

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

NO 48

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A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore,
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their Northern homes once
more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold dumb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds whail blow.
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon, for spring is nigh
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past.
And angels silver voices stir the air.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Alice Rossiter had always lived on this
wild north coast. The Rossiters of Dur-
rane were an old family, though the
magnificence of the long line had dwindled
now to this girl and her invalid moth-
er; and Durane, the grand old house, un-
roofed and bare to all the winds of Heav-
en, had given place to the tiny thatched
house, where the widow and her daugh-
ter lived peacefully, with no sigh for the
vanished glories. It would scarcely have
been so if the last Rossiter had been a
boy, for the hot spirit of the race was a
proverb, and it had given birth to many
a dare-devil who took his share in ex-
hausting the revenues and piling up the
mortgages on the over-burdened estate.
In the gloom of the grey church on the
hill, the names of many a long dead Alec
and Hugh and Donald of the race glim-
mered whitely on the walls, and of those
the fishermen by their firesides told stir-
ring stories of daring and gallantry, for
the race was a brave one.

Alice Rossiter showed no sign of her
inheritance in this wild and passionate
blood. Look at her now; no beauty in
face, I think; it is too colorless, even sal-
low; but the satin smooth head is well
shaped and proudly carried; for the pride
of her people she inherits; and she has
never forgotten that she is, as the coun-
try people say, "a blood lady." Her large
shining, grey eyes are beautiful, and full
lips soft and red, and the tall slender fig-
ure carries itself with aswaying grace that
tells of long walks over the hills, and so-
litary rowing on those grey seas; but
her twenty eight years show in her
quiet face, and so many she would seem
even plain looking. She had a staid and
sober youth unbroken by any thought
of love and lovers—was there not the in-
valid mother to be attended to, and the
slender income to be eked out by busy
fingers and brain? literary work was not
of a kind to bring fame, or anything but
slight remuneration; but such as it was
she loved it, and it helped to fill up her
life. The mother at this time was failing,
fast, Alice looked with a dread she
would not acknowledge, even to herself,
to a future when that beloved mother
whose care had been the principle inter-
est in the girl's life, would go away and
leave her desolate.

The small house was beautiful; in front
the gray blue sea with tiny green islands
shining on its heart; behind waving corn-
fields and green pastures, a stretch of
dark woods a mile away, and closing in
this idyllic world the lovely curves of a
misty range of mountains. The house
itself, once a small farm house, was tach-
ed, the half-dozen rooms, low-ceiled and
wainscoted, were quaint and irregular
with irregular cupboards and window
seats, where one might look through
diamond-paned lattices on the stretch
of shining sea, or if one were at the
south side of the house, to the mimic
waves of the long green gold corn-fields.
Roses looked in at the windows and climb-
ed even to the eaves where the birds
built, all the thatch was tunnelled with
the little gray nests. In the gardens,
now it was mid-summer, were tall St.
Joseph lilies, the very lilies, I think,
that Gabriel carried at the Annunciation

and heavy red cabbage roses that made
the air faint with perfume; there was
sweet pea, purple and pinky white, and
nasturtiums creeping up the stems of
the great lilies and climbing to the rose
bushes, covering the sun dial till the sun
at noon vainly tried to cast his shadow
there. There was a green summer-house
and plots where the strawberries shone
like jewels, and cherry-trees were green
on the red walls, and in the plots sacred
to cabbage and salad, celery and peas
ancient apple trees and pear trees stood
up all gnarled and awry, gray and rust
colored liehens of many a year.

Alice and her mother had two faithful
friends. These were Madge, the nurse,
who had first received the girl, a wailing
babe, into her faithful arms, and Saxon,
a St. Bernard dog, the descendant of a
line of canine princes. Madge, sturdy,
obstinate, faithful, was the providence
of the small household, instantly happy
in taking care of two ladies she loved,
incessantly bewailing the past glories of
the great family which had been served
by her and hers for generations, inces-
santly lamenting its downfall, and the
lowly lot of those who represented it Sax-
on looked on himself no less as credi-
ted to look after his mistress for their
good, but he thought the present the
best of all possible time, and he knew
nothing of vanished splendor, or if he
did, contented himself with saying noth-
ing about it, as a dog's wise and dis-
creet way.

