

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

NO 28

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DON'T FORGET THE DEAD!

Our loved ones die;
Sweet flowers we strew,
And bitter tears we shed,
Above the narrow silent graves,
Where sleeps our hallowed dead.

And times roll on:
With gentle touch
It smoothes our sorrows o'er;
And often, 'ere the flowers are dead,
Their memory is no more.

We say of them:
The good they've done,
The bright example given,
The weary, heavy cross they've borne
Have surely won them Heaven.

'They need from us
No heartfelt prayer,
No pleadings at the throne,
That God may open wide the gates
And take his suffering exiles home.'

Ah! few there are,
Whose feet through life
Have trod in sin's dark ways,
Are ready when the Master calls,
To sing unstained His praise.

But banished far
From His bright sight,
They wait our loving prayer
To shorten still their time of pain
And gain their glory there.

Then let us not
Forget the dead;
List to their pleading cry,
Oh! let our prayers be golden chains
To lead their souls on high.

And when we, too,
Shall a suffering be,
And stand in need of prayer,
The friends whose joy we've won by ours
Will surely give us theirs.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY M. AGNES WHITE.

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

The season is October, soft and mild; just beginning of Indian summer when all over the land that hazy dreamy atmosphere pervades which lulls the senses into a quiet repose. In the smoky distance the blue rolling waters of the Narragansett are visibly flowing. On its bosom numberless sails could be seen, resembling the white curlew on the wing. Gazing at this attractive scene from an elevation far above the bay, from which a fine view of the surrounding country could be had, were two young men.

Perhaps weary of the day's sport, they had seated themselves upon the trunk of an old tree to rest. One of them leans with his back against it, looking in a moody silence over the country. At his feet, stretched out at full length, is a dog his nose resting with confiding familiarity on the toe of his master's foot. His gun, like himself, leans against the tree while a game-bag, with nothing in it, is thrown carelessly on the ground. He is very handsome, notwithstanding the unhappy, discontented frown which wrinkles his forehead. Refinement and intelligence are plainly distinguished in the clear-cut profile, and his very appearance without a knowledge of his character, attracts.

His companion is decidedly a military man. Brass buttons, with conspicuous eagles upon them, glisten and glisten in the October sun. Still, from his good, kind face and manly bearing, we conclude that the uniform would be made to look more modest could he arrange it so. He was the first to break the tiresome silence by asking:

"Is it true, O'Donnell, that you are contemplating matrimony?"

The companion slightly started as he raised his eyes from the waltzers.

"Well, yes," in a quiet tone. "I believe I have at last drifted to the conclusion, that it is the best thing a man can do; in fact, I think it something of a duty to himself and his neighbour, and I suppose performance of duty makes one satisfied with life."

"Well, now it seems to me," replied the other slowly, "that you are taking a gloomy view of the subject. I, for one should never go so far to please my neighbor unless I were pleasing myself; and, as my neighbor—laying an emphasis on the last word—does not have to live with my wife, I shall only think of myself when I begin to search."

"I did not mean," replied O'Donnell, slightly blushing, "that I was going to get the consent of the public before I married; but only to choose a woman you could present to the world and not feel ashamed of calling her by your name."

"Well, how is it with this Lenora that report says you have decided upon? Will she suit the fastidious taste of the vast number of your relations and acquaintances?"

"May be you had better wait and see

Leonora before you hear what I have to say."

"That's all nonsense, O'Donnell. Can't you say a word in favor of the woman you expect to make your wife?"

"I can truly say that she is good and pure," O'Donnell quickly replied.

"Well, that is more than one-third of the women you know are, and it is surely a blessing to a man to have such a wife. Is there nothing more."

"When I say that she is good, I mean also that she is gentle and womanly; is as tender as a child to all around her, both modest and unselfish; is very graceful, and some call her lovely."

"Well, gracious me, what more do you want, as she has never had smallpox nor a hump on her back to make her ugly, and has all those graces of mind. Why, I think you fortunate beyond measure! I thought there must be some objection."

"So there is," replied O'Donnell slowly. "I have three."

"Three! Why, what are they?"

"Well, the first—with a sigh—she is beneath me in the position that I hold."

"Well?" inquired the other.

"The second objection is more my family's than my own. She is poor."

"And the third," queried the other, as O'Donnell paused.

"I do not know whether I ought to tell you the third, Austin, though it is nothing more than many a man has done before me—married a woman he does not love."

