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NO 318

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Such information may be communicated to
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ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing.
One by one the moments fall.
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee.
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn th'ou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gift from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given—
Ready too let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for tomorrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or to be;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond.
Nor the daily toll forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

"SHULE AGRA."

CHAPTER I.

It was an evening in the month of
June, and the height of London season.
Carriages were rolling up and down in
every direction, filled with gaily dressed
ladies, and it required a little thought
and skill to steer one's way across any
of the great thoroughfares. Perhaps no
part of London was more crowded than
High street, Kensington, which is narrow
and yet very much favored by carriages,
and for some minutes a man had been
standing on the sunny side of the street
waiting a chance to go to the grateful
shade opposite. A great stalwart fellow
he was—now all dusty and hot, and oh!
so tired. He had an honest face, out of
which looked a pair of deep blue eyes
that had in them a look of pain that one
sees more often in the eyes of dumb
things. He looked bewildered as he gazed
at the stream of carriages rolling by, and
ever and anon he started and strained
his gaze anxiously after one or another,
as if he saw or thought he saw some well-
known face. It was evident from his
hesitation to cross the road that he was
not a Londoner; but at last he took heart
of grace and found himself in the shade,
and then went on his way. Many a one
stopped to look after him as he strode
along, neither looking to the right nor
left, while the pained, anxious look
in his eyes seemed to deepen with every
fresh step. Occasionally he would stop
a passerby to ask, "Is this London?" and
some would look half scared and hurra-
y on, as if they thought he was crazed, while
others laughed as they answered. He had
gone a long way for some time without
asking the oft repeated question, and
now found himself close to Hammersmith
Broadway. He quickened his pace on
seeing a policeman walking leisurely on
some yards in advance, and when he got
near enough to speak to him he asked
again:

"Is this London, sir?"
"Well hardly, my man," replied the
officer, and then noting the weary, travel-
worn look of the man, he asked kindly:
"Tell me what part of London you wish
to go; perhaps I can assist you?"
"Well, indeed, sir, and that's what I
hardly know myself," said he in dejected
tones, and his voice broke silently as
he continued: "I am looking for my wife
and child that I haven't seen this sixteen
years."

The policeman scanned his face criti-
cally while he was speaking, and noted
the grief-worn lines in the honest face.
He was an experienced man, and could
tell a rogue from an honest man at a sin-
gle glance. One of those heaven-sent im-
pulses of kindness now made him resolve
to try and help this poor wanderer. Hav-
ing first consulted his watch, he said:
"I shall be off duty in a few minutes,
and if you care to trust me with the
story of your loss I may be able to help
you. You are not a Londoner, I am sure,
he continued smiling.

"No, that I am not," said the man, lift-
ing his head proudly. "I am an Irishman."
I thought so. Now if you will take my
advice you will go into some quiet place

and rest yourself a little, for you are
very tired. Here is the address of a
quiet coffee-house in that street you see
turning off at the left there. You can
get anything you want there—good food
and cheap;" so saying, he handed the
man a leaf torn from his pocket-book,
with an address written legibly on it.

"May God reward you. You have put
fresh courage into me. I'll go to that
house, sir, and will be watching for you,"
and touching his hat gracefully, he went
off.

A few minutes later, the officer fol-
lowed him and heard his tale, which was
as follows, beginning with early life, Der-
mot Finlay was a native of the village of
Clonakilty, in the south of Ireland, and
had married, while yet young, the village
schoolmistress, a pretty intelligent, good
young girl, and in Dermot's eyes a very
superior specimen of womankind. He
was an affectionate and chivalrous sort
of fellow, and his love for his young wife
was almost worship. He thought he
could not do half enough to make her
happy or "comfortable" as he called it,
and he grew too ambitious for village pay
to satisfy him. He wanted to get rich
and make a "lady" of Kathleen very
quickly. With this intent he left the "old
country" and found his way to Southamp-
ton, where he had a half promise of lu-
crative work in a shipyard, he being a
carpenter. Very happy they were and
Kathleen was delighted with her neat
little English cottage and gay garden,
but Dermot grew more ambitious and
was never tired of dilating on his plans
and hopes, while Kathleen laughed at him
and said she was contented with enough.
They had one little girl-baby, and when
it was about nine months old there arose
for Dermot what is called "a grand op-
portunity" if he only could have fore-
seen the sorrow it was to bring him! He
was offered the post of ship's carpenter
in a new and splendid vessel fitted out
for South American trade. The excellent
pay, coupled with the short voyage, pro-
ved attractions too strong for Dermot,
who sought a rapid road to fortune. So
when Kathleen found all her efforts to
dissuade him from his project either
laughed at or absolutely withered away
by Dermot's ardent pictures of all the
good luck this venture was to bring, she
quietly set about her preparations, and
nursed her heartache in silence, like
many a loving woman.

