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"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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[Written for the NORTHWEST REVIEW.]

TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.
Born in Feb. 1801, converted in Oct. 1845.

BY LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.

Scarce forty years of energizing brain
Had set thee king o'er all that walk sincere
Without the fold. A loss thou didst not fear
Of kingship seemed thy joining us; a gain
Immense it proved: then thousands felt thy reign.
Now loving millions hail thee Prince most dear,
And countless alien slaves of style thy peer
In soul-compelling prose have sought in vain.

These other forty years of life mature,
How vastly nobler in their silent way
O'er England's heart and English-thinking
Mind!
Deceit divine, thy deeds, thy words! they lure
To God. The "kindly light" that led thy way
Full on through them on searcher true
Hath shined.

St. Boniface College, Oct. 1885.

THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER V.

VAN DE WERVE'S RECEPTION—SIMON TURCHI'S JEALOUSY AND HATRED.

Deodati asked him with interest:

"What is the matter, Signor Turchi? Are you ill?"

"The heat is intolerable," said Simon, endeavoring to master his feelings.

"Heat?" murmured Deodati; "it does not seem to me very warm. Shall I accompany you for a few moments to the garden, signor?"

But Turchi raised his head, and smiling in an unconcerned manner, said:

"Many thanks, signor, for your kindness. I feel much better. I had been looking too long at the large lustre, and its brilliant light made me dizzy. But let us rise, signor, there is the beautiful Mary, la bionda maraviglia!"

Mr. Van de Werve appeared at this moment at the door, and introduced his beloved child. A murmur of admiration ran through the assembly, and room was made for the father and daughter.

The beauty of Mary surpassed all expectation. Her dress consisted of a flowing robe of silver-colored satin, with no other ornament than a girdle of gold thread. Her own blonde hair was arranged around her head in the form of a crown, in the centre of which were placed some white flowers fastened by choice pearls. But the admiration of the spectators was excited by her large blue eyes, her brilliant complexion, the dignified sweetness of her expression, the gentle, innocent, modest smile which mirrored on her face the peace and joy of her soul.

Geronimo had never before seen Mary dressed in this style. On the contrary, she generally wore dark or unobtrusive colors. Deodati as she now was in pure white, she had the appearance of a bride. It was, of course, by her father's request; but what did it mean? Did he intend by this to make it known that Mary was betrothed, and would soon be wedded? Such thoughts as these agitated Geronimo as the young girl accompanied her father into the room.

The old Deodati rose and advanced to meet her. Simon Turchi took advantage of this movement to retire a short distance; for, as his eye fell on the beautiful girl, rage filled his heart as he reflected that this noble and pure woman would have been his wife had not Geronimo blasted the happiness of his life.

The lightning-like glance of hate and envy which he cast upon Geronimo was a sinister menace of death. Happily for him, all eyes were turned towards the young girl, otherwise many a one might have read the dark soul of Simon Turchi and discovered the horrible design he had conceived.

Mr. Van de Werve introduced his daughter to his guests. All expressed in courteous terms their admiration and their pleasure in her society.

The noble young girl received the felicitations and compliments addressed to her with a gentle and dignified self-possession. There were in her manner and tone of voice a rare modesty and reserve, and at the same time an exquisite politeness. Still more astonishing was her rich and varied knowledge. Whether conversing with a Spaniard, Frenchman, Italian, or German, she spoke to each in his own tongue; but the beautiful Italian language assumed additional sweetness on her lips.

When presented to the old Deodati, she took both his hands and spoke to him so tenderly and affectionately that,

overcome by emotion, he could only say a few grateful words in acknowledgment.

Passing by Simon Turchi, she said cheerfully:

"God be praised, Signor Turchi, that your health is so soon restored! I am happy to see you here this evening. I am sincerely grateful to you, signor, for the friendship you manifest to the nephew of Signor Deodati. You have a good and generous heart, and I thank God for having given so devoted a friend to Geronimo and his uncle!"

The gentle words of the young girl were intolerable torture to Turchi; the wound on his face, betraying his emotion, became of a deep-red color. And yet it was absolutely necessary for him to appear calm, and to reply cordially to the kind salutation of the young girl; for there were at least twenty persons near him and within hearing of what passed.

