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NO. 42

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TENDERS FOR TIMBER BERTHS IN THE W. TERRITORIES.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for a Permit to Cut Timber," will be received at this office until noon, on MONDAY, the 1st day of November next for Permits to cut Timber from that date up to the 1st of October, 1887, on Berths situated on the line of the C. P. R. Railway, East of Range Eight, East of the Principal Meridian, in the Province of Manitoba.

Sketches showing the position of these Berths, together with the condition on which Permits will be issued, may be obtained at the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,
Ottawa, 21st Sept., 1886.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary hands that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song.
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile,
Have trugged along a stony way
At last ye reach the trusting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best,
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—Florence Tyler

THE SUPERSTITIOUS HUCKSTER

A TALE OF THE CITY OF CORK

The following anecdotes of a past age is a specimen of the stories that old T. N., of Barrack street, used to relate to groups of youngsters who were sure to be by his fireside during long winters nights.

Grizel, or Grizzy Hutcheon, had grown up to middle life in the service of a worthy citizen, when fearing to encounter old age in a dependent situation, she resolved to employ her little stock of saving in setting up as a dealer in small household articles. The situation she choose was Barrack street, the place where she had been hitherto known as a servant, and where her former master and other expected patrons resided. Here she obtained possession of a small low-browed shop, which she stocked with snuff, tobacco, pipes, herrings, and sweets of all descriptions, beside a whole host of miscellaneous too trifling to be enumerated. As she took care to keep good articles, gave no credit, and filled every little interval of leisure with the work of her wheel, she soon found that she was a prosperous woman. There were, however, two faults of character, which threatened to affect Grizzy's good fortune. She was close and keen in her dealing to a fault, whence she obtained the name of Greedy Grizzy; and she was eaten up, to use a homely phrase, with superstition.

This last failing developed itself in various ways. Not having, as the Greeks had, an established national oracle to resort to for the explanations of dreams and such omens of superstition extracted from the ordinary incidents of life, Grizzy choose a dumb woman, in accordance with the common notions that such persons are always gifted with a degree of supernatural insight to compensate the wants with which they have been afflicted.

Grizzy was a great dreamer, and like Whang the Miller, she often dreamt of pans of gold which lay concealed beneath the large flags that formed the floor of her kitchen. "Poor old Grizzy," as T. N. used to call her, was sure to dream every night, and as the substance of the dream was pleasing or otherwise, so Grizzy was sure would the events of the following day turn out, and as she could she would run to her dumb neighbor and endeavor from her signs to learn what some of those coming events were to be. With a sort of inconsistency in her superstition, Grizzy was also in the habit of resorting to the cards for the discovery of things to come. Not that she kept any articles of this kind herself, on the contrary, she was wont to inveigh against them with great vehemence, styling them the "devil's book." Yet she was repeatedly known of a morning to consult Mrs. O'Driscoll, an old woman who lived close by, and who kept a pack, as to what the day was likely to bring forth. Of this woman, Grizzy stood in the greatest dread, supposing her to be a witch, because her means of living were not well known, and because some of her sagacious predictions, founded, probably on some less ambiguous basis than the cards had been wonderfully verified. The Barrack street prophetess tasted the benefit of her skill in many a present which her credulous neighbor gave to secure her good graces. Grizzy, however, while thus endeavoring to conciliate favor, took care at the same time to keep a horse-shoe nailed on the back of her door in case

the dangerous Mrs. O'Driscoll should ever feel inclined to play cantrips on her benefactor.

