

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886.

NO. 5.

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PATIENCE

BY E. A. T.

Not all at once may the young birds fly.
Rise and soar through the scented light,
White space drops soft from their happy wings.
Moving through dreamy height,
Through silver air near to cloudy towers—
Would that such far-off flights were ours!
Would that to-day from all clog of earth,
From fetters that cruelly cling,
Our spirits could rise and from darkness and sin
Spring up on triumphant wing,
Spring up from ourselves in a glorious flight,
In a boyless winging through acres of light.

But not all at once may our souls fly up
Far from the dust of the world away,
Up from earth's sin and the sorrow it brings
To the light of a sinless day—
Not all at once, but by patience slow
And efforts heroic—God will it so.
—Baltimore Mirror.

THE AMULET.

CHAPTER XII.

IS IT HIS GHOST?—THE GUILTY EXPOSED.

(CONTINUED.)

"What generosity!" exclaimed Mr. Van de Werve, in admiration. "You travel about in search for your nephew; you endanger your health. I foresee that he has but to speak to obtain pardon. And this great sacrifice, this magnanimous affection meets with such a return! It is frightful!"

"No sir," replied Deodati, "I will not pardon Geronimo. He will never be the same to me. Should I find him, or should he return to me, I will give him an income sufficient to keep him from want; that being done, I shall renounce the world and retire into a cloister, to await there in solitude and peace the time when it may please God to call me to himself."

Mr. Van de Werve heard the street door open, and said eagerly to the old merchant:

"Signor, my daughter is at church and may return at any moment. I beg you not to speak of these things in her presence. Since the disappearance of Geronimo, she does nothing but weep and pray; no consideration alleviates her sorrow, nothing consoles her. If she were suddenly to lose all hope, it might cause her death. Heavens! Signor Turchi, what has happened to him?"

He arose hastily and regarded in astonishment Simon Turchi, who entered and attempted to speak, but the words seemed to die upon his lips, for he stood trembling in the centre of the room, uttering unintelligible sounds. He was pale as death.

Deodati arose also, and looked inquiring at Turchi:

The latter said, hurriedly:
"I went to the house of the bailiff; he was not at home. He has been sent for and he will be here immediately with his officers to accompany me to my garden. Oh! I have terrible news to communicate; but my mind wanders, I am losing my senses. I can tell nothing, particularly to you, Signor Deodati. Unhappy old man! Why did God reserve such a trial for your old age?"

"Another misfortune? Speak, Simon speak," said Deodati, in suppliant tones, and trembling from anxiety.
Turchi fell, as if from exhaustion, upon a chair, and said, in a voice broken by sobs:

"No, Signor, ask me nothing; I could not break your heart by such stunning tidings. Alas! alas! who anticipated such a misfortune? My unhappy friend! my poor Geronimo!"

A torrent of tears fell from his eyes, and while Deodati and Mr. Van de Werve begged him to tell the cause of his extraordinary emotion, he stammered:

"O! let me be silent; despair tortures my heart. I can tell no one but the bailiff; he will soon be here. If I could but doubt! But no, it is too true; there is no more hope! May the God of mercy receive his poor soul into heaven!"

"Of whom do you speak?" exclaimed Deodati. "His soul? Whose soul? Geronimo's?"

Steps were heard in the vestibule. Simon Turchi went to the door, and said:

"Here is the bailiff! He will know the secret which is breaking my heart."

around in surprise, and at last said to Simon Turchi, who continued to talk confusedly:

"You have sent for me in haste, in order to make a terrible revelation; I am here with my officers. Have you discovered Geronimo's assassins? Speak, Simon and tell us what you know."

"So horrible is this secret, messire, that my tongue refuses to tell it. Ah! if I could forever—"

"Calm yourself, signor," said the bailiff with perfect self-possession. "What have you learned?"

"But—but I must be alone with you. The news I have to communicate must not be revealed before Signor Deodati."

The old man said, with tearful eyes:
"You are cruel, Signor Simon! What could you say more terrible? You speak of Geronimo's soul; you announce his death, and yet you leave me in this horrible doubt. Speak, I conjure you."

