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THE GOLDEN SIDE

There is many a rest on the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land.
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust never falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are
bright.
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
through.
When the ominous skies are rifted,
There never was a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the provrb goes,
Is the hour betwixt the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
Which is richer far than jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to seek the del'cate silver threads
Of our curious lives a-under,
And then blame heaven for the tangled
ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

A REVELATION

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

Elmhaven was an energetic little vil-
lage, where something beyond the imper-
ative was always being done. Sometimes
what was done was not very remarkable
of its kind, except as unintentional bur-
lesque. For instance, when the young
people undertook to give an opera in the
Lyceum course, they did not give a kind
of opera that was either usual or superior
but it was worth hearing and seeing from
characteristics of its own. They were
rather apt to think, these young men
and women, that with one or two strong
points in an enterprise, all would go well.
They said, in reference to the opera of
"Martha," about to be given, that with
May Wingfield as Enrichetta, with her
beauty and voice, and an exceptionally
fine orchestra made up chiefly of resid-
ent professionals, it was not possible
that a bad tenor and a ridiculous stage
would so much matter.

May Wingfield was looked upon as the
village victim, who had been offered up
as a sacrifice to a once local dragon, a
gifted young person now absent, who
had won her affections and then disap-
peared into the world. She wore a plain-
tive expression, unless aroused by exer-
cise or enjoyment; when her face gleam-
ed again with all its charming youth, and
her smiles burst forth as naturally as if
she had never heard of sorrow. But her
heart was lost; and it consoled her very
little that the beau of Elmhaven tried
to lessen her despair by offering their
allegiance before finally disposing of it
elsewhere. She showed herself in every
way worthy of a fate superior to the or-
dinary huic lot, and there were very
few people among her acquaintances who
did not wish her the happiness she de-
served, and the larger field of experience
for which she was fitted.

It was not known what was to become
of Frederic Fleet, who loved the girl so
well and who looked so insignificant,
and was so sublime in point of hopeless
constancy. If May did not marry him
he must perish in some way of misery,
and if she did her own future would
wear an unsatisfactory promise, even to
the onlookers. It was a problem which
the Elmhaven people turned over fre-
quently, and they had become so accus-
tomed to its present aspect that solution
would have greatly started them.

The opera being "Martha," Fred Fleet
filled the role of Lionello, for which he
was perhaps less fitted than any subur-
ban tenor before him. But his love for
May Winfield had filled him with an am-
bition to sing with her, and his friends
were too much touched by his unavailing
devotion to deny him the happiness of
being so constantly in her presence as
this arrangement would necessitate, al-
though the consequences to the perform-
ance would be rather injurious.

May sang like a finch, and acted as
well as ought to be expected of a girl
who had been especially endowed by
nature with beauty and force of charact-
er. Her Enrichetta was enchanting, and
all the eyes that gazed upon her at the
rehearsals shone with approbation.
Some persons, during the great excite-
ment of the affairs at the hall, averred
that they were sure Fred Fleet was going

to win May after all. They had seen
him kiss her hand after the duet with-
out any reproof from her, or she had
given him a refractory bracelet to hold
while she stood upon the stage to go
through her "Alone, thou rose so charm-
ing." Certainly Fred looked happy and
enthusiastic for him—his appearance usu-
ally resembling that of a man unjustly
sentenced for life.

On the evening of the performance not
a moveable soul in Elmhaven was absent
from the town hall except such persons
as those who could not not understand
the word "opera," even when it was ex-
plained to them, and there were arrivals
from adjoining towns. The jam was in
itself thrilling, and elderly ladies and
gentlemen wore a color in their cheeks
which had been absent for many a day.
The village liked nothing quite so well
as theatricals given by the talent of the
place, and in this instance their violin-
ists, pianist and other instrumental per-
formers of whom they were with reason
proud, were to enhance the glamor of
the evening. There was a troublesome
element in the shape of a lurking mass
of boys and youths at the rear of the hall
ready to fling forth loud but unintelligible
comments at the smallest delay or mis-
take, but perhaps nothing else really so
well cast a similitude to civic perform-
ances over the scene. At last the over-
ture began, proceeded with eclat, and
came to an end in great style, and the
curtain rose.

