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THE LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
(Per the vast that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel trills clear on the soul,
'Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal.'

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden to heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

'Too late!' Through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
'Too late,' is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive
For in vain.

Then up to the contest with Faith,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled,
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead,
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

—Paul H. Hayne.

THE MISER, AND HIS DOG GRIP.

A Tale of the Common's Bend, in the Northern Suburbs of the City of Cork.

It lay away up among the 'High Rocks,' a spot known by this appellation that capped the rising ground. The eminence stood out sentinel-like to the traveler's left, along the road that wound to Blarney Castle. The Commons and Blackpool of North Cork are left behind.

From amidst the boulders the chimney of 'Dan's Hut' barely peeped. For years this was the only title the miser's domicile bore, Dan Dorrathy himself scarcely recognized his second name, so seldom had he heard it called by his poor and scattered neighbors. Only a few cabins and small white-washed cottages, detached and standing wide apart, relieved the beauty at some points of the solemn grandeur of the landscape.

Dan was in all truth a pedler. His stock and trade, always carried in a square, shallow wicker basket in front of him and supported by a pendent strap from the merchant's neck, consisted chiefly of combs, braces, tapes, pins and buttons. For more than forty years he plied his trade persistently. His faithful Grip, a bull-terrier rather than the average size, never once during a life of twelve years departed from his master's side.

The old man's peregrinations often took him days from home. His rambles not only included every precinct of his native city, Cork but Monkstown, Passage West, Cove and the adjoining village knew and purchased regularly from the hawker. An air of intense reticence and profound mystery pervaded the pinched and dwarfish frame of the merchant. He would push a comb or cardful of buttons into your hand without a word. Then, darting a glance at you from beneath a pair of shaggy, protruding brows, he awaited your handing him the money. Without a 'thank you' he turned away. Want the articles or not, of course you purchased. Unconscious of everything—even of the change the little pedler should have returned you—a knot of speculations so engaged the mind as to whether the individual present was wizard, man or elf, that you forgot all else.

Everyone supposed Dan Dorrathy poor. Who for a moment have thought him rich, or as rich as he thought himself? Yet away up in those High Rocks he had three thousand sovereigns stacked away. Summers came and winters sped by, yet the brightness of the gold pieces never decreased, though steadily the pile grew. How happy Dan was none can tell—how miserable who shall attempt to prove?

Ten years before the miser had committed to his charge a little niece—the child of a dead brother. Amy was in her seventh year when she became an inmate of Dan's hut. The child's mother had been dead some time before, and now her father lay at rest in the old churchyard at Killcully.

For months after the girl's arrival at the cabin her uncle manifested some slight concern for his niece's welfare. But then the girl was growing and ate heartily. She needed clothing too. Yet she was so young, Dan thought, to work

abroad. The old man became uneasy. He thought well of the child, but more of his gold. For weeks together he would growl, and one evening in a morose fit he pushed the orphan from his side. In short, little Amy's life was fast becoming unbearable.

'You eat too much,' he said. 'Yer father ought to have saved his money. Yer clothes take all I earn.' Then turning to the dog, 'Grip! d'ye hear, lie down.'

Amidst the growing irascibility of her uncle, Amy withal, was patient, and daily performed her little household duty with alacrity and care. Silently she grieves and during the long summer days, would wander out among the rocks and tall ferns, there to pour out her child sorrow to the bird and insect brood. How happy they all seemed to her. But oh, to be under some kindly roof in the big city beyond! This thought fascinated her. Yet 'Uncle Dan might be kind some day—surely he knows I am but a little girl.' Then, selecting the highest boulder she could find, she knelt down, beneath its shadow and breathed forth the sweetness and simplicity of childhood itself.

Alas! Dan Dorothy did not grow kinder, and ultimately Amy found herself one autumn evening upon the summit of Fair Hill, having wandered away from the miser's home. Her uncle had been treating that day by some of the neighboring farmers, and the liquor only intensified his customary moroseness. The dog Grip followed her some six or eight fields, but then quitted her side and bounded homeward. Turning her face towards the city lights, she walked onwards and was lost to Dan's hut and for the present to all knowledge of her uncle.