It was a stormy evening in mid July
A gale had been blowing for three days
and there were stories of loss and dis-
tress by land and sea. The lilies in the
garden were beaten to earth by the
stress of the storm, and where roses
were not scattered and destroyed, their
cups were heavy with rain. The rain had
left now and there were signs of clearing;
the wild sky was ragged with torn clouds
drifting all one way, and there was a
tumultuous silvery vapor where the moon
tried to look through. The sea was sob-
bing and crying near and far and the
great waves, gathering themselves for a
leap, rushed up, fell forward and broke
on the beach in impotent foam and
fury.

Alice had been three days shut in-
doors, an eternity to one who lived her
free, out-door life, and now at 9 o'clock on
this summer evening, seeing the rain
had left off, she left the bedside where
her mother was sleeping placidly, for a
run on the beach. As she came softly
downstairs with her hat on, Saxon rose
up from the hall-mat wagging his tail
slowly, and joyfully prepared to accom-
pany her.

The salt breath of the sea came sweet
on her face as she ran down the little
garden path through the brave pink
hollyhocks. Looking away to the left,
she noticed that the fishing-village was
not yet a bed, lights glimmering whitely
here and there from a cottage win-
dow. In the coastguards' house, too,
there was an unusual activity, lights pass-
ing to and fro, and she could hear hoarse
shouting from the beach.

She stood still a few minutes, gazing
out on the heaving waters. The evening
was dark and there was nothing visible
but the grey sea wall of mist and vapor.
As she stood a large bird wheeled over
her head, with a cry that started her, it
was eerie, she felt, alone in this dusk of
shadows, by the ghostly sea. The dog
was company, however, and she turned
to speak to him, where he stood by her.

Suddenly there was the report of a gun,
Alice, a sea-bred girl, knew well what it
meant—a ship was in distress on the rocks
off shore. She turned, and began run-
ning swiftly towards the village, where
now the commotion and passing of lights
seemed to have increased. The coast-
guards and sailors were getting out the
life-boats. She understood, quickly, and
gladly, that help was on its road, and her
pace began to slacken.

The darkness was grayer and thicker
on the sea, but the manes of the break-
ers were streaming and tossing. The
ers were streaming with a noise like thunder
waves broke with a noise like thunder
upon the shore. The dog had stopped,
and was whinnying sniffing, peering out
over the waste of water. As she noticed
him he began to run up and down swiftly
Suddenly he pulged into the breakers,
fighting his way towards some object

to him. It was a hard fight in the wild
waters, and he was flung back and hither
and thither, and after a moment Alice
could see him no more. Presently he
came in sight again, swimming more easi-
ly, for the waves were with him, yet em-
barrassed evidently by some weight he
was dragging; and after a few minutes,
which were like hours, of gallant effort,
a great breaker carried him and his bur-
den on its crest and flung them high on
the beach at the girl's very feet. Then
she saw what the dog had fought so
noble for.

The wail of the sea was a man, and a
young one—so much Alice caught in the
first startled look—dressed in sailors clo-
thes; more the waning light hid, and
see only waited with her strong arms to
draw him higher out of the reach of the
great rollers, and pillow his unconscious
head on her cloak, before going to seek
Madge's sturdy help. Then they half car-
ried, half drew him the short distance
that lay between the beach and the
cottage.

"He must have my room," Alice said,
when Madge raised the question, "and
I shall nurse him with you, for God sent
him to me to save."

Already she was filled with a curious
motherly tenderness for a human creat-
ure whose life she had rescued. When
Madge had put him in the little snowy
bed, she assisted to dress the wound
the rocks had made on his forehead,
and to wash the sea-sand and weed from
his curling hair. She saw, then, in the
candle light, how young he was, even
boyish, and the first look deepened her
tenderness. She thought of his mother
his sweetheart, perhaps, far away, and
she thanked God fervently that night
for the trust He had given her of saving
a human life.

His wound inflamed and he grew
feverish. In the morning he was toss-
ing and moaning, muttering to himself
in a sonorous foreign tongue. Alice was
frightened and sent for old Dr. O'Con-
nor, but a long time elapsed before he
answered the summons. When he did
he cleared up the mystery of the patient's
identity.

A great Norwegian ship had broken to
pieces on the rocks the preceding
night. The crew and some of the pass-
engers she carried had taken to the
boats, the captain and his mate remain-
ing to the last. Then a great wave had
lifted the last boat out of reach, just as
the ship had begun to split up, and the
last things the boat's load had seen were
the two standing on the bridge. They
could not possibly have reached shore
alive, it was thought; and indeed some
days after the captain's lifeless body
was brought in by the sea. This must
be the young mate, the doctor conclud-
ed, adding that the ship-wrecked pass-
engers and crew were enthusiastic in his
praise, his steadiness and courage hav-
ing enabled the boats to be launched
and filled, and having indeed nearly
saved the ship. The boat's had come
safely to land with their contents, and
the village was half inn, half hospital,
every cottage with its guest, and the
doctor had been visiting and prescribing
for the terrified and half drowned pas-
sengers till well into the night. The
young fellow was a Norwegian, the
doctor said; his name Eric Biomsen.

