

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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NO 35

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Such information may be communicated to the Commissioners of the North West Mounted Police Regina or the undersigned.  
W. W. McLEOD,  
P. O. Inspector,  
P. O. Inspectors Office,  
Winnipeg Man., 20th July 1886.

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## ODULCIS VIRGO MARIA.

Out in the dark and mist and cold,  
I hear a voice in the city street  
Chanting low as from the use of gold  
Notes so strangely sad and sweet  
Sobbing and singing, singing, and sobbing:  
'Maria, mother, hear thy child;  
Shield and keep her undefiled.  
Look, O look from heaven I pray  
Light and guard her on her way.  
O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Into the darkness the music goes,  
And like a bird in its airy flight  
The music trembles, then swells and flows  
Until it echoes upon the night,  
Sobbing and singing, singing and sobbing  
Maria mother hear thy child  
Shield and keep her undefiled.  
Look, O look, from heaven I pray  
Light and guard her on her way.  
O dulcis Virgo Maria.

## A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

'It would be a comfort,' he said in ending, 'the only earthly comfort he could then feel, to be at home with his dear mother, to fold his little daughter in his arms, to feel that she, at least, was left to cheer him in his sad old age. But it could not be. Duty for awhile forced him to remain away; and not before the last days of the year could he revisit his loved and peaceful Chateau d'Ande.'

## CHAPTER IV.

Though weeks and months rolled on, no color returned to Annette's cheek. She looked thin and worn: If possible, she was more than usually kind to those around her. She would smile when Madame de Vinieres was by, and try to cheer the kind and tender grandmother. But Madame de Vinieres had known too much of sorrow; her tenderness for Annette was too great not to divine her inward suffering. She saw what sadness lay behind her grandchild's smiles, and when the little face was in repose, and Annette was unconscious of being watched, the old lady could plainly mark the expression of deep sadness which had settled there, and how again and again the soft blue eyes would be dimmed with tears, and the name of 'Charles Charles' would be gently murmured. The tears would then come faster, the small hands would be tightly clasped, and the lips would move as though in prayer for strength and resignation. But these outward signs of grief were never of long duration. Annette was not one to nurse her sorrow. If at times it conquered her she would soon rise above it and wipe away her tears and strive to smile once more. Still, it wrung Madame de Vinieres heart to see her child thus suffer, it made her anxious to note how pale and thin she grew. So it was with genuine pleasure that she found her one day in early May, reading a letter she had just received from Madame la Comtesse de Regnac.

This lady was a relative of Madame de Vinieres, and had been a great friend of the young Comtesse de Claironville. 'She and Monsieur de Regnac would be so happy,' she wrote, 'to welcome Madame de Vinieres to the Chateau des Ormes, and it would give her such great pleasure to see again her dear kinswoman, and the child of her beloved Marguerite. A few friends were then with them,' she continued, 'but as they were mostly all known to Madame de Vinieres they would probably add some pleasure to her stay among them.' A grateful acceptance was soon written, and about a week later, in the early morning, Madame de Vinieres and Annette set out on their journey. The Chateau des Ormes was a ten hours drive from Ande. The day was soft and balmy; the country through which they passed was full of beauty.

When they reached their journey's end it was the hour of sunset. A long row of poplars led to the lodge, a moat was crossed; and a few hours later they alighted before an old and handsome chateau. Monsieur and Madame de Regnac were at the door to meet them. No welcome could have been warmer, no greeting more kind and affectionate. They entered the large reception hall. Beside the tall, old-fashioned chimney piece, a gentleman was standing. 'This, I think,' said Madame de Regnac 'is a friend of yours.'

'Henri?' exclaimed Madame de Vinieres, 'is it you, my child?'

The sight of him, so young, so handsome, recalled her Charles so vividly, the old lady could not trust herself to say more. Charles, her own dear Charles, was also uppermost in Annette's thoughts as she recognized her friend. She remembered he had been her brother's companion for years, she could not for get he had knelt beside him in the hour of death.

The last rays of the declining sun beamed through the high, broad windows; they played among the soft brown curls of little Annette; they made the tear drops sparkle on her long, dark lashes as her hand met and was closed in Henri's.

A half-hour later the inmates of the chateau assembled in a large, antique drawing room with waxed, parquette floors and tapestry-covered walls. It was the dinner hour.

At table, Annette, shy and blushing a being among strangers, was near Henri. 'In all the gay, Parisian circles,' thought the young marquis, 'he had never seen at face so sweet and lovely.'