Amy's sudden disappearance at first excited some curiosity and a good deal of comment among the cottagers of the High Rocks and the Commons. But a little inquiry set matters right and proved that Amy had quitted home of her own accord. Had Dan's cruelty to his little niece been known the pedler would doubtless have received some decidedly sharp rebukes and just chastisement from the simple-minded but warm-hearted inhabitants of the district. The child, however, was too loyal to complain, and none knew of her real grievance save a good Sister of Charity.

The miser spared no pains to find his now lost charge. All efforts becoming exhausted, he ultimately reconciled himself to the belief that Amy had been carried off, or that she had secreted herself voluntarily from the only relative she had in Ireland.

Days, months, and years passed.

The first Sunday evening of each month was the regularly allotted time for Dan to exhume and count his buried treasures. During Amy's brief stay of ten months at her uncle's dilapidated home the miser always managed the day set apart for counting his hoard to send his niece abroad among the neighbors. On her return home she would be ordered to bed.

The hut, a long, narrow house of thick mud walls, thatched roof and earthen floor, consisted of three apartments. In one of these, farthest from Amy's sleeping room, Dan Dorrathy himself slept. As surely as the appointed day arrived so unerringly did the miser remove the four rough posts of a makeshift bed, and piling them and the tichen in one corner of the room, the centre of the day floor was made clear. Nothing very uncommon appeared. The soil lay flat, dark and rich, and the foot-steps falling upon it gave it only a dull, answering sound.

Previous to all operations the miser stood regularly, space in hand at the outer door of the hut to survey the joining rocks and raising hill-tops on every side. The coast clear, he barricaded the outer door and returned to his sleeping apartment, where from the centre of the floor he carefully removed the soil to a depth of three inches. The space revealed measures two by two and a half feet. Slowly the cover of a sheet iron box rose on its hinges, and within the receptacle lay rows of undressed brown linen bags, each filled with coin. A rough dip candle was the light within the room. Now and then the dog Grip gazed wistfully from the

lighted taper to his master's nervous, handling of the bright gold pieces. Then he blinked and blinked, and finally nodded to sleep upon the bedding piled beneath him in the corner. Silently into the small hours of the morning the pedlar scanned and counted his treasure. Then, as cautiously replacing the clay and roughing the floor around he strode down the soil until the surface looked smooth and natural.

Not a leaf seemed to stir without as the dog woke up and redressed his couch. This night, just ten years ago, little Amy ran from her uncle's wrath. 'Where,' thought he, 'could the woman be now? If death should overtake me, what would become of the savings! Grip, go find Amy!' This was the first time that the animal had heard his little mistress named since the night he tracked her through the fields. The dog was alert in an instant, and with a low keen whine, stood before the speaker. Another whine, almost speaking into a bark, and the dwarfish man growled out: 'D'ye hear, lie down!'

At the most southern point of the city of Cork and several miles removed from Dan's hut lived a pretty little bride and her well-to-do young husband, Farmer Ragan. Amy had only been a wife three months and her lot was happiness itself. Her avoidance of her uncle was intentional. She never met him in the streets of the city but she vanished into a doorway or turned down some alley till the pedlar had passed by.

One evening, leaving the city shambles, Dan recognized his niece. He could not be mistaken. She had changed, but her face was still young, calm and beautiful—the same Amy.

Grip, keep back,' hissed the little man as the dog, too, seemed to trace something in the girl's countenance.

Amy, unconscious of being followed pushed on homeward. Reaching the south gate bridge the miser and his dog fell back, but the small, keen gray eye of Dorothy never once lost sight of the slim, swaying figure in front of him. Through the gloom he traced it to the city limits and beyond. Other forms fitted by, but he saw them not. Amy's home was found.

At Dan's hut that night there was a slight rejoicing on the part of his master. The little merchant rubbed his withered hands and, pacing the floor of his cabin, hissed out some syllables of satisfaction. He never whistled but now he tried to. For the dog there were no imprecations to-night. Instead of lying down the animal frisked and bounded and now and anon uttered muffled barks as with secret delight. The dog had caught the spirit of its owner.

The miser by this time had formed a resolution. It was that Grip should be taught henceforth to find Amy. The animal must have three lessons a week. 'Three lessons a week Grip—can you do it, me boy?' And the dog exhibiting more ecstasy than ever, pricked up his ears, wagged his whole body and uttered another long, piercing whine which ended by his standing on his hind legs and running backward.

