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BOYS' RIGHTS.

I wonder now if any one in this broad land has heard in favor of down-trodden boys? One solitary word? We hear enough of 'woman's rights,' and 'rights of workmen,' and 'equal rights and nation's rights,' but pray just tell us when

Boys' rights were ever spoken of? Why? we've become so used, to being snubbed by every one, And slighted and abused, That when one is polite to us We open wide our eyes, And stretch them in astonishment To nearly twice their size!

Boys seldom dare to ask their friends To venture in the house; It don't come natural to all To creep round like a mouse; And if we should forget ourselves, And make a little noise, Then ma and auntie sure would say, 'Oh, my! those dreadful boys!'

The girls bang on the piano In peace, but if the boss Attempt a tune with life or drum, It's 'stop that horrid noise, That horrid noise!' Just think of it! When sister never fails To make a noise three times as bad With everlasting scales.

Insulted thus we loose no time In beating a retreat; So off we go to romp and tear, And scamper in the street. No wonder that so many boys Such wicked men become— 'T were better far to let them have Their games and plays at home.

Perhaps the text that teacher qu'es sometimes—'Train up a child— Means only train the little girls, And let the boys run wild.' But patience, and the time shall come When we will all be men. And when it does, I rather think Wrongs will be righted then.

THE HAUNTED ORGANIST OF HURLEY BURLY.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CONTINUED

"Twenty years ago, Lisa, Mr. and Mrs. Hurly had a son. He was handsome, like that portrait you saw in the gallery and he had brilliant talents. He was idolized by his father and mother, and all who knew him felt obliged to love him. I was then a happy girl of twenty. I was an orphan, and Mrs. Hurly, who had been my mother's friend, was like a mother to me. I, too, was petted and caressed by all my friends; and I was very wealthy; but I only valued admiration, riches—every good gift that fell to my share—just in proportion as they seemed of worth in the eyes of Lewis Hurly. I was his affianced wife, and I loved him well.

"All the fondness and pride that were lavished on him could not keep him from falling into evil ways, nor from becoming rapidly more and more abandoned to wickedness, till even those who loved him best despaired from seeing his reformation. I prayed him with tears, for my sake, if for not that of his grieving mother, to save himself before it was too late. But to my horror I found that my power was gone, my words did not even move him, he loved me no more. I tried to think that this was some fit of madness that would pass and still cling to hope. At last his own mother forbade me to see him.

Here Margaret Calderwood paused, seemingly in bitter thought, but resumed.

"He and a party of boon companions, named by themselves the 'devils club,' were in the habit of practicing all kinds of unholy pranks in the country. They had midnight carousings on the tombstones in the village graveyard; they carried away helpless old men and children, whom they tortured by making believe to bury them alive; they raised the dead and placed them sitting around the tombstones at a mock feast. On one occasion there was a very sad funeral from the village; the corpse was carried into the church, and prayers were read over the coffin, the chief mourner, the aged father of the dead man, standing weeping by. In the midst of this solemn scene the organ suddenly pealed forth a profane tune, and a number of voices shouted a drinking chorus. A groan of execration burst from the crowd, the clergyman turned pale and closed his book, and the old man, the father of the dead, climbed the altar steps, and, raising his arms above his head, uttered a terrible curse. He cursed Lewis Hurly to all eternity, he cursed the organ he played, that it might be dumb henceforth, except under the fingers that had now profaned it which, he prayed, might be forced to labor upon it till they stiffened in death.

And the curse seemed to work, for the organ stood dumb in the church from that day except when touched by Lewis Hurly.

"For a bravado he had the organ taken down and conveyed to his father's house, where he had it put up in the chamber where it now stands. It was also for a bravado that he played on it everyday. But, by-and-by, the amount of time which he spent at it daily began to increase rapidly. We wondered long at this whim, as we called it, and his poor mother thanked God that he had set his heart upon an occupation which would keep him out of harm's way. I was the first to suspect that it was not his own will that kept him hammering at the organ so many laborious hours while his boon companions tried to draw him away. He used to lock himself up in the room with the organ, but one day I hid myself among the curtains, and saw him writhing on his seat, and heard him groaning as he strove to wrench his hands from the keys, to which they flew back like a needle to a magnet. It was soon plainly to be seen that he was an involuntary slave to the organ, but whether through a madness that had grown within himself, or by some supernatural doom; having its cause in the old man's curse we did not dare to say. By-and-by there came a time when we were awake end out of our sleep at nights by the rolling of the organ. He wrought now night and day. Food and rest were denied him. His face got haggard, his beard grew long, his eyes started from their sockets. His body became wasted and his cramped fingers like the claws of a bird. He groaned piteously as he stooped over his cruel toil. All save his mother and I were afraid to go near him. She, poor, tender woman, tried to put wine and food between his lips while the tortured fingers crept over the keys, but he only gnashed his teeth at her with curses, and she retreated from him in terror, to pray. At last one dreadful hour, we found him a ghastly corpse on the ground before the organ.

