

The Northwest Review.

Keating Senate

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

NO 33

PIANO FOR RENT
A Fine toned, upright Piano, almost new for rent. Moderate rental to a desirable applicant. Apply by letter to A. B. Review office

DANIEL CAREY.

Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public.
Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba
25 LOMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

DR. DUFRESNE.

Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician
COR. MAIN AND MARKET STS.
Opposite City Hall. Winnipeg, Man.

McPHILLIPS & WILKES,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Hargrave Block, 336 Main St.
L. G. McPHILLIPS. A. E. WILKES.

BECK & McPHILLIPS
(Successors to Royal & Prud'homme)
Barristers, Attorneys, &c.
Solicitors for Le Credit Foncier Franco Canadian.
OFFICE NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL.
N.D. Beck, LL.B. A. E. McPhillips

McPHILLIPS BROS.,
Dominion Land Surveyors and Civil Engineers.
G. McPhillips, Frank McPhillips and R. C. McPhillips.
Room 10 BIGGS BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

MUNSON & ALLAN,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
J. E. D. MUNSON G. W. ALLAN

D. HALLEN
FIRST-CLASS TAILOR AND CUTTER.
Repairing a Specialty.
Prices Most Reasonable.
45 McDermott St., Winnipeg

M. CONWAY,
General Auctioneer and Valuator
Rooms Cor Main & Portage Ave.

Sales of Furniture, Horses' Implements &c., every Friday at 2 p.m. Country Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to. Cash advanced on consignments of goods. Terms liberal and all business strictly confidential.



SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Drains" (existing the Drains for which tender is made) Will be received at the Department of Public Works up to noon on Monday August 2nd, 1886 for two drains in eastern part of Franklin Municipality and a drain in Parish of St. Andrews from Long Lake southward toward Parke Creek. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Department. An accepted cheque for \$50.00 must accompany each tender, which cheque will be forfeited should the party tendering decline to enter into contract in accordance with his tender. Security acceptable to the Government for the completion of the contract will be required. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. P. BROWN,
Minister of Public Works,
Winnipeg, July 21st, 1886.

A. WILSON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DEALER IN

FLOUR FEED AND GRAIN

640 MAIN STREET

Prices very reasonable

\$500 REWARD!

The Managers of the Hudson Bay Photograph Parlors agree to pay out of their Reserve Fund \$500 to any person who will produce better or more highly finished photographs (taken either in the largest cities of Europe or on the American continent) than those taken at their Parlors, 24 Main street, Winnipeg. This offer to hold good until further notice.

T. R. COLPITS,
ARTIST.

Gold Watch Free.

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well known illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the new year: The person selling to the lowest rate in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Gold Watch, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth \$50. If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive a gold Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch, worth \$25. A key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three more the subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page illustrated New Year Magazine, a case of 25 articles that the holder will appreciate. Pub. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

A CLEVER RONDEAU

Here! march forth! our wrongs redress,
With peace and hope our country bless;
Avert the clouds that gather, low'ring,
Appease the distant tempest roaring,
That threatens us with dire distress.

Columbia joys in thy success,
That fraud and force could not suppress;
Upward and onward and ever soaring,
Here! march forth!

With thee the nation shall progress,
Renewed to health and happiness;
Blest harmony again restoring
To North and south, the bells once more
ring.

To mark the coming Era—yes!
Hear, O March Fourth!
—Justin Thyme, in Notre Dame Scholastic.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY M. AGNES WHITE

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.
III—Continued

O'Donnell was awed, and looked in helplessness upon the scene. He was powerless to help Leonora. God had made it powerless now, but how often and often had it been an easy task to help her when there was in her own pure heart a tempest raging! He went out on the piazza. Great rain drops were dashing down with such impetuous fury that he had to retreat to the passage.

'Tis an awful storm, my son,' said Mrs O'Donnell, coming to where he stood and placing a hand upon his shoulders; and for a moment both started into the fearful darkness without.