"Then, why do you marry," asked Austin. "Is there some one you love or love more?"

"There is some one I loved, but circumstances, like a high wall, separated us. While this love was still warm in my heart, I met Lenora and felt this way about the matter—that I could love one but trust the other; and then, I argued, was it not better to marry the woman that loved you and that you fully trusted than marry the one that you loved, but could not trust?"

"I should have done that way, surely," exclaimed the other. "Deliver me from a woman that can't be trusted."

The scene changes, as also the month has changed. It is June, but the close of it has nearly come. The watering places are open, and gay crowds are hastening to the summer resorts. The private dwellings along the Narragansett are full of happy beings who have left the warm city to refresh themselves by the cooling waters. It was night in one of these large airy dwellings where we find ourselves. The parlours are brilliantly lighted, and there are singing and dancing. The whole apartment was so overlaid with joy and pleasure that no one noticed the woman in white, who stood apart gazing dreamingly at the scene, with her thoughts, no doubt, far away. Her hair was soft and fair, and braided simply, put with taste, over brow. Every fold of her muslin dress clung with grace to her slender form. There was an inexpressible sweetness and culture in the gentle, modest face, which was so superior to those near her; why, even the roses pinned in her bosom looked more refined and chaste than those worn by her dancing companions. The simplicity of her attire and her loveliness attracted the attention of a gentleman who leaned against the opposite window, and who turned to his companion and asked:

"O'Donnell, who is that?"

"Why, that is Lenora," carelessly.

"Lenora. Wont you take me and introduce me."

"Certainly," removing his cigar from his mouth and rising; "come this way, so we won't disturb the dancers."

In less time than it takes to relate it they were at the girl's side.

"Lenora"

At the sound of the voice that, no doubt, awakened an echo of gladness in her heart, the young woman quickly raised a pair of winning eyes to the speakers face.

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Major Austin, one of the army, My wife, major, Mrs. O'Donnell."

The Major took the soft yielding little hand in it and pressed it in his warm fingers, while the husband returned again to his vacant place at the window.

"Will you dance, Mrs. O'Donnell!" the

gentleman asked, after few commonplace remarks had been made during which he noticed her several times glance longingly in the direction her husband had taken.

"I would willingly, major, if dancing a quadrille will give you any pleasure. I do not dance round dances, and they seem to be the order of the day."

The low, sweet voice fell like music on the officer's ear, and he said:

"It will certainly give me pleasure, and I am much obliged to you for consenting."

"Oh, that you needn't be," laughingly, "for I'm sure you are the one that's conferring a kindness, I was here all alone had I not been married; my neighbors would have called me a wall flower, and I dare say I looked amazingly like one."

"It's a good thing, though, for a woman to have a husband to fall back upon when she can do so."

As she finished speaking a deep flush spread itself over the lady's face, fearing she had gone too far, and she had gone far enough for the man's quick ear to catch the pathos expressed in those last few words. Her embarrassment caused her to bend over a rose-bud she held in her hand, and he saw it in a clear-cut profile the expression of mortification.

He knew so well the woman's true position—the neglected wife: The conversation with O'Donnell on that October evening now rang in his ear—the three objections to Lenora. He pitied the fair, noble creature standing so near and knew, as far as a man could judge of the circumstances, how solitary her life may and must be. He wanted to speak and ask her the question, but that would be folly. He could only remind her that their dance had arrived.

He saw, as she made an effort to smile and speak pleasantly, that her eyelids were moist, and he felt the small hand on his arm tremble. Perhaps in all his life the soldier had never had a thought apart from his military life and his duty to his country; but now, with all interest in his nature stirred to its utmost, he watched the easy, graceful movements of his friend's wife, feeling all the time vexed with O'Donnell, and wondering why he did not love the modest, tender creature that God had joined him to.

The dance being ended, he led her to a seat near the window. The great long moonlit piazza was visible from where he sat; and couples were seated here and there, while others were promenading.

"It is lovely out; Mrs. O'Donnell, would you not rather be on the balcony. The air is delicious, and it is so warm in here. You look pale. Shall we go?"

"I do not care," was the quiet answer, rising and following him.

Their was, as he had said, delicious and the crowd that were weary of dancing and play were refreshing themselves. The watchful major saw his companion look around, no doubt for her husband; but he had vacated his seat and some one else had occupied it. On the end of the piazza a bench stood, which they soon reached and seated themselves. In the far distance the water of the bay flowed onward, while the moonlight silvered its bosom.

