

Read Room (inside)

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## PARTED.

Once more my hand will clasp your hand; Your loved voice I shall hear once more; But we shall never see the land, The pleasant land we knew of yore; Never, on any summer day, Hear the low music of its streams, Or wander down the leafy way, That leadeth to the land of dreams.

Still, borne upon the scented air, The songs of birds rise clear and sweet, As when I gathered roses there, And heaped their glories at your feet. And still the golden pathway lies At eve across the western sea, And lovers dream beneath those skies, Watch shines no more for you and me.

No more, ah, nevermore! and yet They seem so near, those summer days, When Hope was like a jewel set To shine adown Time's misty ways: I sometime dream that at morning's light A golden halo around us glows, And that 'tis but one long dark night Since we two parted by the shore.

We parted with soft words and low, And "Farewell till to-morrow," said; From sea and sky the sunset's glow A golden halo round us shed: Then, as you went, I heard you sing, "Haste thee, sweet morrow," parting thus, How could we dream that life would bring Not any morrow there for us?

We parted, and that last farewell Its shadows on our life-path cast; And time, Time's relentless barriers fell Between us and our happy past, And now we meet when cares and tears Have dulled the parting and the part, But never can the weary years Bring back our golden dreams again. —D. J. Robertson in Chamber's Journal.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

BY H. F. LESIER.

"I really don't know what is to be done with this perverse girl," said Dr. Hammond, running his fingers through his hair until it stood on end, and imparted to him much of the appearance of a particularly fretful porcupine. His wife looked up from her sewing, and said quietly:

"Let her have her own way." "What! and marry Dr. Gray? Why he's as poor as a church mouse—not even a practice to depend upon."

"He is young and clever. He will get practice and make money, as you did after I married you." This hit had an opposite effect from what she had intended.

"He'll not get a practice here. My patients know better than to trust themselves to an inexperienced boy with a head full of new-fangled, unorthodox, unprofessional theories. Humbug!"

At that moment a pretty girl entered and pausing only to drop a rosebud on her aunt's lap and another on the table where her uncle sat with his paper, passed quietly out of the opposite door.

Her aunt's eyes followed her. "Richard, don't you think Ella looks badly? She is quite thin, and has lost her color and appetite. Wouldn't some change benefit her?"

The doctor looked up with a sudden light gleaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "A good idea. She will be the better for being sent away for a few weeks—or months if necessary. It may cure her of other complaints than dyspepsia."

"But who is to accompany her? You know it is impossible for me to leave home this summer; and at Scarborough—"

"She won't go to Scarborough, or to any other place where young Gray can follow her. I will send her to some quiet farm-house. There is Mrs. Fraser's—a nice secluded place, where she will be well taken care of. I know that the old lady sometimes takes summer boarders. As for a companion, her cousin will be glad of some country recreation after a year's governing in town. I will say her board, and while we are on the subject, I'll step over at once to Mrs. Maddox's and make inquiries."

The doctor had a reason for hurrying this suddenly conceived plan. On Thursday there was to be a picnic, in Fernwood, where Gabriella—or Ellie as her uncle and aunt called her—would be sure to meet Dr. Gray.

He doubted whether they had yet come to an understanding, but he knew that a few dreamy summer hours amid those lonely glades and dells would 'work more mischief,' as he inwardly expressed it, than two months of ordinary intercourse, therefore, he was anxious to prevent the meeting.

The result of the doctor's planning was that he, next day, wrote to Mrs. Fraser, at Hillside Farm near Grassy Junction,

to expect his niece, Miss Gabriella Hammond, on Thursday; and also mentioned that another niece of his, Miss Hammond would join her there in a day or two.

Now, it is happened that this last mentioned lady, the elder Miss Hammond whose name was also Gabriella, expected to meet Ellie on Thursday at the junction, and did arrive there punctual to the time, only to find the train had not brought her expected cousin.

Seeing, at one of the carriage windows, an acquaintance from Fernwood, she hastily inquired, and learned that Ellie had been delayed by accident, but that she would be down next day.

At the same moment she was accosted by a spare and sunburnt lad, who inquired if she were not Miss Gabriella Hammond, and informed her that he was Mrs. Fraser's nephew, and that 'the trap was a waiting for her.'

While Miss Hammond busied herself in collecting her numerous parcels and gazing disparagingly at the little village, consisting of a few houses and a blacksmith's shop, several hen coops and a grocery, she was herself an object of interest to the natives thereof.