All that Simon Turchi had said was only a deception practiced upon his auditors, in order to make them believe that grief had effected his mind, and to prepare the way for his revelation.
"At last he appeared to yield to necessity, and said:
"God grant that the frightful news may not afflict you as it did me! Listen! you know that two days ago my servant Julio left my service because I severely reproved his irregularities. This disquieted me, because I had noticed that he was persecuted by some secret remorse. Just now, hardly a half hour ago, I left my residence, and was going towards the Dominican church to pray for my poor friend. On the way I thought of my servant Julio, and feared that in his despair he might have taken his life. When I was near the bridge, I heard my own name timidly pronounced. I turned and saw Julio. I commenced to reproach him with his absence, but putting his finger on his lips, he whispered:

"Signor, I beg you to follow me; I have a secret to reveal to you."

"His manner and tone of voice were so peculiar that I accompanied him to a retired spot. His revelation caused me such intense grief that I could hardly stand, and I was obliged to support myself against the wall as I received the confession of the penitent assassin."

A cry of horror escaped Deodati. Eager to hear the remainder, Mr. Van de Werve gazed fixedly upon the narrator. The bailiff was more calm—he listened attentively he nodded his head, as if he foresaw the conclusion of Turchi's narrative.

"I hardly dare continue," he said, "My soul revolts—but I must disregard my feelings," and in a more tranquil manner, he resumed:
"Shuddering with horror, I heard Julio say:
"Master, I have committed a frightful murder. Remorse pursues me as a malediction from God. I shall put an end to my guilty life. In an hour I shall be in eternal torments, but I wish the body of my victim to be buried in holy ground. Go to your pavilion. In the lowest cellar, at the extremity of the subterranean pass, you will find the corpse of Signor Geronimo buried."

Tears fell fast from the eyes of Signor Deodati, and sobs convulsed his frame. Turchi continued:
"Signor Geronimo, I exclaimed, in terror. Have you killed my poor friend?"
"Yes! I put to death Signor Geronimo. I needed money to spend at the taverns, and you would not give it to me. I killed him in order to get the money he might have about him. Adieu. This very day all will be over with me. Before I had sufficiently recovered from the shock to think of seizing Julio, he had disappeared. Probably, to-day—"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Simon Turchi. "I hear Miss Van de Werve."

"For the love of God, not a word in her presence," said Mr. Van de Werve. Mary entered the room, looking around anxiously. She had seen the officers at the door, and she seemed to inquire of her father the cause of their presence.

She remarked her father's pallor and embarrassment. Simon Turchi looked down, as if in despair. Deodati covered his eyes with his hands.

A cry of anguish escaped the young

girl, and she glanced in turns at her father, Deodati, Turchi and the bailiff; but they each seemed anxious to avoid her eye.

"Go to your room, Mary," said Mr. Van de Werve. "Give me this proof of affection—Ask nothing."

The young girl, struck by these evidences of some misfortune, ran to her father and exclaimed, joining her hands:
"Speak, father, and tell me what has happened. Leave me not in this terrible suspense. Tell me that they have not found Geronimo's dead body. Alas, he is dead. Is it not so?"

Throwing her arms around her father's neck, she wept bitterly, conjuring him to tell her the cause of their emotion.

Without giving her any explanation, Mr. Van de Werve attempted to lead his daughter out of the room; but she, like one crazed by grief, released her hand from her father's, fell upon her knees before Turchi, and exclaimed:
"By the love you bore him, signor, take pity on me and tell me what has happened to him. Let me not leave the room under the frightful conviction that he is dead."

Turchi remained silent, gazing upon her with an expression of profound sadness.

"You too, are implicable, inexorable," she said rising. "But you, at least—his uncle, his father—will be more merciful."

She ran to the weeping merchant, gently forced his hands from his face, and conjured him, in piteous accents, to give her some information which would relieve the torturing suspense.

The old Deodati, still weeping, threw his arms around her neck, and murmured:

"God bless you, my child, for your love. Let us pray for him!"

Mr. Van de Werve had left the room to call Petrodilla. He returned with her and said to his daughter:
"Mary, go with your duenna. You must not remain here longer."

The young girl seemed not to hear her father's words for she was immovable as if petrified by grief.

He added, in an impatient, severe tone:
"Mary, leave the room. I wish it; I command it. Obey me."

She arose and walked slowly toward the door. Tears flowed down her cheeks she supported her trembling limbs by leaning on the arm of her duenna. Mr. Van de Werve feared she would lose consciousness before her own apartment was reached.

All, with the exception of the perfidious Turchi, were moved by compassion for the unhappy young girl.