"For men must work and woman must
weep," but the bitterest pains are wept
over in silence and solitude. As the day
fixed for the vessel's sailing drew near
Dermot felt more than one remorseful
 pang as he saw Kathleen's pale face and
heard her singing to her baby the sweet-
est and saddest of the songs of her na-
tive land, but he always strengthened
his resolve with the thought that the
sacrifice was for Kathleen, and after all
it was only a question of a few months
absence at the most. He did not dare
say to himself how many.

Dermot sailed away one bright June
morning, and poor Kathleen bade him
good-by with smiling lips, poor
little woman; but when he was fairly off
she broke down, and it was many, many
days before the dull load of sorrow on
her heart seemed to lighten. She had
one letter from him from Cape Verde
and after that never a word of either
ship or crew. Long after the owners
and all concerned in the ship had given
her up as lost, Kathleen continued to
hope; but at last she was forced to face
the truth, and, donning her widow's
garb, she went quietly about her work.
She had given up her little cottage and
taken a room in a poor lodging house
and she managed to support herself and
her little one by teaching. Until five
years before Dermot's reappearance
she had struggled bravely on, but then
her health broke down, and she was ad-
vised to try and get to London, where
in some of the great hospitals there, she
would be able to get the treatment her
case needed. All these facts Dermot
had elicited from the people with whom
she had lodged, and in reply to his
eager questioning as to her
whereabouts in London, they
could only give him the address of the
lodgings she had gone to and the hospi-
tal. She had written about four times in
all and then they had never heard again

'Most likely she was dead, poor thing,
was the not very consoling opinion they
expressed to the disappointed man.

'But the child, the child,' he burst
out wildly in a perfect agony of grief
They could only shake their heads in
profound ignorance and inability to give
him any information or comfort, but they
said perhaps he might find out more in
London, if he went to the hospital where
she had been. He seized on this hope
eagerly, and set off for the metropolis.
Alas! this was not the home-coming
he had pictured when he parted from
Kathleen so many years ago. To relate
the history of Dermot's ship-wreck and
miraculous escape, and the unaccount-
able vicissitudes that rendered all his
attempts to communicate with his wife
useless, would require more space than
we can give, suffice it to say that he
realized his ambition and was rich—but
to what purpose? His history as told to
the policeman, winding up with the ac-
count of his unsuccessful search for his
loved ones, proved him a simple unprac-
tical fellow, in spite of his giant
strength. He had bought up a map of
London, which he marked off in sections
vowing to traverse every bit of it until he
found his wife and child, for he would
not believe they were lost to him forever.
He had gone to the lodgings where she
had been on coming first to London, but
the house had changed hands and no
one knew of the whereabouts of the pre-
vious tenants. Then he went to the
hospital, where he had more success,
one of the nurses then remembered her,
and from this woman he learned that his
wife had been discharged cured, and
that some ladies had taken an interest
in her and promised to assist her to earn
her bread. The nurse had kept up in-
tercourse with her for about a year or
more, but illness in her own family had
obliged her to go into the country for
several months, and when she returned
she went to see "Mrs. Finlay," and to
her surprise found that she had left; and
her landlady did not know where she
had gone. Every clue that had been
given to Dermot the policeman made a
note of, and having given him clear and
concise directions how to pursue his
search, and promising to give him all
the aid he could, they parted for that
night.

CHAPTER II.

It was now the fifth day after Dermot's
meeting with the kind policeman, and
he had been pursuing his search system-
atically, but up to the present he seemed
as far from his goal as ever, yet he did
not despair for in his search he had come
across one or two people who had all
seen or known Kathleen at some time or
other, and their encouragement was not
without its effect. Then he had his
deep faith as well to help him, and over
and over again, as he prayed for the
safety of his lost treasure, he said to him-
self that Mary, 'The Star of the Sea,'
would as surely guide him to them as
she had protected him through all the
perils of the tempest. Those quiet June
nights were never to be forgotten, when,
wearing out with tramping all day, he
sought some quiet place by the river side
far from the din and turmoil of the busy
London world, as he watched the pale
stars gleam out, one by one, and listen-
ed to the river rushing by, sometimes
his grief became so poignant that hope
seemed to die; but, as he looked heaven-
ward; he would lift his head with a re-
verent prayer, and feel penitent for doubt-
ing the loving care and watchfulness
of Mary, 'Star of the Sea.' None can
know, save those who have experienced
it, the weariness of a quest in London,
especially if it be for some poor, world
forgotten creature.

