

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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Written for the Northwest Review
JEANETTA.
BY MISS FLORENCE YEOMANS.

It was sunset but the glory
In the west was fading fast.
And the last long rays of sunlight
Lingering glances backward cast,
And a little black-haired baby,
Large dark eyes so full of woe,
Wandering up and down the city,
Hungry, tired, no where to go,

Saw the sun's declining splendor,
Hid her tear stained eyes in grief,
Frightened by the growing shadows,
Begging, praying, for relief.

Kneeling by a sculptured image
Of the virgin mother mild,
Clinging to her feet in terror,
Pleading, crouched the tiny child.

"Holy mother," whispering softly,
Prayed the sweet benighted one.
"Pity little tired Jeanetta
Do not take away the sun."

"All day long I've watched the sunbeams,
They have warmed me on my way
And they seem to smile upon me
Blessed Mother let them stay."

As she spoke the night grew darker,
In the west the sun sank down,
And a cloud of chilly blackness
Settled over all the town.

Still beside the fair white statue
Sobbing crouched the shivering child.
Up she gazed, when through the darkness
Lo! The Holy Mary smiled.

Not one word of comfort spoke she,
But both marble hands she raised
Pointing to the sky above the glory,
Upward, too, Jeanetta gazed.

And behold the heavens opened,
And a bright light shone around,
And from multitudes of voices
Came a harmony of sound.

"Welcome tiny, tired Jeanetta,
All your sorrow now is done
Come! They cried, "in our bright country
Never sets the golden sun"

There they raised the weary baby,
Freed at last from earthly pain
Bore her to their home in glory,
And the darkness closed again.

streamed the rays of golden sunlight
On the marble statue fair,
And a crowd of men and women
stood in speechless wonder there

On the ground beside the image
Lay a tiny dark haired child,
small hands crossed upon her bosom,
Parted lips that sweetly smiled.

"Blessed Virgin! None who come to
Thee for help shall be dismayed.
she has prayed to Holy Mary
And her answer came," they said.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY M. AGNES WHITE

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.
II—Continued

While she, with her magnetic touch, soothed the pain away, his eyelids, closed and soon he was in a refreshing slumber. She silently rose and softly shut the blinds, and left the room, thinking that, when he awoke, he would be better satisfied to find himself alone. With the rabbit still in her arms, she stole away downstairs and out into the sunlit lawn. A summer house stood down at the foot of it, and looked so inviting she thought she would go to it and rest till luncheon time. The roses and honey suckles climbed up the sides in rich profusion and luxuriance. She had taken a book with her, in whose pages she was soon engrossed. While the rabbit slept peacefully in her lap. She had no idea how long she had been reading; for everything had been so sweet and quiet that the repose was almost delicious. She laid the book aside, and, with her chin resting upon her hand, fell into a reverie, thinking of her life. How blank it seemed! She could scarcely remember the day when one word of affection was spoken to her, and such a thing as a kiss or an embrace from her husband was so foreign that she never now looked for them. Oh! if she could only be at home with the dear boys and her mother. Darcy now was almost a man and spoke of coming to see her. But she never had invited him, because she did not wish the dear fellow to see how painful her life was. But oh! She would give worlds to see the big, darling boy.

III

The rabbit has raised its head; perhaps it has caught a sound that she has not heard. She lifts it in her arms. As a shadow falls in the doorway, she looks up. Can that handsome, smiling face be her brother. Surely it is, for he has clasped her already in his great arms and is hugging her with all his might.

"Lenora, I'll eat you, indeed! I will. I am so glad to see you again. Oh, Nora, I thought that I would never get here, and Mr. O'Donnell and myself have been hunting for you for hours. But what is the matter with you, lady bird. you look so thin."

"Do I! The very sight of you will revive me, and makes me feel prodigious where did you come from, and where did you say Mr. O'Donnell was."

The husband arose and entered. "You both looked so happy," he said, "that I did not want to disturb you. When did you leave home, Darcy."

"Thursday, sir, but I stopped a day at Old Point, where some of the college boys were, and we had a big time." But, turning to his sister, Lenora, you did not tell me why you look so pale. Why, you don't look like yourself, darling. It cannot be agree with you here. Mother and the boys will take a fit when they see you, and they told me not to go home without you. They are crazy to see you Leo, and the old house don't look the same. I wish sisters never got married.

"So do I, Darcy."

The words were uttered before she knew it, and then she felt sorry; for she saw that on her husband's face a deep flush spread itself, and there was no use to widen the breach between them. God knew it was broad enough already.