By a powerful effort he mastered his emotion, referring it to the impression made upon him by her appearance. He spoke also of sacrifices, which, even when voluntarily made, painfully wound the heart; of a self-abnegation which could find its consolation in the happiness of a friend, but which failed not to leave a sting in the soul that had cherished fallacious hopes.

Mary understood him, and was grateful for his kindness.

"Thanks, thanks, signor," she said, warmly, as she passed on to salute other guests.

When Mary approached the piano, and addressed a few kind words to Master Christian, many Italian gentlemen begged her to favor them with a canzone.

With her father's permission, the young girl consented to gratify the guests. She hesitated awhile as to the language in which to sing, and was turning over the leaves of a book handed her by Master Christian. The old Deodati expressed a wish to hear a song in the language of the Low Countries, and begging pardon of the Italian gentlemen, Mary said she would sing a Kyrie Eleison in her maternal tongue.

Master Christian seated himself at the piano, to accompany her, and commenced a prelude.

The first notes of the young girl were like a gentle murmur. By degrees her voice became firmer and stronger, until at the end of each strophe the word eleison rose like a sonorous hymn to heaven.

The measure was remarkably slow, simple, and full of a tranquil melody. Mary evidently felt the peculiar character of this chant, for instead of endeavoring to add to the effect, she softened still more her singularly sweet voice, and let the words drop slowly from her lips, as if the songstress herself were ravished in contemplation and was listening to celestial music.

At first the Italian gentlemen exchanged glances, as if to express the thought that this chant could not compare with the brilliant lively style of the Italian music. But this unfavorable opinion was not of long duration. They, like all others, soon yielded to the irresistible fascination of Mary's exquisite voice. They listened with such rapt attention that not the slightest movement was made in the room, and one might have heard the murmur of the leaves in the garden as they were gently stirred by the breeze of May.

Mary had concluded her song and lifted her eyes to heaven with an expression of adoration. All who gazed upon her felt as though they were contemplating an angel before the throne of God. Even Simon Turchi was subdued by admiration, and he even momentarily lost sight of the hatred and jealousy which lacerated his heart.

Silence reigned in the room some moments after the last sound had died away, and then arose a murmur of admiration, and the young girl was overwhelmed with felicitations.

Whilst being thus complimented, Mary noticed Geronimo at a little distance from her. Desirous, perhaps, of escaping the praises lavished upon her, or, it may be, yielding to a real desire, she approached the young man, drew him towards the piano, and insisted upon his singing an Italian aria.

Geronimo at first refused, but his uncle requested him to yield to the entreaties

of the young girl. Taking up a lute, he hastily tuned it, and sang the first word of the aria Italia! in such a tone of enthusiasm that it struck a responsive chord in every Italian heart. The notes fell from his lips like a shower of brilliant stars; his bosom heaved, his eyes sparkled, and his rich tenor voice filling the hall produced an indescribable effect upon the auditors. As his song proceeded, it seemed to gain in expression and vigor, and as he repeated the refrain, Mia bella Italia! for the last time, his compatriots were so carried away by their enthusiasm that, forgetful of decorum, all, even the most aged, waved their caps, exclaiming:

"Italia! Italia!"

Tears stood in the eyes of many. Geronimo was complimented by all present. His uncle called him his beloved son, Mary spoke to him in the most flattering manner, and Mr. Van de Werve shook hands with him cordially.

As to Simon Turchi, he was overpowered; all he had just seen and heard was such a martyrdom; jealousy so gnawed his heart that he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of hatred and vengeance. He stood a few steps from Geronimo, his eyes downcast, and trembling with emotion.

No one noticed him. Had he attracted attention, his friends would have supposed that, like the other Italians, he had been moved by the chant of his compatriot.

Turchi soon roused himself. Like a man who has taken a sudden resolution, he walked up to Geronimo, smiled pleasantly, and threw his arms around his neck.

"Thanks, thanks, Geronimo!" he exclaimed. "You have made me truly happy by giving me additional cause to be proud of my country."

While embracing him, he also whispered:

"Geronimo, I wish to speak privately to you this evening. I will go to the garden presently; try to follow me; you will be pleased."

Having said these words, he fell back as if to make way for Mr. Fugger, the rich banker, who wished to offer his congratulations.

The servants reappeared in the hall with wines and various delicacies.

Master Christian was tuning his violin. The guests, informed that this excellent artist was about to entertain them with his wonderful skill, drew near the piano.

