

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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for carrying Voters to the Polls on Election day will please notify the Central Committee, at 421 Main Street, right away.

**LENNETH MACKENZIE,** Chairman.  
**DOLIN H. CAMPBELL,** Secretary.

## WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, WINNIPEG.

Once more our earth is white and clean,  
Once more are hid the green and rose;  
The verdant fields, the flowers we loved,  
Are underneath the winter's snows.

And hid are all unsightly things;  
The city's streets and lanes are fair;  
And pleasantly the sleigh-bells ring  
Out on this icy, northern air.

The kindly snow hath covered up  
The bare, brown earth, to keep her warm;  
While in her mighty breast asleep,  
The seeds of life lie safe from harm.

Down in deep dells where violets hide  
On little graves but newly made,  
Where some dear lambs lie side by side,  
The pure white snow is softly spread.

One vast white plain the prairie shines,  
Almost too dazzling to behold;  
Till sunset falls, then are its snows  
Alight with crimson, blent with gold.

Now speed the skaters o'er the ice,  
On shining steels they seem to fly  
Now here, now there, they glide and dart,  
And so the happy hours go by.

While those who love the snow-shoe tramp  
In merry parties scour the plain,  
The early moon her silver lamp  
Hath lighted e'er they turn again.

But, hark! what sweet, far sounds are those  
Which to the happy tired ones tell  
The hour has come to seek repose—  
St. Boniface's Vesper bell.

Now home they hie, and welcome sight,  
The well-lit board and smoking urn,  
The glowing fire and cheerful light,  
All greet the loved ones' safe return.

O golden hours of sunny youth,  
Too swift ye speed beyond recall;  
The well that Hope, and Love, and Truth,  
Remain a heritage to all.

To cheer our wintry age, an glad  
With sunset gleams life's fading ray,  
'Till breaks the morn that knows no night,  
Resplendent ever shining day.

## THE AMULET.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIMON TURCHI TRIES TO CONCEAL HIS CRIME.

(CONTINUED.)

Suddenly a happy idea seemed to occur to him, for his face brightened; he arose and said:

"Julio, you must leave the country; it is your only means of safety."

"I leave the country!" said Julio;

"and you, signor?"

"Would that I could accompany you! but I cannot say as you can: 'Where my body is, there is all I have and all I care for.' I must of necessity remain here; I have many interests to detain me."

Julio was astonished by the advice.

"Where shall I go? In Italy a piece is set on my head; I dare not be seen beyond the mountains. It is too late for me to leave for England; there are no vessels ready to sail. What could I do in Germany, ignorant of the language of the country and without means of subsistence?"

"Save your life, Julio; go to Germany," said Turchi. "I will give you money, plenty of money."

The deep red of the scar on his master's face, his expression of cunning, his evident satisfaction, made Julio suspect some deception. He was unable at first to imagine his secret design; but a light suddenly broke upon his mind, and recoiling with horror and anger, he exclaimed:

"What an odious trap you are setting for me! You intend to accuse me of the murder in my absence? And while poor Julio, charged with a double crime, finds no resting spot upon the earth, you will enjoy here in entire security, in the midst of wealth and honor, the price of the innocent blood which you have shed. No, no, I will bring no new anathema on my head."

"You are silly, Julio," said Simon Turchi, disdainfully. "Should we be arrested to-morrow, and the truth known, would you not be equally punished for having treacherously pushed Geronimo into the chair?"

"Yes; but all would know that I neither conceived the crime, nor profited by its commission."

"A fine consolation to contend on the scaffold, said the signor ironically, reassuring his impatience. "But I will speak to you plainly and without reserve. I will state my conditions; if you refuse them, then all is at an end between us. Each of us is at liberty to save himself even at the sacrifice of the other. The worst part of the whole is that I might feel myself obliged, for my own security, to make known to the authorities of Lucca who you are."

The servant regarded his master with an expression of disgust and aversion.

"These are my conditions," said Si-

mon. "You will leave immediately for Germany, and reach the Rhine as soon as possible. I will give you two hundred crowns. Procure a carriage and horse at the very first village, and do not stop until you are in a place of safety. To prevent any detention on the way, I will give you a letter to Signor Mazzuchelli, a banker at Cologne. If on the journey you are asked why you have undertaken it, say that you are on urgent business for your master, and if necessity require it, show the letter; but once in Cologne, do not present the letter to Mazzuchelli. Two hundred crowns! that is a fortune, Julio. With that you can live luxuriously for two or three years. And what difference will it make whether you know the language of the country or not. Money understands and speaks all languages."