A silence now reigned for a few moments broken by O'Donnell.

"So you think Lenora has changed. I don't think I noticed it."

"Then it was because you never looked at her," returned the boy, rather indignantly. "It seems to me any one could see the change, if they could see any thing. She looks like she had just had a spell of fever, or was going to have."

"Why Darcy, you scare me. Do I look so terrible as that?" Said the sister, trying to smile. "I have had not the least fever, darling; haven't even been sick. It may be the warm weather that has made me fall off."

"Warm weather, indeed!" exclaimed "Why, it has been the very coolest summer that I ever experienced; so it could not be that."

"Well, never mind what it is, you dear boy. Tell me something about home, and mother, and all."

"Well, kiss me again, and I'll tell you everything. You can't guess how glad I am to see you. Only if you did not look so thin and pale."

O'Donnell has risen. Conscience has at length smote him. His attention has been called to the painful fact that Lenora has been fearfully neglected. Now he remembers, as he walks towards the house, how little he has ever done for her. How silent her grief has been! How she has been cast off like a withered flower! But the perfume of her sweet and perfect nature is there still. It is more sweet, more lovely, because it has been so rudely crushed; for, as Bulwer says: "The string of the instrument that gives forth the most perfect strain is that which is most roughly touched." And so it was with Lenora. Her nature, so pure and so gentle, had become even more perfect, having passed through so cruel an ordeal.

O'Donnell felt it now. Love for her had been slowly creeping into his heart, but he had not yet discovered it. At this moment, as he left her and her brother, he felt truly disturbed. If Lenora should die, that would be his feelings, especially as he had not made one moment of her life happy? She did look so pale and weary lately, and for all his neglect had never reproached him. He wished he could go back to the summer house and embrace her as the good-natured Darcy had done. But would she care now? No doubt the warm love she felt for him in their early married days had been crushed out of her heart by his coldness and neglect. But somehow that feeling of coldness seemed to have died out, and now he thought it would be real grief to lose Lenora. All her silent sufferings rose before him—the slights, the misrepresentations, and the neglects. He would take her to his heart now, if she would come; but this was the question—Would she care to come?

He had arrived at the house while these thoughts were engrossing him, and, seating himself in the airy hall, he kept a watch down the lawn. He felt half jealous of the great boy, who kissed and hugged her with such deep affection, and whom she was petting as he left them. An hour passed, and the family had returned from their morning drive;

but still Lenora and Darcy were absent, and the half-hour to luncheon seemed interminable. The lively conversation of the young ladies failed for the first time to interest him, and they were calling him stupid and tiresome when the lunch bell rang.

"Where is Lenora?" his mother asked, as they assembled around the table.

"She is in the summer house at the foot of the lawn with her brother, who has just arrived."

"Godfrey, go for them."

The servant withdrew, and Mrs. O'Donnell asked:

"Her brother, did you say, Russel?"

"Yes, mother, her brother—the eldest who is just to enter the army."

"Is he good-looking? one of his sisters asked."

"Very," was the brief reply.

"But is he a gentleman? You know what I mean."

O'Donnell's brow grew dark. He made no answer; for just then Lenora and the boy came in.

After the usual introductions they seated themselves. If Lenora's unhappy position had made her reserved and reticent, there was nothing of this in the great handsome youth. Love and affection made him frank, self possessed, and easy in his manners.

"I think," he said, when the meal was nearly finished, in answer to a question from Mrs. O'Donnell, "that the scenery here is beautiful, and I should love dearly to be encamped here for the summer months, and then I would be near you Nora."

"I wish you could be, Darcy. It would be delightful for me, though my temptation (forgetting for a while those around her) would be so great to live in camp with you, and that would not be considered au fait would it?"

"I imagine Mrs. O'Donnell would like the camp immensely," said Mabel, with a sneer.

Lenora remained silent, not deigning an answer; but her brother asked:

"What reason have you for imagining so, Miss Stanley?"

"Oh, she didn't tell you then with her other budget of news, that she had made a conquest of one of the army officers?"

"No; she did not," replied the boy with a shade of indignation in his tone. "I hardly suppose that one with Lenora's good sense would think the subject worth mentioning."

His quick perception had caught at the unhappy state of affairs, of which his sister was the victim; he was determined to shield her, cost what it may.

"You did not think," he continued in a polite but pointed manner, "that for the present, at least, I cared to question her concerning the neighborhood gossip? If there is anything to relate, her budget of news still remains with her provided she has one."