"Say, Mr. Bruce," remarked the youth who had addressed her, as he stood before the grocer's receiving divers parcels of goods, "don't you want a squint at the heiress?"

The person addressed peered cautiously from between two glass jars in the window, containing severally soap and sugarsticks. He was a tall young man, with satanly hair, shrewd gray eyes and an ill-trimmed, overgrown moustache, and was further adorned with a heavy gold watch chain and an amethyst seal ring on his little finger.

He surveyed Miss Hammond as intently as though she had been some animal of rare and curious species.

"Hum, not so young as she might be and rather scraggy. Are you sure, Len, it's her?"

"Perfectly sure. The doctor wrote that she'd be here to-day, and cousin Susan Maddox wrote to us that the lady—Miss Gabriella Hammond is her name—had some money of her own and would be heiress to all the doctor's fortune. He's rich, you see, and has no children, Cousin Susan said we must be sure to have things extra nice and that Miss Gabriella loved poetry, books and chocolate creams. She don't look much like it, but I must hurry up and get her and the rest of the bundles into the trap."

The getting Miss Hammond into the trap proved a task of some difficulty. She had evidently rigid ideas of the proper and becoming.

Perceiving this, the gentleman who had been addressed by Len as Mr. Bunce hastily smoothed his hair, pulled up his collar, and pausing only to insert in his shirt front a ruby brooch, gallantly hastened to her rescue.

"Allow me the pleasure of assisting you, miss. Steps rather too high for a lady. Here, Zakiel, a cheer for the lady—and be quick."

By means of the combined assistance and article of furniture and Mr. Bunce's strong arm, Miss Hammond was at length seated and while Len busied himself in final preparations, he essayed to make himself agreeable.

"Had a pleasant ride, miss? Ah, Hillside's a nice place. Plenty of the best to eat—fine fruit, vegetables, apple pies and chickens. Why, you'll pick up in no time and grow so plump that your friends'll skeerely know you."

The lady's sallow cheek flushed slightly, and as the wagon drove away Mr. Lucullus Bunce rubbed his head briskly, with a new and eager light in his gray eyes, and murmured audibly:

"I'll be blessed if I don't!" "Smart man, that ere," remarked Miss Hammond's Jehu, confidentially. "Owns the grocery shop and does good business. He's a pushing, driving character, and wants to run up a steam factory an' saw mill. Sartin to make a fortune in no time if he had the capital."

On the day following Ellie arrived, and not being recognized as an heiress, excited no admiration or attention beyond

what her pretty face commanded. She was "the poor one," according to Len, consequently played second fiddle to her more mature relative in the estimation of her new acquaintances.

She, however, troubled herself very little as to what they might or might not think of her.

Meantime, she roamed about the pretty groves and meadows of Hillside, and read Tennyson, which Dr. Gray had given her before she left home, and felt a comfort and soothing in the fresh sweet nature about her which made her quite cheerful and hopeful.

As to her cousin, Miss Gabriella, she had settled down to steady sewing, and Ellie thought she had never before seen her so silent and preoccupied—except when Mr. Lucullus Bunce was present.

He had called at Hillside in a radiant, gorgeous plaid suit, extensive assortment of jewellery—as he himself amiably explained, 'because he knew the ladies were lonesome, and would like to be cheered up a bit.'

Ellie was amused but glad to find she was not required to entertain him, and that her cousin kindly allowed her to slip off when she choose, and never insisted on her accompanying herself and Mr. Bunce in their strolls in the garden and lanes.

And so, day after day, Mr. Lucullus made his appearance, bringing with him packages of sweets, huge bouquets of gorgeous colored flowers, wherein coxcomb and marigold conspicuously figured and a variety of literature—social, religious and political.

In his presence Miss Gabriella, seemed all smiles and graciousness, but Ellie wondered why, when they two sat in the room appropriated to them, so anxious and thoughtful an expression should sit upon her rather faded brow, and contract her no longer fresh lips.

The truth was that Miss Gabriella, like Mr. Bunce himself, was playing a desperate game.

Despite his pretence at innocence, she was not long in perceiving the mistake into which he had fallen in regard to her own and Ellie's respective positions; and, being shrewd and quick witted, was at no loss to what motive to attribute his disinterested attentions.

But herein she saw at a glance for herself—one for which she had for years been vainly, and of late almost hopelessly, pining.

Mr. Bunce might be a little odd, a little rough and unpolished, but she would be a "Mrs."