Youth is always winning, but to some it is, perhaps, never more so than when in grief. Perhaps the long, black dress, the soft white tulle encircling her slender throat, added to Annette's charms. However this might be, it was no wonder Henri de Valnois should admire Mademoiselle de Claironville. All present must have thought as he did. Only Annette, to whom praise and flattery were all unknown, was unconscious of her own beauty and great loveliness.

When the cheerful meal was ended, Madame de Regnac was urgent in her entreaties that Madame de Vinieres and her granddaughter should stay with them as long as they could be spared from Ande; and for Annette's sake the old lady gladly yielded and promised to stop 'aux Ormes' for one whole fortnight.

The kind host and hostess did all they could to make the time pass pleasantly, and those days were happy ones even for Annette. Henri was full of kindness and thoughtfulness, and often he would speak to her of Charles with love and admiration, and tell a thousand anecdotes of their school-boy days. Annette was all attention to every word which touched the subject so near her heart, and Henri, gladly giving her this sad pleasure, was all sympathy for her loss and sorrow.

But, alas! has it not been truly said that 'pity is a kin to love? And was it strange that in his sympathy for one so young and lovely Henri should feel his heart moved and disturbed within him? It was not only since her arrival at Des Ormes that he admired Annette; he had loved her since they first met, when the child of thirteen had welcomed him to her 'dear Chateau d'Ande.'

All these years he had constantly remembered his little playmate, but these thoughts had been revealed to no one, he had been ever hidden in the depths of his own heart.

It was only when Charles was dying that he begged his forgiveness for having kept one secret even from him, and he then told him all—how he loved Annette, though he knew full well she might never be his wife. It could not be. He was not what the De Valnois once had been, he could not ask her to share his life of wandering and hardship. Charles had smiled and taken his hand as these words.

'Oh, Henri,' he had said, 'your heart is worth all other treasures. If I might choose my sister's husband, it is you; all others I would wish to call my brother.'

No more was said, but again and again, Henri remembered these words. Van ity was not among his fault and he did not set the same value on himself as his friend had done; and it was a comfort to think Charles would have been willing, ay, glad, to see Annette his bride.

Why, though, think of this? It might not, it could not be. He had naught to offer, no home, no fortune. He had heard and rightly too, that in the neighborhood of Ande were several noble youths who had asked in marriage the hand of Mad-

emoiselle de Claironville. Was she sensible to the attentions of them all?

Why would she care more for him! If he had any share in her affections, it was too, evidently but as the friend of Charles. He sighed.

The pale moon was peacefully shining upon this troubled world as the young marquis paced up and down a garden walk. These and similar thoughts were following each other in quick succession 'Yes, he must leave the Chateau des Ormes,' he concluded. 'He must not stay to add fuel to the fire. Annette's image would ever live brightly in his heart; 'twas true; but it must only be as one far beyond him; far removed from his life and sphere.'

Never had he felt his poverty so keenly never had he so regretted the fortune of his fathers and their grand ancestral home. How gladly would he have lain all these at Annette's feet. How proudly would he have acknowledged her the mistress of his heart and home.

The struggle was a hard one, the sacrifice was great and full of pain; yet Henri made it. It was better so. From that day forward his love must be deeply buried in the sanctuary of his heart. He would never speak of it again. Only Charles knew his secret, and with him it was sealed in heaven. Annette would sometimes kindly think of him as of her brother's friend. And later if, as he hoped, she might one day hear he had bravely died in fighting for his country's welfare, she might sigh and say a prayer for one whose heart had been all hers, though she had never known it. A dark cloud now hid the moon's bright light from the earth. Henri shuddered. It seemed an emblem of his own sad fate. And young, and brave, and generous though he was, he shed bitter tears, tears in which there was no shame, on the tomb thus newly made of his love and happiness.

## CHAPTER V

A twelvemonth had passed since Madame de Vinieres and Mademoiselle de Claironville had returned to Ande from the Chateau des Ormes. It was June once more.

On a mossy slope, leaning against the old trees, sat Annette, gazing on the lovely scene before her.

'Never,' she thought, 'had it looked more beautiful!'

The river flowed peacefully by, reflecting in its silvery waters the blue skies and fleecy clouds above; its islands bathed in brilliant light, were like enchanted gardens of a fairyland; the meadows sparkled with flowers of white and gold; and the distant hills seemed as a scalloped frame to this fair picture of earth and heaven.