"How lovely the world is to-night," said Lenora.

"Yes; for the moon is so bright, Do you not love this place, Mrs. O'Donnell. There was a hesitancy in the lady's voice as she answered;

"Yes; I think I must love it. 'Tis so beautiful; but there are times when I wish I could go back to the old Virginia mountains. Most of my childhood was passed there, and I think we always love our old home best."

"Yes, we do," replied her companion, a little nervously, as just at the moment below them in the gravel walk two figures appeared—Russel O'Donnell and a lady. Austin hoped, for the sake of the poor wife, that they would pass by unnoticed, and, perhaps, they would have done so but that from the lady's lips the name of Lenora was pronounced. There was a slight start, and he knew his companion had heard. Just then the moon in pity, slipped under a cloud to shield the poor pale face. When it came out again Lenora O'Donnell's head was bent low over her hands, which were clasped

convulsively. The hardy soldier had of ten in his life been on the battle field; he had seen the wounded, the bleeding and the dying; but never before had he witnessed so cruel a stab. Had a bayonet point been presented at the woman's heart, drinking all its life blood, it would have been double acceptable to this.

The ring on her finger, the token of her engagement, sparkled. She turned it round several times, and looked at it pleadingly; then drew it off, and pressed it with silent agony in her palm. At length she rose, saying in that same subdued, pathetic voice—

"Major Austin, I am afraid I weary you. Please come and dance, I shall get you a partner."

"Then you won't honor me again!" queried the officer. "I wish you would."

"Oh, no," smiling faintly; "you would not expect this of me, I know; in fact, I am not going to impose myself upon you any longer. There are a crowd of pretty girls here, and you must know some of them. Will you come?"

"If you desire it, yes; rising and giving him his arm; and very soon he found himself standing by a handsome young woman, who experienced no difficulty in chatting freely to him, while his late companion slowly withdrew. Where had she gone, that fair gentle woman with her sorrowful face! 'Twas almost impossible for the major, with his thoughts following her, to pay the proper attention to the light conversation of the lady at his side, till at length she pronounced Lenora's name, when his attention was immediately arrested.

"Do not you think young Mrs. O'Donnell very lovely?"

"Lovely! Well, yes, I do, but what a sad face!"

"Yes it is a sad face—so much so that her friends here often wonder if she can be happy. None of us ever knew her until Russel O'Donnell introduced her as his wife; and there were so many reports of the family objecting, and her being beneath them in position, and poor Russel marrying through pique, and all that sort of thing? If half of them are true, it's no wonder the poor creature looks sad. Russel's old flame is here to night, too—invited to spend some weeks—and some had the hard heart to tell Lenora that she was once engaged to him."

"I think, exclaimed the major excitedly, "that O'Donnell ought to be hanged if he married so sweet a woman through pique, and now neglects her."

"I am afraid that you are misunderstanding me to say that Russel is not honorable and a good husband. You are mistaken there. His name is without reproach. He does what he imagines to be his duty as regards Lenora, but duty does not always satisfy the cravings of the human heart."

"Indeed, you are right in saying so, but is not this our set?"

The lady acquiesced and they passed away, while we pass on to Lenora. She is in her chamber. From below the dancers merry feet are making echoes in the broad corridors; the music is lively and gay; there are peals of laughter and sounds of happy voices stealing up to the still chamber. She has thrown herself upon her bed in her white evening dress, with a perfect spirit of helplessness and hopelessness. How often had that sound been whispered in her ears—that she is unloved. How cruel it was for him (her husband) to take her away from her happy home, where she left her mother and the dear boys who did love her to bring her here to be uncared for. Only the pitying public to look at her sympathizingly, and from this she shrank like a flower in the winter's blast. She did not believe him untrue or unfaithful but it was so humiliating, so mortifying, to feel that from duty only he was true.

The night was advancing, but still she lay silent and quiet, as if the great storm within her had completely subdued her, and lowered her to the earth. Her wide open eyes, fixed on the lighted lamps had never closed, but despair seemed written in them, the weariness of the body had not the effect of shutting them. Their expression generally was so like the gazelle's—so mild and gentle; but now they stared almost wildly at the flame as it rose and fell by the soft fanning of the gentle night breeze.

TO BE CONTINUED