

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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NO 34

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\$250. REWARD

The Postmaster General will pay a reward of Two hundred and fifty dollars for such evidence as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party and his accomplice or accomplices who stopped and robbed the Prince Albert Mail South of Humboldt on the 17th inst.

Such information may be communicated to the Commissioners of the North West Mounted Police Regina or the undersigned.
W. W. McLEOD,
P. O. Inspector,
P. O. Inspectors Office,
Winnipeg Man., 29th July 1886.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, and endorsed 'Tender for works, Fort Osborne, Winnipeg,' will be received at Ottawa, until Wednesday, the 18th day of August next, inclusively, for certain additions to officer's Quarters and stabling, Fort Osborne.

Plans and specifications can be seen at Fort Osborne on and after Monday, the 6th day of August next.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Minister of Militia and Defence, equal to 5 per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

C. EUG. PANET,
Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence,
Department of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, July 27th, 1886.

EVENING HYMN

BY MISS ADELAIDE PROCTOR

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
When the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of thy coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hope in earthly love and joy.
That one by one depart;
Slowly thy bright stars, one by one
Within the Heavens shine—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in thine divine

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose:

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Chapter I.

In Normandy, on the banks of the Seine, stands a small, picturesque chateau. An iron gateway, surmounted by a crown gives entrance to the old-fashioned grounds which surround it. Before it, lies a lawn, which, stretching nearly to the river's edge, is bordered by an old stone balustrade; and at the back a long avenue of tall, wide spreading trees leads to the village church. The river here is broad, and now and again encircles some small, wooded island; and in the distance chains of low, green hills gracefully mark the horizon.

It is a charming spot. A traveler in these parts naturally stops to gaze on the old house, now closed and deserted, and wonders to himself: 'Who lived here? What may be the history of this place?'

The history of the Chateau d'Ande is a simple one, and is soon told:

During the great revolution of the last century, the Comte de Claironville sought refuge for himself, his wife and only child in one of the quiet valleys of Switzerland. Other French immigrants had chosen the same land of exile, and there, in constant hope of better days, many years rolled slowly by. But still in exile, the old Comte and Comtesse de Claironville died and were laid to rest, leaving their only son and his lovely bride to mourn them long and deeply.

At last, after long and tedious waiting, joyful tidings were brought to the peaceful valley. The restoration had taken place; Louis XIII. was acknowledged king.

Many of the immigrants at once returned to their native land, among them were the young Comte and Comtesse de Claironville. Amidst his patriotic joy some personal sorrow lay buried in the heart of M. de Claironville. The home of his children was confiscated—it was in the hands of strangers, and he, with his diminished fortunes, could never again be the possessor of the fine old manor and broad lands of Claironville. He had now to make for himself a new home. So he returned to his birth place in Normandy, and near there he chose the ground and built the Chateau d'Ande.

When the house was finished and simply but tastefully furnished M. de Claironville took his wife to live there.

Ten happy years were spent in their new home; two children were sent to bless their married life, and when our story opens sorrows for the first time was visiting the inmates of the chateau.

It was a cold, bleak day in November. The wind was sadly moaning among the leafless trees. In the largest bedroom of the chateau the young wife and mother lay dying. Her husband was kneeling by her bedside, broken hearted; her mother, Madame de Vinieres, equally sorrowful, but more calm and resigned in her grief, was holding Madame de Claironville's small, thin hand. The children had been brought to the Comtesse's room to receive her last kiss and blessing. Marianne, the old nurse, had taken them below to the drawing room, and in her grief, careless even of her treasures, as she fondly called them, had left them alone to hurry back to her dying mistress. The children, with tear drops still on

their long, dark lashes, walking sadly to the window, little realizing or comprehending the cause of so much sorrow. Charles was a tall, thin child of nine years, brown eyes. Annette was but five and a small wee thing even for that tender age. A profusion of sunny curls fell over her shoulders, and her large, dark blue eyes, generally beaming with smiles, were now fixed wonderingly on her brother. After a short silence, Charles took his little sister's hand.

'Annette,' he said, 'shall we go to the church and ask God to bless mamma and to make papa and grand'mere and all of us happy?'

'Oh, yes, Charles! oh, yes!' cried the child in broken language; 'mamma says to pray for her.'

