS.

LEADING HARDWARE MERCHANT.  
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

ALWAYS GO TO

## Clark Wright's

When you want a STYLISH  
HAT! A Reliable place for  
FURS.

P. S. PRICES REASONABLE.

## McKelvey & Birch,

PLUMBERS AND GASFITTERS.  
HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES.

## Galloway

Leads the Trade in his Line.  
HATS, CAPS, FURS, GLOVES AND  
MITS,

Of all kinds. He keeps the Best  
Qualities, at the Lowest Prices.

54 PRINCESS STREET.

## A. Strachan

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.

Sole Agents for SPOONERS  
PHENYLE DISINFECTANT  
POWDER.

## T. C. WILSON & SON,

Horses, Coupes, Carriages, and  
all kinds of Rigs, ready on the  
shortest Notice. Omnibusses and  
Carriages to all Boats and Trains.  
Nightman always on hand.  
Telephone—291.