"And when the two hundred crowns are spent, what will become of me?" said the servant.

"I will not forsake you, Julio," said Turchi. "Whenever you need money, inform me of it, and I will send you enough to keep you from want. But you must change your name and simply notify me that you need more money to continue your business. And your new name? It seems to me that 'Marco Castagno' would answer. What say you?"

Julio shook his head doubtfully, muttering between his teeth. Although the promise of two hundred crowns was seductive, he hesitated to accept his master's proposition.

"Why deliberate so long?" said Simon. "I offer you a certain means of escaping the gallows, and you hesitate! Moreover, I secure you a life of ease, independent, without cares, the free joyous life of a lord, and yet you refuse."

Julio seemed to have come to a decision.

"Will you give me two hundred crowns?" he demanded.

"Before my departure,"

"Immediately."

"Give them to me. I am in a hurry to depart."

"I will go for them," said Turchi, leaving the room.

Julio seated himself and rested his head upon his hands. But he had not long for reflection; his master returned after a short absence.

Simon Turchi held a purse in his hands. He went to the table and counted out four piles of gold pieces.

The sight of so much money made an impression on Julio, and he approached the table. Joy sparkled in his eyes, and whilst he contemplated the shining pieces, he nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"You see, said Julio, 'that the sum is correct, and you will not find the gold heavy to carry. Now put it in your doublet. Going down stairs, I reflected upon your good-will, and I considered whether I might not avoid accusing you of the murder of Geronimo, and my friendship for you suggested a means. Now that I am sure of being able, under any circumstances, of exculpating myself, it is not necessary for me to bring any accusation against you. Besides, Julio, I dislike to be separated from you. If in two or three months I could bring you back without danger, I would be delighted.'

"I would be well pleased, signor," said Julio, with a sigh.

"In order to secure this chance to ourselves, Julio, you must, before leaving, go to the country-house, level, as far as possible, the earth in the cellar, throw sand and dust upon the grave, and then fill the cellar with fire-wood and empty casks."

"But, signor, that would take time."

"That is of no consequence. At this hour there are too many people passing through the city gates. It is better for you to pass the night at the pavilion, and to-morrow morning, as soon as the gates are open, you will leave. At day-break you will be certain of meeting no one who would notice what direction you had taken. I suggest this for your own sake, Julio, not mine; for suppose the officers of the law should search my summer-house, those precautions would divert their attention from the cellar, while otherwise they would infallibly discover that the earth had been recent-

ly dug. Perhaps, through respect for me, the bailiff may exempt my lands from search. In either case I will wait until the impression made by the murder has worn away. I will say nothing of you, except that you left me in consequence of a sharp rebuke, and that I do not know what has become of you. As soon as the present excitement subsides and the search is abandoned, I promise to recall you. Now will you go to the pavilion and accomplish faithfully what I advise?"

"I will."

"Do not forget your new name."

"Marco Castagno. It is easily remembered."

"Yes; Marco Castagno, and you are travelling on business. I had nearly forgotten the letter of recommendation. Wait here an instant; do not come down-stairs. I will write at once."

When Julio was left alone he put his hand into his pocket, clinked the gold coins, and drew out a handful for the pleasure of contemplating them; but he soon returned the money to his doublet, and fell into deep thought.

"If," he muttered, "I could only get off at once! Here I am obliged to pass a whole night in that accursed pavilion! The signor thinks that Geronimo has been buried for five days, and his corpse is still above ground. To fill up the grave is not much. Suppose I let that alone, and leave this evening with the money? No, no; I will execute faithfully what I promised. My master is so generous to me, I will show him that I am not ungrateful."

"Here is the letter of recommendation," said Simon Turchi, entering the room. "It is in the name of Marco Castagno. Forget your other names, and be prudent, remembering that the least indiscretion might cost our lives. Go to the pavilion, Julio. I bid you adieu, with the hope of soon seeing you again at Antwerp."

"Shall I not take my clothes, signor, or a travelling cloak?"

"No; the cloak you have on will suffice. Were you seen with any baggage, your intention might be suspected. Appear indifferent. You can buy whatever you may need."