And away the children went down the long avenue, over the dead leaves, till they came to the old gray church. The door stood open; the little ones entering hesitated for a moment before penetrating the precincts of gloom: but soon getting accustomed to the dim light and seeing the sanctuary lamp burning brightly they took courage and went up to the very altar rail. Then they knelt and joining their little hands, as their mother had taught them to do, they said their childish prayers. Those prayers went straight to heaven. Bright angels stooped to listen to the winning sweet toned voice of innocence; and then at their Master's bidding, flew up to the neighboring death bed to carry strength and foretaste of heavenly joy to the soul that was soon to wing its flight from earth and to pour balm and consolation into the grief riven hearts of the young husband and the sorrowing mother.

Chapter II.

The years glided swiftly by. Madame de Vinieres watched so tenderly over her little grandchildren that they never knew the pain of missing a mother's care.

When Charles was eleven years old he was sent to school. The separation was a hard trial for both the brother and sister.

Fraternal love was very strong between these two. It grew with their growth, it deepened as their characters developed. Different, yet much alike, the children were all in all to each other. Annette was very proud of her tall, handsome brother; in her eyes no one was Charles equal. And the boy, with all the deep tenderness of his nature, loved the little sister, who was so gentle and bright, so trusting and affectionate. Charles leaving home was their first sorrow, and an often repeated one it was to be.

His return was the greatest joy of the year, both to him and to little Annette.

Let us visit them once more, and choose for our time one warm balmy evening in July. Annette was standing at an open window in the drawing room of the chateau. She was now thirteen with the same sunny looks and pretty face as when a child of five. At the present moment she was evidently waiting and awaiting something very pleasant, to judge by the eagerness and impatience of her every look and motion. At the slightest sound she would breathlessly listen, and then disappointedly look at the old clock on the chimney piece.

In the shadow of the room sat Madame de Vinieres in a great arm chair with folded hands and a sweet gentle smile on her placid face. She was watching and smiling at her little granddaughter; and like her, though more patiently, seemed to be waiting. At last the clock of the village church struck nine.

'Oh, grand'mere!' exclaimed Annette, 'will they never come?'

'My dear child,' the old lady replied, 'they could not be here before now. In fact I hardly expect them before another half hour.'

But even as Madame de Vinieres spoke faint, distant rumbling caught Annette's attention. It came nearer and nearer and soon the little girl could recognize the longed for sound of carriage wheels.

'Here they are, grand'mere,' she cried, and bounding out of the room, ran to the Hall door.

Soon the carriage entered the Iron gate-way, and stopped before the cha

teau. Another instant and M. de Claironville lovingly clasped his little daughter in his arms, and then resigned her to her brother's fond embrace.

Blushing with excitement and radiant with smiles; Annette suddenly perceived that a stranger was with them. She had known he was coming but in her joy she had forgotten his arrival. Recovering herself, she at once held out her little hand, and warmly said:

'Welcome, cousin Henri; welcome to our dear Chateau d'Ande.'

Cousin Henri, or the young Marquis de Valnois, took the extended hand, and with true French courtesy pressed it to his lips.

He was an orphan, and by marriage a connection of M. de Claironville. The Comte and the late marquis had been friends from childhood, and many years of their youth had been spent together in the same land of exile.

Henri now eighteen, was tall and handsome; dark wavy hair clustered around his well shaped head: a broad fine forehead told of no mean intelligence, and eyes, now tender, now full of fire showed both heart and character.

He and Charles were at the same college, and were both studying for the army. The boys, like their fathers, had formed an early attachment for each other; and this, year at his son's request M. de Claironville had gladly invited his young friend to spend the midsummer holidays at the Chateau d'Ande.

With Charles at home; Annette was as merry as the day was long. Early in the morning she would be atoot singing gaily through the house, or running for very joy down the long avenue behind the chateau.

M. de Claironville was a devoted father; his children and their happiness were his constant thought.

Many a warm, bright afternoon he would take them on the river, and now alight on one of the pretty islands so numerous in this part of the Seine, and again row to some small town or village on its banks, and visit its old church or quaint cathedral, its castle of bygone days, or holy shrine, where pilgrims often flocked. Those were happy days! But at last they came to an end; and at there close the parting between the brother and the sister seemed, if possible a harper toil than ever. Annette was sorry, too, to part from Henri; for during these holidays they had become very fond of one another, and he was now her friend as well as Charles.

The youths returned to college, and M. de Claironville to Paris, where his employment kept him for many months of the year.