How merrily a bird was singing in an old elm tree hard by! Were his glad notes heralds of coming joys? Annette would not stir for fear of frightening him away. Full of happiness, like the bird's song, her heart was full in unison with all the beauty and the brightness of that summer's noon.

Some miles from this peaceful village on the banks of the same winding stream a young officer was riding fast. He was absorbed in thought. Presently he roused himself and urged his horse to greater speed.

Was it by accident or was it by design that Henri de Valnois soon found himself before the iron gateway of the Chateau d'Ande? He entered. A servant was standing near and took his horse.

The young marquis approached the house, and at the hall door met Madame de Vinieres. The old lady was also gazing on the charming landscape and enjoying for a moment the gentle summer-breeze. She was surprised to see Monsieur de Valnois, but she smiled and received him kindly.

'Why, Henri,' she said leading him to the drawing room, 'how came you to these far off parts?'

'For the last fortnight, madame,' he replied 'our regiment has been quartered at Rouen. The day was fine, the distance not great,' he added, blushing consciously. 'I trusted I should be permitted to lay my homage at your feet, and to visit once more the spot where such kind hospitality was once extended to me.'

'You are welcome now, as you were then, Henri,' the old lady answered. 'And so you are at Rouen,' she continued musingly.

'It is a charming town, a dear old place. Some of the happiest years of my girlhood and early married life were passed there.'

Neither spoke for a moment, both were thinking, Age of the past—Youth of the present.

'Ah, madame,' Henri at last exclaimed unable to control his emotion, 'by those happy memories of your own youth and youthful joys, be favorable to the prayer I have now come to make.'

Henri had not meant to speak so soon, or tell his errand thus abruptly; but his heart was very full, the well remembered scenes had stirred it to its depths, and touched by Madame de Vinieres' gentleness, his secret was soon told.

'I have loved Annette,' he continued quickly, 'and I have long tried to conquer my affection, I know I have nought to offer, nought but this very love, which though I strove to kill it, has but gained strength with years. At last I determined to hear from her own lips, or from yours madame, that the joy I so longed for might never be mine, that all hope was indeed vain.'

Again there was a pause. It was Madame de Vinieres who now first broke the silence.

'Henri,' she gravely replied. 'I have known and loved you from a child. I know I can trust you. I know my Annette's happiness would be safe in your keeping. If you can get her consent you will have mine. Go,' she said, as Henri vainly strove to tell his thanks, 'you may speak to her yourself. You will find her in the garden near the balustrade. She has been there for the past hour.'

Surprised at his own happiness, Henri left the drawing room and advanced towards the lawn.

He stopped. The young girl was still there, leaning her soft, round cheek upon her hand. The sun's rays shone on her lovely face, his beams playing among the loose, brown curls. The sweet blue eyes were fixed on the gorgeous skies above watching the clouds as they changed from crimson to rich purple, and from purple to bright gold.

But Annette had heard a footstep. She quickly turned, and recognizing Henri, rose blushing and smiling to greet him.

'May I not stop a moment to admire this glorious landscape?' asked Henri, as she moved towards the house. 'Madame de Vinieres said I should find you here, and gave me permission to join you.'

'Oh, certainly,' answered Annette, returning to the grassy seat. 'Is it not truly beautiful? Do you remember, Henri how we used to play here on the lawn and how happy we all were then?'

'Do I remember, Annette? Indeed it would be impossible for me to forget those days, many and many a time,' he continued, after a moment's silence, 'have I thought of what we then said, and thought, and did; and since,' he added in a lower tone, 'as though more to himself than to her, 'one little face has been ever present to me. It has been to me as a star shedding radiance on my lonely youth—as a guardian angel, leading me ever onwards and upwards.'

Henri paused, and Annette grew very red. Unconsciously she smiled, and wondered to herself why Henri spoke like this.

The floodgates of his heart were opened now, and like a mighty stream, his love gushed forth.

'Yes Annette,' he soon continued, 'I loved you then. I loved you more, far more, when I saw you at Des Ormes. But I was poor, too poor, I thought, to aspire to your dear hand. And so I went away, meaning to forget you if I could. But I asked too much of my poor heart more than it was able to accomplish. And so I have come back Annette. I have come to place all my happiness at your feet.'

Annette could not answer. Did she love Henri too? She had never owned it to herself—no, not once; but now for the first time she must inwardly acknowledge that for many years, and especially since the past summer, Henri had possessed a great, great share of her affection and been full often in her thoughts.

But her heart too was full, too full just  
Continue  
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