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LIFE

What can I say of life?
A scene of care and strife—
Of blighted hopes, and doubts,
Of weariness that never ends,
Of trouble and unrest—
Can I say this? Ah no
I've not found it so
I never had a grief or care
I never had a sorrow there
The tenderest of friends
Some, I valued more than life,
But as they passed away to Heaven
Other dear ones were given,
As flowers tend their bloom
Life, 'tis a strange and bitter grief,
Holds far more joy to my belief;
Just as spring, summer, Autumn days
Are full of glorious golden rays,
Out numberless Winter's gloom!

Life, world, existence—What we will—
When I begin to seek the ill
I hear it holds, I only meet
In my own circle women, sweet,
Men, noble, loving, true.

Life's as we make it; are we kind
And generous-hearted, we will find
Spirits, and will seek us out,
Will cheer us in our grief or doubt,
Will love and hope renew.

THE GOLD WULFRIC.

By and by I happened to mention con-
fidentially to him my suspicion of the
man Mactavish. An idea seemed to occur
to the warden suddenly: but he said, not
a word to me about it at the time. A few
days later, however, he came back to me
quietly and said in a confidential tone of
voice:

"Well, sir I think we may still manage
to aquire him."
"Squire who, Mr. Woolcott? I don't
understand you."
"Why Mactavish, sir. I found out he
had a small house near the museum and
his wife lets a lodging, there for a single
man. I've gone and taken the lodging,
and I shall see whether, in the course of
time, something or other doesn't come out
of it."

I smiled and thanked him for his en-
thusiasm in my cause; but, I confess, I
didn't see how anything on earth of any
use to me was likely to arise from this
strange proceeding on his part.

It was that same week, I believe, that
I received two unexpected visitors. They
came together. One of them was the
superintendent of coins at the British
Museum; the other was the well known
Anglo-Saxon coinage, Sir Theophilus
Wraxton.

"Mr. Tait," the superintendent began;
not without some natural shame-
facedness in his voice and manner, "I
have reason to believe that I may possi-
bly have been mistaken in my positive
identification of the coin you showed
me that day at the museum as our own
specimen of the gold Wulfric. If I was
mistaken, then I have unintentionally
done you a most grievous wrong, and
for that wrong, should my suspicions
turn out ill-founded, I shall owe you the
deepest and most heartfelt apologies.
But the only reparation I can possibly
make you is the one I am doing to-day
by bringing here my friend Sir Theoph-
Wraxton. He has a communication of
some importance to make to you; and, if
he is right I can only beg your pardon
most humbly for the error I have com-
mitted in what I believed to be the dis-
charge of my duties."

"Sir," I answered, "I saw at the time
that you were the victim of a most unfor-
tunate concurrence of circumstances and
I bear you no grudge whatsoever for the
part you bore in subjecting me to what
is really in itself a most unjust and
unfounded suspicion. You only did what
you believed to be your plain duty; and
you did it with marked reluctance; and
with every desire to leave me every
possible loop-hole of escape from what
you conceived as a momentary yielding
to a vile temptation. But what is it
that Sir Theophilus Wraxton wishes to
tell me?"

"Well, my dear sir, the old gentlemen
began warmly, 'I haven't the slightest
doubt in the world myself that you
have been quite unwarrantably disbe-
lieved about a plain matter of fact that

ought at once to have been immediat-
ely apparent to anybody who knew any-
thing in the world about the gold Anglo
Saxon coinage. No reflection in the
world upon you, Harbourne, my dear
friend, no reflection in the world upon
you in the matter; but you must admit
that you've been pig headedly hasty, in
jumping to the conclusion, and ignoran-
tly determined in sticking to it against
better evidence. My dear sir, I haven't
the very slightest doubt in the world
that the coin now in the British mus-
eum is not the one which I have seen
there previously, and which I have fig-
ured in the third volume of my 'Early
Northumbrian and Mercian Numismat-
ist.' Quite otherwise, quite otherwise
I assure you,

"How do you recognize that it is differ-
ent, sir?" I cried, excitedly. "The two
coins were struck at just the same mint
from the same dies, and I examined
them closely together, and saw, absolut-
ely no difference between them; except
the dent and the amount of the clip-
ping."

"Quite true, quite true," the old gen-
tleman replied with great deliberation
"But, sir, please to draw; I have
ing I took of the museum Wulfric four;
teen years ago, for the third volume of
my 'Northumbrian Numismatist.' That
drawing was made with the aid of care-
ful measurements, which you will find
detailed in the text at page two hun-
dred and thirty. Now, here again is the
duplicate Wulfric; and, if you will
compare the two, you'll find, I think that
though your Wulfric is a great deal
smaller than the original one, taken as
a whole, yet on one diameter, the dia-
meter from the letter J in Wulfric to the
letter R in Rex—it is nearly an
eighth of an inch broader than the speci-
men there figured. Well, sir, you may
cut as much as you like off a coin, and
make it smaller, but how the if, by cut-
ting it off, you can make it an eighth of
an inch broader in any direction."