Thus, between the main chance and her superstitious tendencies, were the whole thoughts of Grizzy Hutcheon, huckster in Barrack street, daily and hourly employed in continuous alternation. A serious change came at length over the face of her affairs, induced partly by the one and partly by the other of her prevailing feibles. One morning after she had gone through her customary endeavor to peep into the daily future, she took her station in her open shop waiting anxiously for some propitious opening of business, when; lo! a neighbor entered and asked for a light. Now, if there was anything more ominous of ill in Grizzy's eyes than another, it was this—that a light should be asked for before any articles were sold. She gave the light with a sad heart, muttering to herself "a' luck's gone for this day!" The day passed over, nevertheless, without the occurrence of anything particular annoying. Still, when evening came Grizzy remembered forcibly the unfortunate matter of the light, that she resolved not to close her shop that night till she got a proper "lucky penny." To explain this, it is necessary to state that it was our superstitious huckster's custom to keep her shop frequently open till a late hour waiting for the entrance of a favorite customer, or some person of prepossessing appearance. The money received from the persons she called the "lucky penny," and nothing more would she sell that night. But, on the occasion adverted to, nine o'clock came, and no customer of the proper sort had appeared. On the contrary, about that hour a woman entered, whom Grizzy knew to have a mole on the left side of her neck—a sure sign hanging was to be her doom. This woman's money was frightfully unpropitious, and down the unhappy shopkeeper sat to her wheel determined to wait for something better. As she trimmed her lamp impatiently for the twentieth time, Shandon clock struck ten, and another woman entered. To the horror of Grizzy this person was one of her bitterest enemies. Mrs. Hutcheon could not throw the required article at the unlucky woman's head, but knowing her customer to be one who did not stand on trifles, Grizzy prudently abstained from a fear of retaliation, and contented herself with muttering something about "some person not being able to take their supper at supper time like other persons." The murmured reflection fell unheeded on the ear of her customer.

Fate was against Grizzy on this memorable evening. Still she resolutely struggled against its awards in the hope that an unexpected luck-penny might yet arrive. Alas! The next customer was still worse than the preceding ones. It was a little girl, the daughter of a coalporter, asking "two salt herrin's" on credit. Credit! Grizzy's vexation of spirit was so aggravated by the demand that she bounced round the counter and turned the girl out by the shoulder, bawling at the same time in ungovernable ire, "Go along home to them that sent ye, and tell them I want no dealing with coalporters." The little girl fled the shop, hearing at the same time Grizzy crying aloud, "It was fitter for them pay the ould score afore they begin on the new!" In her wrath at this moment Grizzy forgot Mrs. O'Driscoll, but she was quickly and fearfully reminded of the dreaded woman. On turning into her shop, after venting her passion, Grizzy beheld a large black cat spring past her, and make directly for a shelf where some of her largest herrings were stored. The sight horrified poor Mrs. Hutcheon. The cat, she instantly concluded, could be nothing else than the notable Mrs. Driscoll transformed, and came to revenge the words uttered at the door. At all times afraid of Mrs. O'Driscoll, Grizzy was ten times more so when that personage chose to assume the shape of a long clawed quadruped. She stood in her door in an agony of alarm, now looking inward at the metamorphosed Mrs. O'Driscoll coolly munching a herring, and now gazing up and down the street in a hope of seeing some one come to her relief. But the hour was not very late, and Grizzy for some time saw nobody pass excepting

Lady Spinnet, attended on her way home from a concert by a young gentleman. To such mighty persons Grizzy, sorely pressed as she was, could not venture to speak. Just at this moment, as if to increase her already incalculable terrors, a dog began a long wailing howl in the precincts of the place now called Prosperity Square; announcing to her ear, as plainly as language could speak, that the spirit was at that instant flitting from some human breast.

In this pitiable state of superstitious dread was Mrs. Hutcheon standing when two men issued from the mouth of an adjoining lane and made up to her carrying between them a large and seemingly well filled sack. The presence of a human being greatly relieved the shopkeeper and she listened with tolerable composure to the men who addressed her with a request that she would permit the sack to stand till morning with in her premises. The request naturally startled her at first but the men proceeded to tell her that the sack contained a quantity of tea which had been brought from Holland and landed on that evening down at the jetties without leave being asked of the Custom-house and on account of the lateness of the hour they were not able to dispose of it at present time but would do so on the following morning. The tea, to was none of the common kind, the men declared but the finest Pekeo such as the Duchess of Dumdum gave to her guests at the palace and if Grizzy would keep it safe only till morning she would have two or three pounds for her trouble. After several arguments of this kind Grizzy's cupidity got the better of her fears and she permitted the men to bring in the sack and set it down beside her own bed which stood within a little closet or recess formed by a curtain hanging from the roof. The depositors of the tea then departed with a promise to return in the morning.