And with that tower of strength to her name, she could brave everything and everybody.

And one day, when Mr. Bunce, in his haste and anxiety to secure his prize, spoke of love in a cottage, with water and a crust or the more luxurious fare of bread and cheese—and—hum—Miss Hammond exhibited a maidenly bashfulness which encouraged him to a more decided proposition.

And then she told him, timidly, that she knew her friends would all oppose their marriage; and Mr. Lucullus, trembling lest the golden prize should escape him, suggested an immediate private marriage.

Thus it happened that on a certain day as Dr. Hammond sat writing in his office news was suddenly brought him which caused him to start up, turn pale; and five minutes after to seize his hat and rush, half frantic, towards the railway station.

In another two hours he alighted at the door of Hillside Farmhouse, and with white lips and glaring eyes confronted good Mrs. Frazer, who came nervously forth to meet him.

"Madam," he demanded, "is this true which I hear? Is—is my niece really married?"

"Well, sir, I must say that Miss Hammond did surprise us all; for my part, I hadn't the least notion of such a thing happening."

"Is she married," thundered the doctor. "Why, yes sir." With a groan the doctor sank into a chair and wiped his damp brow. "When I sent her here," he said in hot anger, "I thought she would be safe. She able, most disgraceful marriage. A child—a mere child."

Mrs. Frazer opened her eyes, but was prevented from replying by the entrance of Ellie, a little pale, also agitated and tearful.

Her cousin's marriage with Mr. Bunce had been a great shock to her. "Uncle!" she exclaimed, springing forward to throw her arms around his neck.

But he flung her off, and glared at her in speechless anger. "You—you ungrateful viper!" he at last exclaimed. "How dare you come near me? How dare you look me in the face after such conduct?"

"Uncle?" Ellie was pale with excitement. "I'll disinherit you!" he continued, excitedly. "I'll disown you. You and the clown you have married shall never darken my door!"

And here he suddenly broke down, and sinking upon Mrs. Frazer's horsehair parlor sofa, bowed his head upon his hands and wept.

Ellie stood for a moment with a strange smile sparkling in her eyes and upon her lips.

Then she stole to her uncle's side, and put her arm around his neck, and her cheek to his, and softly stroked his hair. The touch melted him at once. It was a way she had had even when a little child of soothing him when he was tired and troubled.

"Oh, child, child! I would rather you should have died—would rather have died myself—than that you should have done this. Would to Heaven you had married Dr. Bray."

"Would you let me uncle," asked Ellie, meekly. "Yes, child, yes. I never quite approved of him. But you might have won my consent to a union with Gray; to Bunce never."

"But, law sakes," exclaimed Mrs. Frazer. "I don't understand it at all. It isn't Miss Ellie, but your other niece, Miss Gabrielle, who's married to Mr. Lucullus Bunce."

"What," roared the doctor. "As if to corroborate the good woman's assertion, there was a sound of wheels without, and the next moment in walked Mr. Lucullus himself, with his fair bride upon his arm."

But of Mr. Lucullus' feelings upon discovering that he had not married the heiress, what shall be said? Ellie whispered softly: "You know, uncle, you never break your word!"

And though rather loth, he did keep it and never regretted it, for Gray not only became a relation, but a partner instead of a rival.

## LORD CHURCHILL'S LATEST.

In a speech Tuesday evening, Lord Randolph Churchill said:

"Official accounts reaching the government of the social condition and prospects of Ireland are of an encouraging character. There is a good harvest and a marked recovery in prices, and from all we can learn rents are being fairly paid throughout the country. Landlords have helped greatly to lessen the difficulties of the crisis. The Irish tenants also have co-operated in a signal manner towards the restoration of order. Of course, he continued, I cannot speak with absolute confidence of the future nor say whether we shall be able to pass the winter without calling upon parliament for a measure to assist in the execution of the law, but on the whole I think Ireland is not in nearly so bad a state as might reasonably be expected. The people are rapidly appreciating the full significance of the last appeal to the electors and will gradually shape their political and social action in accordance therewith. On questions of foreign affairs I have nothing to add to or detract from my Dartford speech. I have been during my holiday isolated from knowledge of official affairs, not as some silly hysterical people supposed, in close contact with European statesmen."

Three things he was able to state with certainty: First, the government did not intend to grant Home Rule to Ireland second, it did intend to deal with local government in Ireland; third, it did not mean to be hurried or hasty in that dealing.

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