I looked immediately at the coin, the
drawing, and the measurements in the
book, and saw at a glance that Sir Theo-
philus was right.

"How on earth did you find it out?" I
asked the bland old gentleman, breath-
lessly.

"Why, my dear sir, I remembered the
old coin perfectly, having been so very
particular in my drawing and measure-
ment; and I clapped eyes on the other
one yesterday I said to my good friend
Harbourne here: 'Harbourne,' said I,
'somebody has been changing your Wul-
fric in the case over yonder for another
specimen.' 'Changing it?' said Harbour-
ne. 'Not a bit of it: clipping it; you
mean. No, no, my good fellow,' said I,
'Do you suppose I don't know the same
coin again when I see it, and at my
time of life! too? This is another coin
not the same one clipped. It's bigger
across than the old one from there to
there.' 'No, it isn't,' says he. 'But it is
I answered 'just you look in my 'North-
umbrian and Mercian,' and see if it isn't
so.' 'You must be mistaken,' says Har-
bourne. 'If I am, I'll eat my head,'
says I. Well, we got down the 'Numis-
matist' from the book-shelf then and
there; and sure enough, it turns out
just as I told him. Harbourne turned
as white as a ghost. I can tell you, as
he discovered it. 'Why,' says he, 'I've
sent a poor young fellow off to Portland
prison, only three or four months ago,
for stealing that very Wulfric.' And
then he told me all the story. 'Very
well,' said I, 'then the only thing you
have got to do is just go and call on
him tomorrow, and let him know that
you've have had it proved to you, that
this is not the original Wulfric.'

"Sir Theophilus," I said: "I'm much ob-
liged to you. What you point out is
by far the most important piece of evi-
dence I've yet had to offer. Mr. Har-
bourne, have you kept the gold clippings
that were found that morning on the co-
coa nut matting?"

"I have, Mr. Tait," the superintendent
answered anxiously. "And Sir Theoph-
hilus and I have been trying to fit them
upon the coin in the museum shelves;
and I am bound to admit I quite agree
with him that they must have been cut
on a specimen decidedly larger in one
diameter and smaller in another than

the existing one; in short, that they do
not fit the clipped Wulfric now in the
museum."

VI
It was just a fortnight latter that I
received quite unexpectedly a telegram
from Rome directed to me at my London
lodgings. I tore it open hastily; it was
signed by Emily, and contained only
these few words: "We have found the
Museum Wulfric. The superintendent is
coming over to identify and claim it. Can
you manage to run across immediately
with him?"

For a moment I was lost in astonish-
ment, delight, and fear. How and why
had Emily gone over to Rome? Who
could she have with her to take care of
her and assist her? How on earth had
she tracked the missing coin to its distant
hiding-place? It was all a profound mys-
tery to me, and after my first outburst of
joy and gratitude I began to be afraid that
Emily might have been misled by her
eagerness and anxiety into following up
the traces of the wrong coin.

However, I had no choice but to go to
Rome and see the matter ended, and I
went alone, wearing out my soul through
that long journey with suspense and fear;
superintendent, who, through his tele-
gram being delivered a little the sooner,
had caught a train six hours earlier than
that I went by.

As I arrived at the Central Station at
Rome I was met, to my surprise, by a
perfect crowd of familiar faces. First
Emily herself rushed to me, kissed me
and assured me a hundred times over
that it was all right, and that the miss-
ing coin was undoubtedly recovered.
Then the superintendent, more shame-
faced than ever, and very grave, but
with a certain moisture in his eyes, con-
firmed her statement by saying that he
had got the real Museum Wulfric un-
doubtedly in his pocket. Then Sir Theo-
philus, who had actually come across
with Lady Wraxton, on purpose to take
care of Emily, added his assurances and
congratulations. Last of all Woolcott
the warden, stepped up to me and said
simply: "I'm glad, sir, that it was through
me as it all came out so right and even.
'Tell me how it all happened,'" I cried
almost faint with joy, and still wander-
ing whether my innocence had really
been proved beyond all fear of cavil.