"From the hour the organ was dumb to the touch of all human fingers. Many unwilling to believe the story, made per severing endeavors to draw sound from it, but in vain. But when the darkened empty room was locked up and left, we heard as loud as ever the well-known sound humming and rolling through the walls. Night and day the boomed on as before. It seemed that the doom of the wretched man was not yet fulfilled, although his tortured body had been worn out in the terrible struggle to accomplish it. Even his own mother was afraid to go near the room then. So the time went on, and the curse of this perpetual music twas not removed from the house. Servants refused to stay about the place. Visitors shunned it.

"The squire and his wife left their home for years, and returned; left it, and returned again, to find their ears still tortured and their hearts still wrung by the unceasing persecution of terrible sounds. At last but a few months ago, a holy man was found, who locked himself up in the cursed chamber for many days, praying and wrestling with the demon. After he came forth and went away the sound ceased, and the organ was heard no more. Since then there has been peace in the house. And now, Lisa, your strange appearance and your strange story convince us that you are a victim of a ruse of the Evil One. Be warned in time, and place yourself under the protection of God, that you may be saved from the fearful influences that are at work upon you. Come!"

Margret Calderwood turned to the corner where the stranger sat, as she had supposed, listening intently. Little Lisa was fast asleep, her hands spread before her as if she played an organ in her dreams.

Margret took the soft brown face to her motherly breast, and kissed the swelling temples, too big with wonder and fancy.

"We will save you from a horrible fate!" she murmured, and carried the girl to bed.

In the morning Lisa was gone. Margaret Calderwood, coming early from her

own chamber went into the girl's room and found the bed empty.

"She is just such a wild thing," thought Margret, "as would rush out at sunrise to hear the larks!" and she went forth to look for her in the meadows, behind the beech hedges, and in the home park, Mistress Hurly, from the breakfast-room window, saw Margaret Calderwood large and fair in her white morning gown coming down the garden-path between the rose bushes, with her fresh draperies dabbled by the dew, and a look of trouble on her calm face. Her quest had been unsuccessful. The little foreigner had vanished.

A second search after breakfast proved also fruitless, and towards the evening the two women drove back to Hurly Burly together. There all was panic and distress. The squire sat in his study with the doors shut, and his hands over his ears. The servants with pale faces, were huddled together in whispering groups. The haunted organ was pealing through the house as of old.

Margaret Calderwood hastened to the fatal chamber, and there, sure enough was Lisa, perched upon the high seat before the organ, beating the keys with her small hands, her slight figure swaying, and the evening sunshine playing about her weird head. Sweet, unearthly music she wrung from the groaning heart of the organ—with melodies mounting to rapturous heights and falling to mournful depths. She wandered from Mendelssohn to Mozart, and from Mozart to Beethoven. Margaret stood fascinated awhile by the ravishing beauty of the sound she heard, but, rousing herself quickly put her arms round the musician and forced her away from the chamber. Lisa returned next day, however, and was not so easily coaxed from her post again. Day after day she labored at the organ, growing paler and thinner, and more weird-looking as the time went on.

"I work so hard," she said to Mrs. Hurly. "The signor, your son, is he pleased. Ask him to come and tell me himself if he is pleased."

Mistress Hurly got ill and took to her bed. The squire swore at the foreign baggage, and roamed abroad. Margaret Calderwood was the one who stood by to watch the fate of the little organist. The curse of the organ was upon Lisa; it spoke under her hand, and her hand was its slave.

At last she announced rapturously that she had a visit from the brave signor, who had commended her industry and urged her to work yet harder. After that she ceased to hold any communications with the living. Time after time Margaret Calderwood wrapped her arms about the frail thing and carried her away by force, locking the door of the fatal chamber. But locking the chamber and burying the key were of no avail. The door stood open again, and Lisa was laboring on her perch.

