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THE EMIGRANT'S BURIAL.

He stood on the steamer's noisy deck. Bowed by a grief which he might not check. For by him lay a single coffin of life. The shrouded corpse of his faithful wife. Dark swept the Mississippi's tide. While the pall of night came down to hide From the careless gaze of strangers near. The pale, thin form on the pine plank bier.

They had gone from the lordly Shannon's stream To the grand new world where the free stars gleam, Seeking a home they might not find. In that land of their love they left behind. And while the proud, fleet ship would toss The spray from her wings like an albatross, Their shouting children sang with glee Wild songs of their new born liberty.

But the mother's blinding tears would come As she thought of her own loved cottage home. Of the haunted spring by the hawthorn gray, Where fairies sang at the close of the day, And while the fierce fever—sure though slow, Quickened her life blood's ebb at a flow, With a wasting grief as deep as vain, She pined for her own green land again.

So ere they reached the pampas high, Where the blooming prairie gardens lie, Like play-grounds by the God-head made, Where bright, young angels might have strayed, White her trembling child—'en round her crept And looked in her dying face and wept. She closed her sunken, faded eyes, And went away to the peaceful skies.

They were far from the churchyard's holy ground. And the unshorn woods before them frowned; But vagrant footsteps would not press The lone grave in the wilderness. So, turning away from his cherished dead, With a white and quivering lip he said, As he pointed toward the virgin sod, 'I'll bury her there, in the name of God.'

They dug her grave in the forest love, While the night winds murmured a sobbing moan, And the long slant rays of the pale moon-light Peopled the gloom with spectres bright. Then laying her low in her silent bed, Though no funeral rite was sung or read, He buried her where wild the deer trod, With a broken prayer 'in the name of God.'

Of thou, the dweller in lighted halls, Where joy is schooled from lofty walls, Thou who hast pierced with a traitor's dart, The inmost care of a trusting heart, Couldst thou, with an earnest, holy faith, Such as that Irish peasant hath, Fold thy false hands above her God And offer a prayer 'in the name of God?'

O! cleanse thy dark heart's chancel damp, When, like a fitful funeral lamp, Lighting thy sin-foul festering course, Glisteneth the ray of a deep soul secure; There in thy purest soul secure Entomb her memory high and pure. And with a prayer o'er the spirit sod, Bury her there, 'in the name of God.'—Catholic Union and Times

THE HAUNTED ORGANIST OF HURLY BURLY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

There had been a thunderstorm in the village of Hurly Burly. Every door was shut, every dog in his kennel, every rut and gutter a flowing river after the deluge of rain that had fallen. Up at the great house, a mile from the town, the rooks were calling to one another about the fright they had been in, the fawns in the deerpark were venturing their timid heads from behind the trunks of trees, and the old woman at the gate-ledge had risen from her knees, and was putting back her prayer-book on the shelf. In the garden, July roses, unwieldy with their full blown richness, and saturated with rain, hung their heads heavily to the earth; others, already fallen, lay flat upon their faces on the path, where Bess, Mistress Hurly's maid, would find them, when going on her morning quest of rose-leaves for her lady's 'pot pourri.' Ranks of white lilies, just brought to perfection by to-day's sun, lay dabbled in the mire of flooded mould. Tears ran down the amber cheeks of the plums on the south wall, and not a bee had ventured out of the hives, though the scent of the air was sweet enough to tempt the laziest drone. The sky was still lurid behind the holes of the upland oaks, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapped up the home of the Hurlys of Hurly Burly.

This thunderstorm took place more than half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurley was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the squire's chair now that the lightning was over, and with many nervous glances towards the window, sat down before her husband, the tea-urn, and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peachy ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered cloaks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily

the lilac shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with advancing age, and the pale, sweet, puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly to deface its beauty.

The squire was as rugged as his wife was gentle his skin as brown as her's was white, his grey hair as bristling as hers was glossed; the years had ploughed his face into ruts and channels; a bluff, pholeric, noisy man he had been, but of late dimness had come on his eyes a hush on his loud voice and a check on the spring of his hale step. He looked at his wife very often she looked at him. She was not a tall woman, and he was only a head higher. They were a quaint, well-matched couple despite their differences. She turned to you with nervous sharpness and revealed her tender voice and eye; he spoke, glanced roughly at the turn of his head was courteous. Of late they fitted one another better than they had ever done in the heyday of their youthful love. A common sorrow had developed a singular likeness between them. In former years the cry from the wife had been, "Don't curb the lad too much and from the husband, "You ruin the lad with softness." But now the idol that stood between them was removed and they saw each other better.