Geronimo, perplexed by the words of Simon Turchi, watched his friend and sought an opportunity to speak to him alone. He saw him leave the room, and as the entrance of the servants with refreshments, and the desire of the guests to approach Master Christian, had caused a stir among the company, the young man was enabled to rejoin Simon in the garden.

The garden, situated in the rear of the house, although not large, was crossed by several winding paths, and along the wall were wide-spreading trees and blocks of verdure.

When Geronimo entered the garden, he perceived several persons who had left the heated apartment to enjoy the fresh air, and who were walking in different directions.

As he was seeking in the dim light to distinguish Simon Turchi, the latter approached from an arbor, took his arm and led him in silence to a retired part of the garden, where he seated himself on a bench, and said in low tone:

"Sit down, Geronimo! I have good news for you."

"Ah! have you succeeded in obtaining the money?"

"I have been successful. But come nearer! no one must overhear us. A foreign merchant, whom I saved two years ago from dishonor and ruin, at the risk of my own destruction, will furnish me with the means of returning you the ten thousand crowns."

"God be praised!" said Geronimo, with a sigh of relief. "He will not long delay, I hope, to fulfil his generous designs."

"I will pay you to-morrow what I owe you."

"To-morrow? how fortunate!"

"But, Geronimo, I cannot bring you the money; you must come for it yourself."

"It would be a trifle were I obliged to go to Cologne."

"You need not go so far. Only go to my country-seat near the hospital. Silence! some one approaches!"

After a moment's silence, Turchi resumed:

"He has passed. You must know, Geronimo, that the foreign merchant desires his presence in Antwerp to remain unknown, and I have promised to keep him concealed in my garden for several days. He wishes to assist me, but he is over-prudent and distrustful. I will sign the receipt for the sum he lends me. He requires, for greater security, that you sign it also."

"What mystery is this?" said the young man. "I must sign with you for security! Who is this merchant? Is he a fugitive from justice?"

"What has that to do with the affair? It is not my secret, Geronimo, and I promised to conceal his name. If you are saved from your present embarrassment, will you not have attained your object? It is true that you will be my security, but the ten thousand crowns will be in the money vault, and your uncle will not find one florin missing. Your only danger would arise from an inability on my part to meet the note. But you need fear nothing in that respect. In a few months my resources will be abundant. I take this step only to save you from a present imminent danger. You must know, Geronimo, that I would prefer to have you alone for my creditor."

"Certainly, Simon, and I am most grateful to you for your kindness. Will this merchant give me the amount in coin?"

"No, but in bills of exchange on Milan, Florence, and Lucca."

"Good and reliable bills, Simon?"

"You shall be the judge before accepting them. Fear nothing, you shall be fully satisfied."

"Well, I will go. After Change, between five and six o'clock, will that answer?"

"It makes no difference to me, provided I know the hour beforehand."

"Expect me, then, to-morrow, between five and six o'clock. But let us return to the house. Our long absence might cause remark."

Simon Turchi arose, but remained standing in the same spot, and said:

"Geronimo, I have promised the merchant that none but yourself shall know of his presence in Antwerp. Say nothing, therefore, to your uncle, to Mary, nor to any one else. The least indiscretion might disarrange our plans, and be perilous to the stranger. Come alone, without any attendant."

"I will do as you direct," said Geronimo, "but it will be impossible for me to remain until dark. My uncle will be seriously displeased if I go out again at night without a sufficient guard."

"I will not detain you over half an hour."

At that moment a servant from the house entered the garden looking for Geronimo.

"Signor Geronimo," he said, "Mr. Van de Werve is enquiring for you, as Miss Van de Werve is about to retire from the company, as Signor Deodati wishes to return home. He is awaiting you."

The two gentlemen followed the servant; on the way, Turchi again said in a low voice:

"To-morrow between the hours of five and six."

The old Deodati was already at the door with five or six attendants. He was displeased by the long absence of his nephew, and was about to remonstrate with him. But, by the Turchi's explanation, this want of attention was pardoned, and he was even permitted to bid a hasty adieu to Mary and her father.

He returned almost immediately, and offering his arm to his uncle, he left Mr. Van de Werve's house.

As he moved on, Simon Turchi glanced at him entreatingly, as if to insist upon secrecy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

At a meeting of the sanitary board, Ottawa, held yesterday, the health officer reported that not a single case of small-pox existed in the city.