'Ah, Ah, Grip, I see ye understand. Now lie down, lie down.'

For some months afterwards the pedlar and his dog might be observed on alternate nights of the week plodding their way from the High Rocks to the southern limits of the city. Along the by-lanes and among the thinly populated streets, the miser paused at intervals to urge his dog forward. He had but one sentence of encouragement, which he always spoke in a quick, impulsive but subdued tone. Grip! went forward again.

The animal, after a few journeyings, soon understood his work. Unerringly each time he reached the cottage of his former mistress, but as unerringly turned away at a call from his master, who whistled sharply for the dog's return just as the beast was about to warn the inmates of the house by scratching on the door panel.

As this work proceeded steadily the pedlar began to treat his dog more kindly. The animal was now seldom kicked or told gruffly to 'lie down.' He

ate at the same board with the miser, and was taught regularly to scratch the ground above the spot where lay the peddler's treasure.

Dan Dorrathy had deep reasons for only confiding in his dog. Whom else dare he trust with the secret of his life? Even Amy might have robbed him long ago, he thought. 'Dogs may eat the value of; but they cannot carry money. Grip, was the old man's nightly soliloquy as he rolled into his couch. Yet Dan, in his way, loved the only child of his kin on earth. True, he could not part with his gold to Amy while he lived but how was he to hold it in death that was the peddler's constant thought. Dan knew and felt that he was fast failing.

It was a bleak January morning when the miser staggered from his bed and threw the main door of the hut wide open. Regaining his couch, he fell back nervously, meanwhile clutching the bed-clothes and motioned to the dog. The faithful Grip was at his post, and pressing his muzzle forward against the now all but cold cheek of the dying man, caught the peddler's last words: 'Go find—' and the name died before its utterance.

Bounding from the hut the animal rushed headlong down the rock and along the snow bound road. Turning and pausing the now he pursued his course through the city, till, on reaching Farmer Ragan's house in the suburbs, his violent shaking at the outer door caused Amy more or less alarm. This time there was no whistle to recall Grip, and Patrick Ragan, the intelligent young husband, soon interpreted the dog's desire to be followed. The poor animal all but spoke. Away through the snow the trio dashed, the dog running on in front and Ragan's poney gig followed behind. It was quite true as Ragan had surmised. Dan Dorrathy was no more. The miser's remains lay cold in death.

Grip, on entering the cabin, jumped upon the couch. The miser's face was turned downwards, as if the man died with a struggle. Grip licked the hand of his late master. Then, recoiling, the poor dog slunk away. Amy knelt beside her uncle's form, while her husband turned from the sight before him.

There was no fire in the cabin and an air of wretchedness pervaded the dimly lighted interior of the low-roofed abode. Presently a scratching sound, as if produced upon an iron surface, arrested the attention of the visitors. A moment later revealed Grip tearing up the ground beneath the dead man's bed. Was it that the animal already contemplated preparing his master's grave? No, the truth in all its fullness now flooded in upon Amy's brain. Her uncle had lived and died all appearance a good peddler—in reality a veritable miser. What little he had denied the orphan a needy child he now assigned to a woman in all her plenty. The poorly-scribbled note found at the bottom of the iron chest proved to be Dan Dorrathy's last will and testament.

'To Amy Ragan this gold belongs. My dog Grip can find her.'

Dan's death caused no little talk throughout the neighborhood for miles around. Yet as none really knew the man's habit all suspicion of any foul play that might have found lodgment in the minds of few soon died out. Many farmer laborers of the district and a few of the small farmers willingly assisted at the old man's funeral.

Amy's newly-found treasure being safely deposited with a prominent banking firm in the city, the young wife's next thought was to secure for her own home and future in his old age her uncle tried and faithful dog. But the funeral ceremonies passed, the animal was no where to be traced. A watch was kept upon the miser's cabin, but Grip returns not. Rewards were offered and the dog's name and appearance advertised, but no replies came.

Those who knew Grip's devotion and watched his wanderings at, and saw his presence ever by the side of the pedlar might have known that since Dan's death the poor animal had not thought of

Concluded on Fifth Page.