One night, awakened from her sleep by the well-known humming and moaning of the organ, Margaret dressed hurriedly and hastened to the unholy room. Moonlight was pouring down the passages of Hurly Burly. It shone on the marble bust of the dead Lewis Hurley, that stood in the niche above his mother's sitting-room door. The organ room was full of it when Margaret opened the door and entered—full of the pale green moonlight from the window, mingled with another light, a dull, lurid glare, which seemed to centre round a dark shadow, like the figure of a man standing by the organ, and throwing out in fantastic relief the slight form of Lisa writhing, rather than swaying, back and forward, as if in agony. The sounds that came from the organ were broken and meaningless, as if the hands of the player lagged and stumbled on the keys. Between the intermittent chords low moaning cries broke from Lisa, and the dark figure bent towards her with menacing gestures. Trembling with the sickness of supernatural fear, yet strong of will, Margaret Calderwood crept forward within the lurid light, and was drawn into its influence. It grew and intensified upon her, it dazzled and blinded her at first, but presently, by a daring effort of will, she raised her eyes and beheld Lisa's face convulsed with torture in the burning

glare, and bending over her the figure and the features of Lewis Hurley! smitten with horror, Margaret did not even then lose her presence of mind. She wound her strong arms around the wretched girl and dragged her from her seat and out of the influence of the lurid light, which immediately paled away and vanished. She carried her to her own bed, where Lisa lay, a wasted wreck, raving about the cruelty of the pitiless signor who would not see that she was laboring her best. Her poor cramped hands kept beating the coverlet, as though she were still at her agonizing task.

Margaret Calderwood bathed her burning temples, and placed fresh flowers upon her pillow. She opened the blinds and windows, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine, and then looking up at the nearly awakened sky with its fair promises of hope for the day, and down at the dewy fields, and far off at the dark green woods with the purple mists still hovering about them, prayed that a way might be shown her by which to put an end to this curse. She prayed for Lisa, and then, thinking that the girl rested somewhat, stole from the room. She thought that she had locked the door behind her.

She went down stairs with a pale resolved face, and, without consulting any one, sent to the village for a bricklayer. Afterwards she sat by Mistress Hurley's bedside, and explained to her what was to be done. Presently she went to the door of Lisa's room, and hearing no sound thought the girl slept, and stole away. By-and-by she went downstairs, and found that the bricklayer had arrived and already begun his task of building up the organ-room door. He was a swift workman, and the chamber was soon sealed safely with stone and mortar.

Having seen this work finished, Margaret Calderwood went and listened again at Lisa's door; and still hearing no sound, she returned, and took her seat at Mrs. Hurly's bedside once more. It was towards evening that she at last entered her room to assure herself of the comfort of Lisa's sleep. But the bed and room were empty. Lisa had disappeared.

Then the search began, upstairs and downstairs, in the garden, in the grounds in the fields and meadows. No Lisa. Margaret Calderwood ordered the carriage and drove to Calderwood to see if the strange little will-o-the-wisp might have made her way there; then to the village, and to many other places in the neighborhood which it was not possible she could have reached. She made inquiries everywhere, she pondered and puzzled over the matter. In the weak, suffering state that the girl was in, how far could she have crawled.

After two days' search, Margaret returned to Hurly Burly. She was sad and tired, and the evening was chill. She sat over the fire rapped in her shawl when little Bess came to her, weeping behind her muslin apron.

"If you'd speak to Mistress Hurly about it, please, ma'ma," she said. "I love her dearly, and it breaks my heart to go away, but the organ haven't done yet ma'ma, and I'm frightened out of my life, so I can't stay."

"Who has heard the organ, and when?" asked Margaret Calderwood, rising to her feet.

"Please, ma'ma, I heard it the night you went away—the night the door was put up!"

"And not since?"

"No, ma'ma," hesitatingly, "not since. Hist! hark, ma'ma! Is not that like the sound of it now?"

"No," said Margaret Calderwood; "it is only the wind." But pale as death she flew down the stairs and laid her ears to the yet damp mortar of the newly built wall. All was silent. There was no sound but the monotonous sigh of the wind in the trees outside. Then Margaret began to dash her soft shoulder against the strong wall, and to pick the mortar away with her white fingers, and cry out for the bricklayer who had built up the door.

It was midnight, but the bricklayer left his bed in the village, and obeyed the summons to Hurly Burly. The pale woman stood by and watched him undo all his work of three days ago, and the servants gathered about in trembling groups wondering what was to happen next.

What happened next was this: When an opening was made the man entered the room with a light, Margaret Calderwood and others following. A heap of something dark was lying on the ground at the foot of organ. Many groans arose in the fatal chamber. Here was little Lisa dead.

When Mistress Hurly was able to remove, the squire and his wife went to live in France, where they remained till their death. Hurly Burly was shut up and deserted for many years. Lately it has passed into new hands. The organ has been taken down and banished, and the room is a bed-chamber, more luxuriously furnished than any in the house, but no one sleeps in it twice.

Margaret Calderwood was carried to her grave the other day, a very aged woman.

THE END.