The room in which they sat was a pleasant old-fashioned drawing-room with a general spider-legged character about the fittings; spinnet and guitar in their places with a great deal of copied music beside them; carpet, away wreaths on pale blue, blue flutings on the walls and faint giddings on the furniture. A huge urn, crammed with roses, in the open bay-window, through which came delicious airs from the garden the twittering of birds settling to sleep in the ivy close by and occasionally the patter of a flight of rain drops, swept to the ground as a bough beat in the breeze. The urn on the table was ancient silver and the china rare. There was nothing in the room for luxuriant ease of the body, but everything of delicate refinement for the eye.

There was a great hush all over Hurly Burly, except in the neighborhood of rooks. Every living thing had suffered from heat for the past month, and now, in common with all nature, was receiving the boon of refreshed air in silent peace. The mistress and master of Hurly Burly shared the general spirit that was abroad and were not talkative over their tea.

"Do you know," said Mistress Hurly, at last, "when I heard the first of the thunder beginning I thought it was—it was—"

The lady broke down, her lips trembling, and the peachy ribbons of her cap stirring with great agitation.

"Pshaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly ring upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgotten that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

At this moment a rolling sound struck upon the ears of both. The lady rose from her seat trembling and folded her hands together, while the tea-urn flooded the tray.

"Nonsense, my love," said the squire; "that is the noise of wheels. Who can be arriving?"

Who, indeed?" murmured the lady, reseating herself in agitation.

Presently pretty Bess of the rose leaves appeared at the door in a flutter of blue ribbons.

"Please, madam, a lady has arrived, and says she is expected. She asked for her apartment, and I put her into the room that was got ready for Miss Calderwood. And she sent her respects to you, madam, and she'll be down with you presently."

The squire looked at his wife, and his wife looked at the squire.

"It is some mistake," murmured madam. "Some visitors for Calderwood or the Grange. It is very singular."

Hardly had she spoke when the door opened, and the stranger appeared—a small creature, whether girl or man it would be hard to say—dressed in a scanty black silk dress, her narrow shoulders covered with a white muslin pelerine. Her hair was swept up to the crown of her head, all but a little fringe hanging over her low forehead within an inch of

her brows. Her face was brown and thin, eyes black and long, with blacker settings, mouth large, sweet, and melancholy. She was all head, mouth and eyes; her nose and chin were nothing.

This visitor crossed the floor hastily, dropped a courtesy in the middle of the room, and approached the table, saying abruptly, with a soft Italian accent:

"Sir and madam, I am here, I am come to play your organ."

"The organ?" grasped Mistress Hurly

"The organ!" stammered the squire.

"Yes, the organ," said the little strange lady, playing on the back of the chair with her fingers, as if she felt notes under them. "It was but last week that the handsome signor, your son, came to my little house, where I have been teaching my music since my English father and my Italian mother and brothers and sisters died and left me so lonely."

Here the fingers left off drumming, and two great tears were brushed off, one from each eye with each hand, child's fashion. But the next moment the fingers were at work again, as if only while they were moving the tongue could speak.

"The noble signor, your son," said the little woman, looking trustfully from one to the other of the old couple; while a bright blush shone through her brown skin, 'he often came to see me before that, always in the evening, when the sun was warm and yellow all through my little studio, and the music was swelling up my heart, and I could play out grand with all my soul; then he used to come and say: 'Hurly, little Lisa and play better, better still. I have work for you to do by and by.' Some times he said 'Eccellentissima!' but one night last week he came to me and said: 'It is enough. Will you swear to do my bidding, whatever it may be?' Here the black eyes fell. And he said, 'Now you are my betrothed.' And I said; 'Yes you are my betrothed.' And he said; 'Pack up your music, little Lisa, and go off to England to my English father and mother, who have an organ in their house which must be played upon. If they refuse to let you play. You must never tire. You are my betrothed, and you have sworn to do my work.' I said; 'shall I see you there, signor!' And he said, 'Yes, you shall see me there.' I said; 'I shall keep my vow, signor.' And so, sir and madam, I am come."

The soft foreign voice left off talking, the fingers left off thumming on the chair, and the little stranger gazed in dismay at her auditors, both pale with agitation.

"You are deceived. You make a mistake," said they, in one breath.

"Our son"—began Mistress Hurly, but her mouth twitched, her voice broke, and she looked piteously towards her husband.