'The bay is quite dangerous in a storm like this,' said O'Donnell, partly to himself, while a brilliant flash of lightning followed by a threatening sound of thunder, almost staggered him.

His mother said nothing to his remark but she, too, was thinking of the young wife. Perhaps every moment of Leonora's married life rose like a panorama before her. She too, had helped to make that blighted life still more unhappy. Did she remember for a moment, since she had been beneath her roof, shielding her from the attacks that every one was constantly making on the poor, young, unoffending being? She knew now, as she stood looking at the raging elements, that it should have been her hand that should have shielded her son's wife; but pride, like a hateful monster had mastered the better feelings of the woman's nature, and she had permitted it to prevent her being kind to the poor girl, who had never been anything to her but attentive, gentle, and respectful. The good in her nature now asserted its right to reign, and she would have given anything to know that Leonora was safe at home.

'How dreadful it is, mother!' exclaimed O'Donnell, shuddering. And only think, Leonora is in it. I wish to heavens that she were here.'

'So do I, my son,' putting her arms around his neck; 'but we will trust for the best.'

'I don't think that I can trust to anything; I don't deserve it,' he said, in a dreary tone.

'Never mind, darling,' reassuringly; 'no doubt she is safe.'

'Safe! Would to heaven I could think so. If I could only go to her! I think I must go to the beach to see if the boat has come in.'

'Oh, do not, my son,' cried the mother 'You are unnecessarily annoying yourself. For God's sake do not go in this storm; wait until it abates.'

Seeing that he could accomplish no good by going, the son sat wearily down on the nearest chair in gloomy silence. The servants now began to light the lamps, and shortly after supper was announced. O'Donnell ate nothing, but sat toying with his knife and fork in an abstracted manner.

'Russel what is the matter with you to night?' asked one of his sisters. One would suppose that you were uneasy about Leonora.'

'Have I not every reason to be?' he returned in an altered, changed voice which caused his sister to look in amazement at him.

'But you forget that they did not expect to be back until ten o'clock, and it is not nine yet. For my part, I never meet trouble half way, and then beside laughing—it does look funny to see Russel uneasy about Leonora.'

O'Donnell did not dare to speak; the

storm within him was too terrible. He felt, for the first time in his life, an intense dislike for his sister, and for himself he had the most perfect contempt. He knew that he had no right to expect anything else but remarks of this kind; for what consideration had he ever shown to the one that he had vowed to love and cherish in the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony? It is true that he had always been faithful to her, but that was more respect to his manhood and religion than for any love he possessed for Leonora. He excused himself from remaining at table, and walked out on the balcony. The storm was abating, but it was so black that it was impossible to see an object in front of one. The darkness was impenetrable, though O'Donnell peered into it and listened to catch a sound that would assure him of his wife's approach. But the silence was so painful and the blackness of the night so oppressive that he returned to the lighted parlor.

'We are going to have a game of whist; can't you join us, Russel? We need another to make up the party.'

'I declare, Mabel, I do not feel at all like playing, and, even if I prevent your playing, you must excuse me.'

They sat in silence, each one busy with his or her own thoughts, when the clock struck ten. O'Donnell arose and went to the window. Still there was no sign of the absent party. He returned to his seat, with suspense he was suffering from plainly depicted upon his countenance, in a little while his restlessness was so great that he said:

'I shall go to the bay,' Turning to his sister, he added: 'Did you not say that they expected to be here by ten?'

Before one word could be said he was gone. For the first time they all felt alarmed, and also felt for the first time how little they had ever done for Leonora. Each one could easily remember the kind, loving, thoughtful attention that she had paid them. It was nearing midnight. Weary of solitude, Mabel retired to her apartment, and was soon followed by the younger sister. The elder went uneasily through the hall, and looked out upon the night. The terrible darkness awed her; so she also went to her chamber, but not to sleep. She lowered her lamp and sat by the window. With all her heart she wished that Leonora was safe at home. If she were, she would surely take her to her heart and humbly beg her forgiveness for all the harshness and unkindness she had shown her. After a while the girl rose trembling from her seat, and stole tip-toe across hall to her mother's chamber, which Mrs. O'Donnell was slowly pacing up and down, her face very pale and troubled.