As the duenna opened the door to let her mistress pass out, strange sounds were heard in the vestibule.

Mary started, and stepped back into the room, as though in the presence of some apparition.

"It is his ghost, his spirit," she exclaimed, "arisen from the grave to demand vengeance upon his murderers!"

She gazed with intense emotion, then added, in accents of the wildest joy:
"He smiles upon me; it is himself! He lives! It is Geronimo!"

Pronouncing this cherished name she fell insensible in the arms of her attendant, who assisted by the bailiff, carried her to an armchair.

Signor Geronimo entered.
His face was as pale and fleshless as that of a skeleton. The wound he had received in his neck appeared like a large spot of clotted blood—his garments were disordered, soiled and blood stained. He seemed really a spectre just arisen from the tomb.

As soon as Turchi recognized his victim, he recoiled, uttering a cry of terror; and imagining that God had permitted a miracle in order to punish his crime, he extended his trembling hands to Geronimo, as if to implore pardon.

The young man cast upon him a look of disgust and contempt, and exclaimed:
"You here, assassin! Tremble for the Supreme Judge will demand of you an account of my blood and of Julio's death."

A murmur of surprise and terror ran through the room; all eyes were fixed on Simon Turchi, who seemed crushed by Geronimo's words.

Having thus addressed Turchi, Geronimo rushed into his uncle's arms and embraced him in a transport of joy.

"Oh, unexpected happiness!" he exclaimed. "It is permitted me to see my uncle again in this world. I know you have suffered; you have suffered as a father deprived of his only child. No more sorrow now. I will repay you for your tender affection; I will love you; I will show my gratitude; I will venerate you. Ah! bless the God of mercy, who has saved me from the fangs of that tiger thirsting for my blood. But Mary, where is Mary? Ah, there she is. My beloved friend, what has happened?"

He ran to the insensible young girl, knelt before her, and endeavored to recall her to consciousness by every endearing epithet.

In the meantime Mr. Van de Werve aided the duenna in her exertions to restore animation. Taking advantage of this, Simon Turchi walked towards the door with the intention of making his escape; but the bailiff, discovering his design, drew his sword and placed himself in the doorway.

Then Simon Turchi understood the fate awaiting him. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. He trembled in every limb, and his breast heaved with sighs of anguish. Every expectation of escape by flight, or by making an appeal for pardon, vanished as he beheld the indignant expression of the bailiff.

Mary at last recovered from the faint which she had fallen. She looked around her in surprise, as if ignorant of what had happened; but when Geronimo's voice fell in joyous accents on her ear, a bright smile irradiated her countenance, and she exclaimed:

"It is not a dream. He lives. I see him once more. Geronimo. Geronimo. The young noble was too overpowered to do more than call the name of his beloved."

Only a few minutes had elapsed since Geronimo's entrance; all were too much moved to express their surprise in words. But the bailiff resolved to put an end to this harrowing scene by the performance of a painful duty.

He said, in an imperative manner:
"Signor Geronimo, be pleased to interrupt for a moment the expression of your happiness. By the authority of the law I ask you what has happened, and why you stigmatize the Signor Turchi as an assassin. Approach, and obey my order."

Turchi, foreseeing that his frightful crime was about to be revealed, writhed convulsively and was covered with shame and confusion. He dared not look upon his accuser.

"Declare the truth," ordered the bailiff.

"Five or six weeks ago," said Geronimo, "Simon Turchi told me that unforeseen circumstances made it an imperative necessity for him to raise the sum of ten thousand crowns, adding that if he did not succeed in obtaining it immediately, the credit of his house would be gone, and he himself would be irretrievably ruined. He needed the sum, he said, only for one month. I lent him the ten thousand crowns, and at his earnest solicitation, in order to conceal the knowledge of this loan from the clerks, I made no entry upon the books of the transaction, but was satisfied with an acknowledgment in writing of the debt."

Old Deodati made an exclamation of joy, ran to his nephew; and embraced him affectionately.

"God be praised. Dear Geronimo, you restore to me life. That wicked man tried to persuade me that you had lost ten thousand crowns at play. You were too virtuous, too grateful for that, my beloved boy."

"Observe the respect due the law, Signor Deodati. Continue your statement, Signor Geronimo."

"What an odious falsehood," said the young man.

Then turning to the bailiff, he continued:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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