For a few moments there was a pause. Perhaps each one present, except the brother and sister, felt guilty, and they were all anxious for the subject to change. So Mrs. O'Donnell made a move to retire; and the rest followed. O'Donnell invited Darcy to take a seat upon the piazza and smoke, while the ladies withdrew into the drawing room.

"When you are through smoking, Darcy," his sister said upon leaving him "come to my room; I have not seen half enough of you yet."

He held her hand for a moment, and looking affectionally in her face

"I will come, Nora," caressingly; "and you will comb my hair, as you used to, and let me go to sleep with my head in your lap, as I once did. I just tell you, Lenora, I haven't been half happy enough since you left us. I must say that sisters are treasures, and I suppose, Mr. O'Donnell, you have found a wife so."

There was an awkward pause. Poor Lenora! She was afraid that Darcy would discover the truth. What must she do.

"You are so silly, Darcy. There is a big difference between a sister and a wife. You must remember that you have loved me all your life, from the time that I used to rock you in the cradle till this blessed hour, and just because, you darling boy, you thought of nothing else, but you must not expect other people to be as fond of me. I am

going now. Be sure and come up when you are through.

O'Donnell was silent, while Darcy looked thoughtfully at the floor. There must surely be something wrong. Lenora never spoke in that strain before. Could it be possible that her husband mistreated her. The very thought caused the boy to move further from his companion. This act did not escape Russel.

Presently the youth inquired who the lady was at lunch that seemed so well acquainted with his sister's affairs.

"It was Miss Mabel Stanley," the reply was "Did she impress you?"

"With a low whistle—"I would think she did, but not by any means favorably. I would like to know what she meant by casting the reflection she did upon Lenora. And changing his tone to one of respect. "May I ask, sir, if you allow this?"

O'Donnell was confused. He felt condemned. He well remembered how often it had been in his power to prevent unpleasant circumstances occurring to his wife, if he desired it. Now he only remarked that he had not noticed Mabel Stanley's insinuations, and turned the subject to something else.

III

The day is so sultry that everything is seeking the shade. Beneath the hot sun the flowers are withering; the leaves on the trees seemed scorched. It has been the warmest day of the whole season.

At the O'Donnell's the house is as still as the grave, because it is empty. Where are the inmates! In a few words we shall find out, but we must give the details in full, as this is the most important day of our story. On the 16th of the month, just one day previous, the O'Donnells, Lenora, Miss Stanley, and Darcy were seated on the lawn. Mrs. O'Donnell had just read an invitation to take lunch at a very particular friend's on the following day.

"Of course, we shall all go," remarked the lady as she finished.

"I am very sorry that neither Lenora or myself can," said Darcy. "I have made an engagement for both of us to go on that excursion down the bay. I saw two of our boys at Col. Sand's yesterday, and they would not let me off. I told them that it was impossible for me to leave Lenora for so long, but the cold one and his wife removed that objection by insisting that I should bring her also, and the young ladies would not be denied. So I yielded to their united entreaties, and accepted the invitation for Lenora. Would you not like to go, Nora?"

"Oh, very, very much," delightedly.

"Then we shall go," cried Darcy.

As the day has come, Darcy and Lenora are sailing with a merry crowd down the Narragansett, and the O'Donnell's and Miss Stanley are taking lunch at the fashionable neighbor's. The day has been such a long one, and so very very warm, that the luncheon party seem too exhausted with the heat to be agreeable; so the time drags. At six in the evening the atmosphere is so close and suffocating that every one looks relieved when the carriages are called; and each one can leave for home. O'Donnell has thought of his wife often during the day and for the first time; perhaps, he misses her, and wishes that he were with her. He envies Darcy, and feels that he would give a great deal to be in his place with Lenora on the cool flowing waters, and felt glad for her that she was where it was refreshing. At last the carriage stops before the door, and all alight. The ladies retire to their rooms, and O'Donnell goes to the library and throws himself upon a sofa beneath the window that commands a view of the bay. The only breeze that he has felt during the day fans his warm brow now and beneath its refreshing influence he falls asleep. How long he enjoyed his slumber he knew not. Suddenly he was started by a peal of thunder that shook the house to its foundation. He quickly arose and looked out. The sky was of an inky hue. Great frowning clouds lowered above him; while the lightning darted in startling brilliancy along the weird looking, stormy, sky. O'Donnell's first thought was of his wife. There was going to be a terrific tempest how easy it was to tell that from the thunder that came in its low, muttering voice, and broke over the foamy waters in an angry, terrible sound.

TO BE CONTINUED