"Our son," said the squire, making an effort to conquer the quivering in his voice, 'our son is long dead.'

"Nay, said the little foreigner. 'If you have thought him dead, good cheer, dear air and madam. He is alive; he is well, and strong and handsome. But one, two, three, four, five' (on the fingers) 'days ago he stood by my side.'

"It is some strange mistake, some wonderful coincidence!" said the mistress and master of Hurly Burly.

"Let us take her to the gallery," murmured the mother of this son who was thus dead and alive. 'There is light yet to see the pictures. She will not know his portrait'

The bewildered wife and husband led their strange visitor away to a long gloomy room at the west side of the house, where the faint gleams from the darkening sky still lingered on the portraits of the Hurly family.

"Doubtless he is like this," said the squire, pointing to a fair-haired young man with a mild face, a brother of his own who had been lost at sea.

But Lisa shook her head and went softly on tiptoe from one picture to another, peering into the canvas, and still turning away troubled. But at last a shriek of delight startled the shadowy chamber.

"Ah, here he is! see, here he is, the noble signor, the beautiful signor, not half so handsome as he looked five

days ago when talking to poor little Lisa. Dear sir and madam, you are now content. Now take me to the organ, that I may commence to do his bidding at once.'

The mistress of Hurly Burly clung fast by her husband's arm.

"How old are you, girl?" she said, faintly.

"Eighteen," said the visitor, impatiently, moving towards the door.

"And my son has been dead for twenty years," said his mother, and swooned on her husband's breast.

"Order the carriage at once," said Mrs. Hurly, recovering from her swoon; "I'll take her to Margaret Calderwood, Margaret will tell her the story. Margaret will bring her to reason. No, not to-morrow, I cannot bear to-morrow, it is so far away. We must go to-night."

The little signora thought the old lady mad, but she put on her cloak obediently and took her seat beside Mrs. Hurley, in the Hurly family coach. The moon that looked in at them through the pane as they lumbered along, was not whiter than the aged face of the squire's wife whose dim faded eyes, were fixed upon it in doubt and awe too great for tears or words. Lisa, too, from her corner gazing upon the moon, her black eyes shining with passionate dreams.

A carriage rolled away from the Calderwood door as the Hurly coach drew up at the steps. Margaret Calderwood had been to a dinner-party, and at the open door a splendid figure was standing a tall woman dressed in brown velvet, the diamonds on her bosom glistening in the moonlight that revealed her, pouring, as it did, over the house from eyes to basement. Mrs. Hurley fell into her outstretched arms with a groan, and the strong woman carried her aged friend, like a baby, into the house.

Little Lisa was overlooked, and sat down contentedly on the threshold to gaze at imaginary sonates on the door-step.

There were tears and sobs in the dusk moonlit room into which Margaret Calderwood carried her friend. There was a long consultation, and then Margaret, having hushed away the grieving woman into some quiet corner, came forth to look for the little dark faced stranger, who had arrived, so 'unwelcome, from beyond the seas, with such wild communication from the dead.

Up the grand staircase of handsome Calderwood the little woman followed the tall one into a large chamber where a lamp burned, showing Lisa, if she cared to see it, that this mansion of Calderwood was fitted with much greater luxury and richness than was that of Hurly Burly. The appointments of this room announced it the sanctum of a woman who depended for the interest of her life upon resources of intellect and taste. Lisa noticed nothing but a morsel of biscuit that was lying on a plate.

"May I have it?" said she; eagerly. 'It is so long since I have eaten, I am hungry.'

Margaret Calderwood gazed at her with a sorrowful, motherly look, and, parting the fringing hair on her forehead kissed her. Lisa, starting at the wonder, returned the caress with adour. Margaret's large fair shoulders, Madonna face, and yellow braided hair, excited a rapture within her. But when food was brought she flew to it and ate,

"It is better than I have eaten at home," she said, gratefully. And Margaret Calderwood murmured; 'She is physically healthy; at least.'

"And now, Lisa," said Margaret Calderwood, 'come and tell me the whole story of the grand signor who sent you to England to play the organ.'

Then Lisa crept in behind the chair, and her eyes began to burn and her fingers to thrum. And she repeated word for word her story as she had told it at Hurly Burly.

When she had finished, Margaret Calderwood began to pace up and down the floor with a very troubled face. Lisa watched her, fascinated, and, when she bade her to listen to a story which she would relate to her, folded her restless hands together meekly, and listened.

TO BE CONTINUED.