The cat or Mrs. O'Driscoll, having been scared away on the entrance of the men Grizzy hastened then to shut up the shop contented with the prospect of the tea instead of the luck penny for which she had waited so long that night. After all was closed, she began to reflect on the turn the events of the day had taken and on the reward promised to her. As she meditated a doubt sprung up in her mind that the owners of the tea might not give her enough to compensate her for her trouble. This doubt pressed on Grizzy's mind until at last she arrived at the conclusion that the best way for her would be to take her remuneration beforehand since she had it in her power. Away accordingly she went to the sack and untied the string with which the mouth was bound. She then plunged her opened hand into it determined to bring up a good handful and drew out—horrible to relate—not a quantity of tea but a dead man's head—by the hair. When the poor weak yet greedy woman, beheld the hideous countenance rising beneath her hand from the sack she gave a fearful scream and fell back in a swoon. In her trepidation she had kept hold of the head and therefore in her fall she brought over the body with her. It fell right across her chest, and thus it chanced that when she recovered her consciousness the head of the body was the first thing she saw lying close to and above her own. This renewed her swoon, and so on she went alternately fainting and recovering for several hours without the ability to alter her position.

That the two resurrectionists—for such the owners of the sack were—intended to come back to Grizzy's for the spoil which they had taken from the grave, is very probable, as they could only have left it where they hid in consequence of being temporarily prevented from disposing of it securely. But long before they could conveniently return for it, a denouement had taken place, such as they could not have anticipated. Customer after customer knocked in the morning after these events at Grizzy's door, usually the first open in the street. These knocks were all in vain, neither answer nor admittance followed. At last the attention of the neighborhood was fairly roused. A crowd gathered in front of the shop; and, finally, some one pro-

posed that Thade Donovan, the smith, should be sent for to break the door open as Grizzy might be either dead or dying. This was accordingly done and in rushed a host of men women and children into Mr. Hutcheon's premises. No Grizzy was to be seen, and the people were in great amazement. However, a boy who had seen Grizzy often behind the curtain in the recess, pulled it aside in order to see the place within. As soon as he could discern things inside, the youngster exclaimed "Oh! here's Grizzy, and she's as dead as a door nail!" The attention of all was thus directed to the proper place, and Grizzy Hutcheon was found stretched on the floor moaning and insensible, with a dead body, in a sack, pressing across her chest, here was indeed a mysterious state of things. Grizzy was speedily raised, but was at first totally unable to give any explanation of the matter. When she was restored to complete consciousness, she found herself in the bedchamber, wither she was conveyed by the police on their being appraised of the circumstances under which she had been found. The body also had been taken in charge by the same parties. It bore evident tokens of having been disinterred, and therefore, great as the wonder of all was, there was no idea of murder in the matter.

Grizzy, on first becoming able to think of all that had passed, had sense enough to send for her two greatest friends—her old master and her land lord, to whom she related the whole truth. These gentlemen advised her to repeat the circumstances exactly as they occurred to the magistrate before whom she was to appear on the following morning. This, accordingly, Grizzy did with simplicity and candor. Her superstitious keeping of the shop open to such a late hour was what the worthy magistrate presiding in the court, found most difficult to interpret in a favorable way to the unlucky Grizzy. He could not comprehend, he said, how any person possessed of common sense could keep a shop open till long past midnight, and consume light and fuel; for all the benefit likely to accrue, at such hours, from her ostensible trade. The magistrate did not know, as the reader does, that Grizzy Hutcheon had not common sense upon some points! In this emergency her master and landlord stepped forward to vouch for her general respectability of character. The magistrate said that the evidence of two such persons would weigh far with him in the matter, but that Mrs. Hutcheon, admitting her to have no previous connection with the resurrectionists, had confessed to her having had connived at what she knew to be smuggling; and that, therefore, he would adjudge her to pay all expenses connected with the retirement of the body, in whatever way the claimants of it, if any appeared, might wish the ceremony to be conducted.

Poor Grizzy Hutcheon, although sorely exhausted with her late sufferings, had still plenty of her old spirit left to make an outcry against this decision but some serious threats or rather hints on the part of the affronted magistrate speedily frightened her into silence. Her two friends became sureties for her payment of all demands, and Grizzy was left to retire unmolested to the scene of her said mishap.

Grizzy never again set up for the luck-penny. Indeed, it would have been in vain, for her business rapidly dwindled away after the event related. Her neighbors and customers never forgot the dead body affair; it gave her shop an ill name, which struck to it for a generation after.

In the end, Grizzy was compelled to betake herself to a garret, and trust for her bread to spinning.

Some of the people with whom she had done business, occasionally paid a visit of charity to her in this situation and, when parting with her, she used regularly to advise them always to shut up their houses at a proper time at night for "no good ever came or being open too late."—Cork Examiner.

A special to the Chicago Times from St. Paul says. An official letter from Fort Shiao gives stray evidence that the Grovetures Bloods and Piagens are prepared for stealing raids and war both against inst whites and themselves.