It was a wonderful mixture which met
the eyes of the eager observers who had
been waiting to stare. The stage was
small and the few pieces of furniture
upon it seemed to be impressed with an
undue sense of their own importance,
which caused them to shoulder each oth-
er and ignore the shins of the tenor and
basso, and preventing that freedom of
gesture which it is the privilege of opera
singers to employ. It was impossible for
Fred Fleet or Jack Plumly (Plunkett),
to gyrate without cuffing each other un-
der the ear, or sitting down on the same
chair. When May Wingfield glided
about with Nancy after her, Fred and
Jack attached themselves to the surface
of the scenery more like men done in
applique than sentient beings. Fred
wore a costume which rendered his con-
trast to May's perfection very pronoun-
ced, and led the most lenient and least
informed members of the audience to
smile broadly. A short velvet jacket
stockings of crimson and leather con-
gress boots, which were abnormally tight
in the ankles and high in the heel, not
forgetting a broad linen turnover collar
around his neck; gave Fred an air which
suggested the ten-year-old boy in a peck
of trouble. When he wrung his hands
or ran his hands through his curly hair
gnashed his teeth and gazed up to heav-
en, May looked at him, along with every
body else, as if she expected him to come
down with measles or scarlet fever, but
on no account to die of a broken heart.

It was evident that it was difficult for
him to step on account of his tightly
laced ankles and high heels; and when
he went to kneel down at his inamorata's
feet he swayed like a falling steepie, and
then landed upon the train of her riding
habit. Jack Plumly, accustomed in
daily life to weigh stiffs, and drive the
grocer's wagon, struggled manfully to
bring his excellent bass with honor out
from the entanglement of acting such as
would have done credit to a fandango.
In the midst of this confusion of oppress-
ive littleness May herself stood out
nobly, and enchanted the front rows
(made up of gentry out of whose doors
senators and judges had sallied forth
every quarter of a century), with her nat-
ural distinction and sweetly intelligent
dramatic power. Her voice was exquisite;
and where pathos was required, arrived
at a depth of art which only personal
suffering and native perception could
have produced. Furor in her favor reach-
ed a high point, and every one felt that
the dignity of the evening's performance
had been established, so that when Fred
tottered forward to sing the famous "She
tattered forward to sing the famous "She
All Love Did Appear," and the scroilge
itself upon the people of taste present,
there was a breathless moment which
was as pronounced as an exclamation,
during which the better part of the

audience hung upon the skirts of fate,
hoping that something would happen to
prevent laughter where tears should have
been appropriate.

A few bars quavered forth from Fred's
throat when, up in the front of the stage
and over the footlights, bounded the elas-
tic figure of a young man, dressed in
the height of fashion and of remarkable
masculine beauty, who turned toward
the audience with an operatic gesture
and broke forth into most divine notes
of a cultivated tenor voice, which took
up Lionello's song with passionate fer-
vor.

The momentary astonishment of the
crowd suggesting fire, and that this act-
ive person was the one to discover it
was at once hushed into delightful atten-
tion, the stranger's voice being so beau-
tifully modulated, so willingly sweet, so
young, so earnest. Fred stood rooted
to the spot for a moment at his first
glimpse of the superior Lionello, dashing
toward him over the footlights. His lit-
tle heels were evilently screwed to the
floor, and the machinery of his eyes re-
fused to work. No one, however, re-
membered him.

The applause which followed the clos-
ing of the song merged itself into a burst
of comment, and then some one sprang
to his feet and cried "Faradisi!"

The stranger's mouth twitched with a
half suppressed smile as he continued to
bow on all sides. He stepped still for-
ward and said (upon which every other
sound simmered down to a hush):

"This is one of my favourite songs, and
I am Faradisi; so how could I help singing
it! You must forgive me if you can."

He made as if to leave the stage, but
cries of his name recalled him.

It was no slight matter to have the
great singer, who was making such a
stir wherever he went, upon the impro-
vised stage of the Elmhaven town hall.
The end of it was that Faradisi stood sing-
ing for an hour, first one enchanting and
famous song, and then another, and at
last "Home Sweet Home" rang forth,
during which he, the singer, as well as
the audience wept, and May Winfield,
who had long before appeared at the
back of the scene, sat by the shabby
stage table, with her face hid ten on her
arm, sobbing.

"How wonderfully like that orphan
boy, Victor Clapham, he is!" the villag-
ers were saying, as they rose from their
seats. Faradisi had a right to resemble
Victor Clapham, for he was one and the
same man; and Clapham was the youth
who had left Elmhaven, with May's love
about him, seven years before.

He disappeared as the hall gradually
emptied of the chattering concourse of
country grandees and rustic folks. It
was Clapham, who with a friend, had
taken rooms at the hotel for the night
and had sat in the dining room, reject-
ing the unpalatable food set before him
without being recognized by any one.
As he passed into the hotel for the sec-
ond time, going to his room arm in arm
with his companion and laughing genially
with him, a little group of the townsmen
eyed him with deep interest.