Day after day, while the fever contin-
ued, Alice sat by him, reading writing,
working or praying. The white lilies
withered, and the roses fell, the gold
green corn had grown blanched and ripe,
when one morning the sick man's blue
eyes opened with intelligence in them
once more, and rested half inquiringly
on the slight figure in the gray-blue
gown. The sight pleased him perhaps,
for he lay restfully gazing at her, she
quite unconscious of her patient's newly
found mind, reading "maud" and flush-
ing a little for sympathy with the pas-
sion of the wonderful poem. After a
while his eyes went on to the dainty
bookshelf—the pretty water-colors on
the wall, the muslin draped table with
its vase of sweet pea and pansies; then
he looked back at her again, and his eyes
rested on the lilac-colored corn flowers at
her throat, presently his eyes drooped
again and he was asleep.

When he awoke he was talking softly
to an elderly woman with a rugged, pleas-

ant face which he had certainly seen
often during his delirium. He lay a while
piecing things together, and guessing
vaguely how he had come in this deli-
cious old room, when the last thing he re-
membered was plunging from the bridge
of a ship into the seething cauldron of
waters below. Then he moved slightly
and then the young lady turned and
came towards him.

"You must not speak just yet" she
said, in the sweetest voice of the world
though 'you are safe and among friend
we found you on the beach after the
shipwreck, and you have been with us a
month; you will soon be able to hear all
about it."

Then after a moment's thought she
went on: "The doctor has written to
your home, and they know that you are
safe; we learned your address from one of
the shipwrecked passengers."

She smiled as she concluded; and he
smiled back at her faintly, and said one
or two words of thanks in English, with
a foreign accent. Then as she turned
away he fell to thinking how lovely and
how kind her smile was, and how it was
like a woman with her smile to tell him
all he needed to know while command-
ing his silence.

After that he grew strong rapidly, and
in a little while was able to come
down and have tea with Alice and her
mother in the quaint parlor. They grew
great friends, all of them—Madge hav-
ing given in ignominiously soon to the charm
of the bright face, and the boyish gold-
colored head. Saxon, having been the
first cause of saving him, took him un-
der his protection; visited him in his
sick room, accompanied him up and
down when he began to be in transit, and
altogether placed him second only to
Alice herself.

They all knew about him by this time,
as he did about them. He was a poor
gentleman, he said, with a loss of his
curly hair; his uncle, whose heir he was
having married his cook, left all his
money to her, except a provision for
him of a few hundred a year hardly
sufficient in his mind, to keep a home
together for his mother and his two sis-
ters, so he had made it over to them
and given himself up to the sea as a pro-
fession.

He knew the sea well, having served
his apprenticeship thereto, his uncle,
thinking by a few rough voyages to cure
his sea fever, this was long ago, however,
and before the era of the cook. His love
of the sea was too genuine to be so dis-
pelled and it was no pain to him, he said
to turn to it to make his living.

Alice was full of indignation at his
wrongs, which was no way lessened
because he laughed and made light of it
all.

The cook, he said, was a decent old
lady, who made his uncle's way pleasant
at the last by good cooking and good
nursing.

"But for Olga, my eldest sister, a
proud little lady, my mother would long
since have taken the olive branch held
out to her by the widow. She pets me
good old soul, and would be for halving
her gold with me if I had the humility to
consent."

He laughed again brightly as he spoke
and the sun caught all the ripples of his
hair, and looked into the blue sea depths
of his eyes; and laughed too.

It was strange how his merriment, his
boyishness of look and feeling attracted
the girl four years his senior; he was no
novel in her even, level life, so delight-
ful like a breeze or a sunbeam or a turn
in a leaf-dark wood. He was a great young
Titan, largely developed, tall and strong
of limb, yet this slight dark girl looked
him often, when he was talking his bright
est, with a curious yearning tenderness
protection such as a mother might have
or her frail baby.

The other love lying there unknown to
her, leaped into life at something on his
face that last evening when he asked her
to come with him to the beach where
she had found him. She went quietly,
though her heart was beating as loud as
she thought he must hear it, and as they
walked he took her hand in his and held
it where it fluttered like a frightened
bird.

To Be Continued.