The servant extended his hand to his master, and going to the door, said:

"Adieu, signor; if you do not fail to aid me when I am in want, I will keep your secret faithfully."

Julio descended the staircase and walked slowly down the street.

His master opened the window and watched him until he was out of sight.

Simon Turchi drew a long breath, as though the weight of a mountain had been removed from his heart. A smile lighted up his face, and he said in an accent of intense joy:

"He has gone! Now I have nothing to fear. The bailiff may find the body; Julio committed the crime; I know nothing of it; I am as innocent as a lamb. Ah! I thought I was lost. Now I must arrange my plans as though I were certain of the discovery of the body. I feel new strength; hope and certainty animate my heart. Mary, Mary, your name, your fortune, your love will be mine. My life will yet be crowned with grandeur, wealth, and happiness."

"And in feverish excitement he closed the window."

## CHAPTER IX.

GERONIMO RESURRECTED.

The clock in the steeple of St. George struck seven, and night was coming on, when Julio opened the garden gate of his master's country-seat and walked with a light step towards the house.

He kept one hand wrapped in his cloak, as if to conceal some object; the other was in his pocket, turning over the gold pieces given him by Simon Turchi. He sparkled in his eyes, as he said to himself:

"God be praised! I resisted the temptation. They urged me to drink and play at the 'Swan,' but my gold coins reminded me that I had a serious duty to perform. After work comes recompense. What I hold in my hand will indemnify me for the thirst I have suffered and for the time lost. It is the very best Spanish wine—as dear as if it were melted silver, and as strong as if it were liquid fire."

On entering a room in the house, he

drew two bottles from his doublet and one from under his cloak, placed them upon the table and looked at them longingly.

"No, no, not now; presently! Business first. Your bewitching smile cannot seduce me. Patience, my friends; an hour hence we will become acquainted. To fill up a grave and roll some empty casks into the cellar is a small matter. But it is getting so dark that I can no longer distinguish the image of emperor on the gold pieces; I must light the lamp."

Taking a wooden box from the mantelpiece, he drew out a flint and struck it.

It was some time before the tinder took fire, and Julio laughed at his own failures; but at last he succeeded in his efforts, and a large lamp made the whole room bright with its rays.

Julio approached the table and said:

"Now at least I can gratify the desire which has irritated my nerves during the last hour. To possess two hundred pounds, to be as rich as a banker, to feel my pockets weighed down by gold, and still unable to feast my eyes on the treasure! Now I am alone; there is no one to ask whence it came. The time has arrived. I may enjoy my wealth without anxiety!"

He drew an arm-chair to the table, reclined in it comfortably with extended limbs, and placed the gold coin by handfuls under the light of the lamp.

After searching his pocket and doublet and convincing himself that all the crowns were spread out before him, he heaped them up and ran his hand through them as if to enjoy the sparkle and jingle of the gold. He held his breath, for fear of losing the least sound; with eyes wide open he contemplated the brilliant treasure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMOROUS.

"Why is a nomination to office called an empty honor, father?" Because, my son, was the solemn reply 'it seldom fails to empty the pocket of the victim of the nomination.'

The Emperor of Japan has conferred the order of the 'Rising Sun' on five Americans, and it is extremely doubtful if even one of them gets up early enough to see the sun rise.

"Did you break your father's will?" "Yes," I suppose you are quite rich now! "No poorer than before."

"How is that?" You see I broke the will, but the lawyer broke me."

"Did you go to the masquerade last evening Charlie?" "Oh, yes! What as?" "As a gentleman." "Indeed! How in world did you disguise yourself?" And then the atmosphere grew chilly.

A boy in one of the public schools, while engaged in defining words a few days since, made a sort of mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, whiskey, gin, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."

Financial Prosperity.—Sam Doolittle, a student at the University of Texas, rarely has any money, but he is always talking about unlimited means. Another student happened to meet him not long since, and asked him: "What are you doing?" "I am going to the pawnbroker's," replied Sam, proudly. Going to the pawnbroker's?" replied the other incredulously. "You can't stop bragging. You are always trying to make people believe you are in affluent circumstances."

To The Electors of

**WARD NO. FIVE.**

GENTLEMEN—In response to a request of a large number of the electors of Ward Five I beg to announce myself as a candidate for Alderman for this Ward for 1886, and respectfully solicit your votes at the ensuing Civic Elections.

G. H. CAMPBELL.