Then Woolcott began, and told me
briefly the whole story. He had con-
sulted with the superintendent and Sir
Theophilus, without saying a word to me
about it, and had kept a close watch
upon all the letters that came from Mc-
Tavish. A rare Anglo-Saxon coin is not
a chattel that one can easily get rid of
every day; and Woolcott shrewdly gat-
hered from what Mr. Theophilus had
told him that McTavish (or who ever
else had stolen the coin) would be likely
to try to dispose of it as far away from
England as possible, especially after all
the comments that had been made on
this particular Wulfric in the English
newspapers. So he took every oppor-
tunity of intercepting the postman at
the front door, and looking out for en-
velopes with foreign postage stamps.
At last one day a letter arrived for Mc-
Tavish with an Italian stamp and a car-
dinal's red hat stamped like a crest on
the flap of the envelope. Woolcott
was certain that things of that sort did
n't come to McTavish every day about
his ordinary business. Braving the pen-
alties for appropriating a letter, he took
the liberty to open this suspicious com-
munication, and found it was a note
from Cardinal Trevelyan, the Pope's
chamberlain, and a well known collect-
or of antiquities referring to early Church
history in England, and that it was in
reply to an offer of McTavish's to send
the cardinal for inspection a rare gold
coin, not otherwise specified. The car-
dinal expressed his readiness to see the
coin, and to pay 150 pound
for it if it proved to
be rare and genuine, as described. Wool-
cott felt certain that this communication
must refer to the gold Wulfric. He there-
fore, handed the letter to Mr. Mactavish
when the postman next came his rounds
and waited to see whether Mactavish any
day afterwards went to the post to regis-
ter a small box or packet. Meanwhile he
communicated with Emily and the super-
intendent, being unwilling to buoy me up

with a doubtful hope until he was quite
sure that their plan had succeeded. The
superintendent wrote immediately to the
cardinal, mentioning his suspicions, and
received a reply to the effect that he
expected a coin of Wulfric to be sent him
shortly. Sir Theophilus who had been
greatly interested in this question of the
coin, kindly offered to take Emily over to
Rome, in order to get the crinating
piece, as soon as it arrived, from Cardinal
Trevelyan. That was, in turn, the story
that they all told me, piece by piece, in
the Central station at Rome that event-
ful morning.

"And Mactavish?" I asked the super-
intendent, eagerly.
"Is in custody in London already," he
answered, somewhat sternly. "I had a
warrant out against him, before I left
town on this journey."

At the trial the whole case was very
clearly proved against him, and my inno-
cence was fully established before the
face of my fellow-countrymen. A fort-
night later my wife and I were among the
rocks and woods at Ambleside; and when
I returned to London it was to take a
place in the department of coins at the
British Museum, which the superinten-
dent begged of me to accept as some
further proof in the eyes of everybody
that the suspicion he had formed in the
matter of the Wulfric was a most unfound-
ed and wholly erroneous one.

The coin itself I kept as a memento of
a terrible experience; but I have given
up collecting on my own account entire-
ly, and am quite content nowadays to
bear my share in guarding the natural
collection from other depreducers of the
class of Mactavish.

[THE END.]

SEVENTIFLES WORTH REMEM- BERING

For the disagreeable sensation known
as heart-burn, which so often accompa-
nies indigestion, a saltepoon of common
salt, dissolved in half a wine glass of
water, and drank, is as effective a reme-
dy as a dose of saleratus, water, and a
much pleasanter and safer one. Rub-
bing a bruise in sweet-oil and then in
spirits of turpentine will usually pre-
vent the unsightly black and blue spot
which not only tells tails, but deforms.
When there it an unpleasant odor about
feet, a small quantity of a weak solu-
tion of salicylic acid in the foot bath is a
sure destroyer of the offence. Many
of the patent extracts and bitters are
compounded of an alcohol derived from
wood, and this is said to be a peculiar-
ly dangerous form of alcohol, capable of
producing very serious brain disorder.
One of the most treacherous medicines
in all the pharmacopoeia is the hydrate
of chloral which is so commonly used;
cases are reported where 500 grains
have been taken in safety, and other
cases where ten grains have proved fatal,
and afforded only a narrow escape
from death by timely aid and effort;
this drug should never be taken but
with the advice of a physician. Iron ar-
ticles will never rust if they have been
cleansed from oil by hot soda water,
and afterwards dipped in hot lime water
and dried. Colloidon spirits of tur-
entine, and the common salve called oxide
of zinc, are each an invaluable remedy
to apply to burns and scalds before a
physician can arrive to do better, it bet-
ter is to be done, and sweet-oil and
lime water beaten up together make a
cooling and healing ointment for them
as good as any medicament known.—
Harper's Bazar

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of
Ottawa, is constantly receiving congrat-
ulations from all quarters on the occasion
of his elevation to the dignity of arch-
bishop. The pupils of the Brothers school
of Notre Dame and St. Ann's parishes
waited on his Grace Thursday afternoon
and presented him with a congratulatory
address. The pupils numbered about 200
His Grace thanked them for their kind
words and assured them that he would
continue to give the work of educating
the children his earnest attention.

London, June 28.—The bill authoriz-
ing the Dominion Parliament to give re-
presentation to the Northwest Territories
received the Royal assent on Friday.