"I think she must have known," he
was saying. "But it was too late to
speak."

Clapham had come back. And a great
many people were thinking of May
Wingfield. Did she know that he would
be at the hall? Her composure had
been astonishing, and possibly she had
been prepared by a letter. Time, that
one resource for village gossips, would
reveal the true state of the case. But it
was hard to give up commenting and
turn over on one's pillow without accu-
rate and definite information concerning
this new subject for speculation.

The first sunlight was blazing out the
next morning at about eight o'clock,
when a knock came at the Wingfield's
door, glistening with its highly polished
brass ornaments, a mile and a half out-
side the village. May was sitting at
breakfast with her mother and father,
and she felt as if the knock had come
upon her own heart; but she sat still,
when the servant came in and said, "A
gentleman wants to see Miss May, and
his name is Clapham," they all looked
up, and there stood Victor on the sill of
the door, smiling.

He stepped in familiarly and shook

hands with each, and Mr. Wingfield ask-
ed him to sit down, but through every
show of politeness Victor perceived the
chill of bitter feeling toward him from
the parents of the girl, who remained so
quiet and down-looking; and in her he
saw the saddest and most far-reaching
condemnation, for it was all forgiveness.
Nevertheless, it seemed to be the kind
of forgiveness which never trusts again.

"It is a freezing morning," he said,
rubbing his cheeks and his ears, which
were red with the cold.

"Let me give you a cup of coffee," said
Mrs. Wingfield, who would have been
hospitable to a defaulting cashier, if he
had applied for kindness under her roof.

"Thank you. I should like one very
much," said Clapham-Faradisi.

"Where have you been travelling
since we last saw you?" asked Mr. Wing-
field after a rather long pause, or, at any
rate, one in which a great deal of think-
ing had been done.

"I went abroad, you know," answered
the young singer, "and in Germany I
found I had a voice, which I was advised
to cultivate to the utmost. I went to
Paris for that purpose, took an Italian
name, and have had splendid success. I
have sung for five years. Have you ever
heard of me—Faradisi?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wingfield, stolidly, as
if Victor's success as an opera singer did
not impress him as worth a rotten pota-
toe, or, perhaps, as worth nothing else.

But he was gracious enough about his
indifference, all the same. "And I heard
you singing last night, Victor. You could
not have done it better, sir."

"But do you not think it worth doing,"
the young star replied, laughing and toss-
ing off his coffee. Then he turned to
May. "You should, by all rights, have
an interest in a good singing voice, for
your own voice and skill is most rare
and promising," he said. His tones re-
verberated with emotion, as if he longed
to utter different and more passionate
words. "Do you think it was well for me
to give these years to study and fame?"
This was a hard question for her to an-
swer, and her lip quivered. But she re-
plied, though not looking at him.

"A man of genius is not his own mas-
ter, I do not see how you could have
any opinion in choosing, Victor."

Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield had probably
never been more surprised than by this
view of May's until the impulsive Victor
proceeded to treat them to a scene of
love as fresh from the heart as if no ob-
servers were present, and that was more
astonishing still. He threw himself upon
his knees before May, seizing her hand.

"Oh, my love, you understand!" he
cried: "It is true. I could not not use
my will. Art was so imperative for any
doubt, and I trusted to it as a father.
I felt I must obey my genius or be less a
man. I never loved anyone but you,
May, and now I have come back to tell
you so. Look at me, love. But be kind,
be kind. I have often believed that the
life I follow would be one you could not
enjoy; that it would be wrong to drag
you into the noisy world to seek some
great, unguessed force, which had been
proved to be Art; and calmed his anx-
iety and excitement by her friendly de-
meanor.

May stood at a little distance, loyng
with the books and knickknacks on the
centre table, while her mother and lov-
er sat conversing.

"I was absent from the opera last
night, on the plea of illness," he said, at
length, rising. "I am really unable to
tell the falsehood again, without risking
horrible censure from the public, for
upon my word, our second tenor sings
if he were full of dust. I have come
home; I have seen May," he turned to
her. "And I have but another hour in
which to learn whether she will be my
wife." He stepped toward her, and his
arms were about to embrace her.

She shrank back, looking at him, but
not seeing him, and there is no stare
more piercing. But she recovered her
self and said.

"Come then; I will go toward the vil-
lage with you."

She went into the hall and put on a
hat and jacket which were hanging there
Victor said brief adieu to Mr. and
Mrs. Wingfield and followed the girl, who
Continued on Fifth Page.