'Why are you not asleep, my daughter?' she inquired.

'I cannot sleep, mother. Don't you think it strange that Leonora has not come?'

Mrs. Donnell sighed.

'There is some delay, I suppose, occasioned by the storm.'

'Yes; but, mother, I feel very uneasy. Could it be that anything has happened? And oh! we have all been so, so cruel to poor Leonora.'

Her face was as white as the gown she wore, and her mother stared half wildly into her face.

For God's sake my dearest, go to bed and try to compose yourself. 'Twill do no good for you to be up. Go now dear.'

'But I could not sleep; indeed, I could not. I am so uneasy. Do you think that Russel would be much grieved if anything were to happen to Leonora? Mother, I am so sorry that we have treated her as we have, and if anything should happen—'

'My poor boy!' was all Mrs. O'Donnell said as she walked to the casement to see if there was anything to be heard, or seen of the absent party.

'If Leonora comes home alive, we shall all try to be different, shall we not mother?'

'We shall, indeed, my daughter; and God grant she may be safe. I wish with all my heart the child were here with me. I feel as if we all had sent her from us, perhaps to perish.'

She hid her face in her hands, while her daughter laid hers gently upon her arm.

'We will pray, mother; let us kneel here.'

They both sank upon their knees, and we shall leave them to their devotions to follow O'Donnell.

IV

There was not one single star to be seen as O'Donnell, without lantern or companion, started for the bay. He almost felt the darkness, it seemed so thick and heavy. He had a hope that the boat would be in, and he could see Leonora. He would run to her, and would take her in his arms, and she should never go from him again as long as he lived. His thoughts should always be of her. Yes; in a few moments he could fold her to his heart, and he would tell her, with a thousand kisses, how sorry he was for the past, and how dear she was to him now. Strange! He could see no light at the landing; but the night was so dark that he was not much surprised at that. He could not bring himself to believe but that they had returned, so as he came nearer the bay, his spirits instead of sinking, seemed to rise, in the hope of soon seeing her. But alas! no boat had come in—had not even been heard from. Several men were standing near the end of the platform that extended over the water. They recognized O'Donnell as he approached, and said:

'They have not returned yet, Mr. O'Donnell, and God knows where they are.'

Russel knew from the speaker's voice that it was Col. Sands who addressed him. 'What must we do?' he asked, going to the gentleman's side.

'I cannot decide, my friend, it is all so dreadful!' repeated the young man in a dreary tone.

He walked away to the extreme end of the platform and leaned over a railing that ran partly across, and looked down into the black, sobbing waters. If Leonora was beneath them, he wanted to go down, too, horrible as they looked. He wondered what could be done. It was perfect torture to stand there waiting for the vessel to come, and hoping and praying that it would, and bring safely to him his wife, who was now the one object of his heart. Oh, how cruel it was in fate to keep him standing there with his hands tied; for what could be done? Col. Sands had told him that the one boat which could brave the angry billows was undergoing repairs. Many men were at work on it now; for far and near, all had dear ones in the absent vessel. Would the time until it was ready, never expire? The very moments seemed ages. He tried to pray but it seemed impossible. Between him and his Divine Lord arose the face of Leonora in a thousand different appearances. At one time it looked full of life sweet and pure, as he had been accustomed to see it; then again it seemed terrified at the raging tempest, and he was too far off to say one comforting word. Again that face, which had grown so inexpressibly dear, was pale in death, with the stormy waters dashing madly over it. This last thought almost crazed him, and he felt a frantic desire to throw himself into the boiling flood and go to her.