Dermot had a particularly hard day
drudging all through Whitechapel, and
he turned from his quest with a greater
sense of desolation than he had yet ex-
perienced. It had been a hot, oppressive
day, and watering-carts were everywhere
busy, battling with the grimy London
dust. He felt neither heat nor hunger,
but still he had sense enough to know
that his strength would diminish under
the influence of both if he did not take
care, so he turned towards his quiet
lodging with the intention of getting
something to eat. The eager question
that assailed him on entering as to the
success of his search proved almost too
much for his much-tried heart, but he
answered quickly, and put an end to all
comments by getting to his own room,
where his evening meal awaited him.
He spent but little time over it, feeling
a restless longing to be out again, as the
little room seemed too small to breathe
in that warm June night, especially with
such a sorrow laden heart. Some impulse
led his steps—not to the river this night
where he was wont to go, but toward
the West End, and he found himself in
Regent street, bewildered by the glare of
light from the shops, and the ever-hurry-

ing, motley crowd. He turned into
Oxford street and wandered on and on
until he got to Baywater, and he moved
across the road to look into Kensington
Gardens, and, leaning against the rail-
ings, he gave himself up to thought, en-
joying in a quiet way the cool night air,
the tender greenery all around, and the
sweet, fresh smell from the flowers. The
din of London was very, very distant at
that moment, and all was very still, when
suddenly a girl's voice was heard singing
far away. Dermot started as the sound
broke upon his ear, and he wondered
why his heart seemed to stand still for
a moment, and then he bent his ear to
listen intently. He could not hear the
words, the singing was too far away, but
the melody was born on a still night
air so clearly that he could tell, now,
why it affected him so much the first
moment he heard it. It was one of
Kathleen's songs, and the one that came
most readily to her lips those days long
ago when preparing for Dermot's depart-
ure. He took up the refrain as it came
to his ear again and sang with an inten-
sity of pathos that made the people pass-
ing by stand to listen.

"Shule, shule, shule agra—Peace why
hast thou sighed farewell! The lad of
my heart from home is gone. Cathu-
theen, cathutheen Shaune!"

And then with eager footsteps, and
without daring to put a foot heavily on
the ground, as if fearing to lose a note
of the sweet old song, he sped along in
the direction of the voice. In a quiet
gray old square he found the singer, a
slender young girl, holding by the hand
a tiny boy. A few people had gathered
around to hear her song, and, as the lit-
tle boy went round with his cap in hand
the coppers were given with a willing-
ness that testified their appreciation of
the singing. More than one door in the
square opened, and the little boy went
to each, receiving from all a contribution.
Dermot had held aloof, for he felt
strangely moved; but as the girl and boy
were moving away he went hastily for-
ward, and twitching the boy's sleeve, he
was just placing a half sovereign in his
hand when another hand was placed on
his, and he was pulled forcibly back,
and turning round with much indigna-
tion, he found himself face to face with
his friend, the policeman. On Dermot
asking an explanation of his interference
he replied:

"I've been looking everywhere for you,
I have some news."
"Thank God," said Dermot fervently
and yet he felt, what he acknowledged
to himself to be, a most unreasonable
feeling of disappointment, for he had
fancied that old and well loved song
would have led him to those he sought.
It was the fancy of a moment, and he
put it away and prepared to hear the
news his friend had brought. Mean-
time they had been walking in the same
direction as the singer and her little
companion.

"Well, your news, Mr. Ferguson," asked
Dermot.

"It's good news, and a little bad news
Dermot; but I think I'll not tell you
more than that they are found."

"Oh, where are they? Let me go to
them at once."

"No, no. Hush, that girl is singing
again! Come near and listen to her,"
and Dermot yielded passively for the
song and the voice held him captive.
They had drawn nearer to the girl, and
the street lamp was shining full on her
face and Dermot gazed at her with all
his heart in his eyes, for the features
were Kathleen's own—all save the eyes.
Dermot shook all over as he looked at
the unconscious girl, and he grasped his
companion's arm in a way that made
him wince, as he asked in a low, hoarse
tone.

"Is she blind? For God's sake tell me!
"Yes, but now be a man, and be thank-
ful she is living."

"My child, my Kathleen's child. I
knew it was she." And two big tears
rolled down his cheeks.

"Come now, let us follow her. She is
going home." And as they went along,
Ferguson told the few facts he had elic-
ited, how the mother was a confirmed in-
valid, but able to earn a little by straw
plaiting, and poor Eily, the blind girl
added to her mother's meagre earnings
by singing, but this she did unknown to
her mother, whose heart it would have
broken, as she opened this field of labor
to her blind child by teaching all the
sweet songs of her native land, and Eily's
voice and ear seemed given as a com-
pensation for the loss of her sight.

There is no more to tell. Dermot real-
ized his "castles in the air" after suffer-
ings he never counted on, the greatest of
which was the knowledge of the suffer-
ing that his ambition had brought on
those he loved so well. They all return-
ed to their own well-loved land with their
new found prosperity, for Dermot was a
rich man, and like many others of his
nation, he showed his love for Ireland by
bringing back his riches to spend there
on his poorer brethren. It was a trial to
him to have his darling Eily blind, but
God has been generous to him he felt,
and so, while an occasional regret for her
sake would come uppermost, he settled
it by asking her to sing, "for her voice
brought all my happiness home."

"Shule, Shule, Shule Agra. Cathu-
theen, Cathutheen Shaune."