Madame de Vinieres and her granddaughter resumed their old life, and a happy life it was, though so quiet and uneventful. Study and visits to the poor, who were all as friends to the kind old lady and her loving grandchild, filled many of its hours: and yet there was much time left for Annette to seek her favorite corner of the old fashioned garden, and there read many a tale of good and wicked faeries, of knights and ladies of bygone ages, or what she loved still more: sweet legends of the saints.

In the long, still evenings, sitting on a low stool at Madame de Vinieres's feet, the child would never tire of hearing her tell the simple anecdotes of her young mother's life—of her goodness and her beauty, of her joy when Charles and Annette were born, of her tenderness and love for her darling little ones, and of how her last prayer and blessings were for them before she died and went to heaven.

CHAPTER III

Again the years glided by. Summer roses bloomed and faded, cold winter came and went. As fair and beautiful as a rosebud was the little maiden of the Chateau d'Ande, and as cheering to the heart as the brightest summer's day. But alas! when Annette de Claironville was only eighteen, sorrow, the cold winter which is the death of joy, and clouds, even the sunny skies of youth, was near at hand.

It was autumn again. A drizzling dull afternoon had been devoted by Madame de Vinieres to knitting, and by Annette to tapestry. Evidently the girl was not

in an industrial mood for more than once her word had been thrown aside to gaze dreamily at the bright flames of the wood fire. On that soft young face could be seen no presentment of coming evil—yet why this pensiveness?

On the evening of this dull day the two ladies were at dessert. Annette is being chided by her grandmother for her thoughtfulness. Presently the door opened, a servant entered, and a letter directed in her son-in-law's hand writing was handed to Madame de Vinieres. The old lady took it hastily, and glanced at the young girl to see if she noticed the large black seal with which it was closed.

Yes, Annette had seen it. She had grown deadly pale, but she did not move. Feeling that whatever the news might be, it could not now be softened by her child, Madame de Vinieres unfolded the blood bordered paper, and slowly read the first few lines. Notwithstanding the great effort she made at self control, she could not prevent the look of anguish or stay the heavy tears which chased each other down her cheeks. There was a moments painful silence.

'Annette' the old lady began; but her voice failed her and she could say no more.

At once the awful truth flashed across the girls mind.

'It was about Charles, granma. I know it is about Charles,' she exclaimed and rising, she knelt by Madame de Vinieres and buried her face in her lap.

No tears came to Annette's relief, in that one short instant she felt an agony unknown—undreamt of before. She could neither speak nor move. She knew that, Charles; the idol of her life, had been taken from her life, had been taken from her. It was too much for the poor young heart, as yet untried, so unused to sorrow.

Alarmed by her silence and immobility, Madame de Vinieres tried to raise her, she might now move the slight form at will—her grandchild had lost all consciousness.

Several hours elapsed before Annette could hear the full account of Charles death. He had been taken ill about a week since, and his malady, at once assuming an alarming character, Monsieur de Claironville had been immediately sent for. When he arrived the end was already near. Charles was conscious, and knew there was no hope of his recovery. He was very calm and seemed to have no fear of death. 'All he regretted in life,' he said 'was the separation from those he loved.' But he was, happy, very happy to think he would see his mother, she whom he could only just remember, but whom he had loved with such a tender veneration. Many loving messages were sent to his dear kind grandmother and to his darling sister. Even old Marianne was not forgotten. And then in his fathers arms surrounded by a few sorrowing friends and with the blessing of Holy Church, he breathed his last. A beautiful smile was on his lips, a smile so peaceful that it plainly showed all was well with the departed soul, a smile so joyful that the bereaved father fondly thought it betokened the presence of his beloved wife the mother who from her heavenly home had so watched and guarded her dear orphaned children, and who now had come to greet her first born to eternal life, and to lead him with joyous hymns of gratitude and praise to the very throne of God. 'During the last twelve hours,' added Monsieur de Claironville 'he and Henri had not left Charles' bedside. Deep and universal was the grief for his dear son's death. For all had admired him for his brilliant parts, his noble qualities, and all had loved him for his gentleness of disposition.' Monsieur de Claironville's letter was full of Christian fortitude and resignation. He even tried to say some words of comfort to Madame de Vinieres and his little daughter; but alas! these efforts could not hide how cruelly his own heart was bleeding, and how deeply his grief had pierced his very soul. This only son had been his joy and pride; he had realized all his fondest hopes: and it was indeed a sore trial to see him thus cut off from life in the very bud and bloom of early manhood.

To be Continued.