One of the men on the platform whispered to a comrade:

'Don't let Mr. O'Donnell out of your sight; he looks as if he had lost his mind. The night at last went out and a gray streak in the east announced the approaching morn. The boat was now ready, and twenty or thirty gentlemen, besides the crew, started in search of the missing ones. There was a brisk breeze still blowing—the last echoes of the nights furious storm. O'Donnell stood on the deck straining his eyes to catch sight of the vessel that had taken his wife away. At length, after hours of expectancy, hoping and fearing, it was announced that there was some object in the distance. There was a breathless silence. None dared to ask a question. The men looked at each other in a sort of hopelessness. And in a short time the eye could distinguish it, but, gracious heavens! It was a capsized vessel. There was not one word uttered; no sound escaped the pale lips of the gentlemen around. There was such a silence that the seemed spirits from the

other world. They lowered the small boats. Russel O'Donnell felt almost will as he was rowed towards the unfortunate vessel. There, clinging to the spars and beams, were human beings, there, in the arms of death, were men clutching the ribbons or dress of some; creature they were trying to save; there were delicate girls on to some one that was dear, or trying to preserve there own poor lives. Some were forever gone. The rough, merciless waters had swept them away to the bosom of the sea, or buried them in their cruel embrace, but where was Leonora? O'Donnell was distracted. Had she, too, been carried away by the strong arms of the waves! Oh? it must not be. He could not give her up! The men looked at him in silent pity. Those who had none to mourn for helped him in his search, and there at last, almost wrapped in a wet sail, was his wife. Darcy, the brave boy had the ribbon of her sash tightly tied to his own body, and then to the mast, while he himself clung to a beam.

When the men with O'Donnell reached him, he still showed signs of life. 'Save Leonora first,' he feebly muttered.

'We will save you both,' said one of the crew, lifting him up.

There was no sign of life in Leonora as her husband clasped her in his arms and kissed her rigid face. Her long fair hair that had been washed by the waves was falling in a heavy mass over her shoulders.

'My darling? My love! why don't you speak! I am your husband coming to save you, Leonora.'

No sound came from the still, pale lips O'Donnell reeled, and would have fallen with his precious burden had not some of the men caught him.

'You must take her to the boat,' cried one of them; 'the dear lady must have some warmth before life can come back. May I help you?'

As he offered to take the form of the insensible woman from her husband's arms, O'Donnell refused, and only held her closer to his warm but aching heart.

The scene in the boat was heartrending in the extreme. Fathers were moaning over lost children; brothers weeping over dead sisters; husband wringing their cold hands over, lifeless form of wives who, but twenty-four hours since had bade them adieu with the breath of life warm upon their cheek. In Darcy's young limbs a warm current was soon flowing, and it was not long before he was at O'Donnell's side, who was still clasping Leonora to his breast.

'Oh, heavens! Mr. O'Donnell cried the boy 'you are going to do nothing to save her?'

The husband looked up in a stupefied way.

'Come here, doctor, and, for God's sake, cure my sister; she can't be drowned. I spoke to her a little while before you all came, and I know she answered me. Now save her, save her.'

'Lower her head, Mr. O'Donnell. Let me see her face,' said the doctor, with his hand on her pulse.

For a few moments he stood silent and grave, while the boy and husband gazed into his solemn face.

'She lives!' at last cried the brother, unable to stand the suspense any longer.

'Yes,' replied the physician slowly, 'but that is all.'

'Oh, that is everything,' replied O'Donnell. 'If there is life she shall get well.'

The scene changes—the last scene in this little story. Three weeks have slipped away slowly and wearily at the O'Donnells' Leonora has been so ill, her consciousness has not yet returned since that night of the awful storm. She has not been able to recognize a familiar face though every one in the household now tries to supersede the others in attention and kindness. To day her fever has abated, and the doctor for the first time looks hopeful. Mrs. O'Donnell sits near the window, and scarcely takes her eyes from the invalid's face. Darcy just now is standing at the foot of the bed, he is so happy because the physician thinks that Leonora will recover that he has cried with joy. O'Donnell is by the bed

Continued on Fifth Page