

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. I.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

NO. 8.

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DEATH.

BY A. S. B.

The thought that we must die has cast a gloom
O'er life, that else were joyous as the dove
That at the dawn breathes forth a song of love
Unto his mate. The shadow of the tomb,
Where we shall one day buried lie, has marred
The gladness of sunshine o' full many a life,
And yet the doom of death does not seem hard
To me; though all my days are rife
With God's best blessings, yet, methinks,
'twere sweet
To die and mount beyond the blessed skies,
To kneel before our own sweet Saviour's feet
And gaze with love into those tender eyes
That wept for men. Ah! merciful and meet
Is that good law of God by which man dies.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'Twas thus the Dervish spake: "Upon our right
There stands, unseen, an angel with a pen.
Who notes down each good deed of ours,
and then
Seals it with kisses in the Master's sight.
Upon our left a sister-angel sweet
Keeps daily record of each evil act;
But, great in love, folds not the mournful sheet
Till deep midnight, when, if conscience-racked,
We lift to Allah our repentant hands,
She smiles and blots the record where she stands;
But if we seek not pardon for our sin,
She seals it with a tear and hands it in."

THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION—THE ASSASSINATOR SLAIN.

"Listen, Signor Bufferio. To-night, at eleven o'clock, a young nobleman, accompanied by two lute-players, will come from the direction of the convent of the Dominicans: he will turn the corner at Prince Street, and will proceed towards the church of St. James. He will thus be obliged to pass before the stone well at the head of Hoboken Street. You will conceal yourself behind the well with two or three faithful companions, and as the young gentleman passes, you will attack and kill him."

"The affair has been well planned," remarked the ruffian. "I could manage it by myself; but since you desire it, I will take with me a couple of my brave companions. How will I recognize the one I am to strike?"

"His dress is entirely brown, and his cap is ornamented with a white plume; in the darkness you will be able to perceive only the white plume: that will be a certain sign."

Bufferio shook his head doubtfully. "Have you nothing else to observe?" he asked.

"I will merely inform you that I will accompany the young gentleman, and when he falls, I will take from his person a writing, which, if it were discovered, might involve me in great danger. You will recognize me by this Spanish cape, and I will cry out very loud, that you and your men may know that I am not an enemy."

"Now where are the gold crowns?" "Do you accept the commission, Bufferio?"

"I will fulfil it as though I were laboring for myself."

Julio took from his pocket some gold crowns, then continued to draw them out one by one, until he held twelve in his hand. He endeavored to conceal from the ruffian that he possessed more than the sum agreed upon; but Bufferio must have suspected his intention, for he smiled, and said in a decided manner: "You have more gold crowns. I knew it from the first; people do not generally enter into such affairs with only the sum absolutely required. You need not deceive me. Give me the stipulated amount; I ask no more."

As soon as the other had handed him the money, Bufferio approached the lamp, examined and weighed each piece of gold, and then said: "It is good coin. Have no anxiety, Julio, I will go for my comrades. There is but little time left—only a good half hour."

Julio took leave of the ruffian, and was about to quit the room, but he stopped and said: "Signor Bufferio, you will not

tell your companions who requested this service of you?"

"I tell nothing to my companions. The proverb says, if you wish to lose your liberty, trust your secrets to others."

"You perfectly understand what you have to do?"

"Yes, yes. At eleven o'clock, behind the well in Hoboken Street, a young gentleman with a white plume in his hat. Be quiet, I myself will deal the blow, and I will not miss the mark."

"Adieu, Bufferio."

"Adieu, Julio."

The ruffian accompanied the servant to the lower story, opened the door of the street, and closed it behind him.

When Julio found himself in the open air, he walked a short distance, then stopped, drew a long breath as if a heavy weight had fallen from his shoulders, and said, joyously:

"Heavens! what an escape! I doubt if I am really alive. The difficult affair is at last concluded. The signor says that I am a coward. I would like to see him in that room with that infernal woman and the terrible Bufferio. Now I must go to Geronimo. My greatest difficulty is yet to come. If I get through it successfully, I may well say that I was born under a lucky star. But I cannot tarry, I have still a long distance to walk."

He quickened his pace and soon reached the street on which the Dominican Convent stood; he passed the Abbey of Saint Michael and the Mint, and entered the grand square without being molested.

On the way he kept his hand in his pocket, that he might enjoy the pleasure of passing the gold coin through his fingers. He muttered to himself that he had gained three gold crowns which his master would never see again, were he to live a hundred years. Once free from his present care and anxiety, he would take his seat at a gaming-table, where he would remain all day, and perhaps he could win heaps of gold.

Absorbed in these thoughts, he reached Geronimo's residence and knocked at the door. It was soon opened, and he was conducted into a room on the ground floor, where the young gentleman, in his cap and cloak, seemed to be waiting the arrival of friends.

"Peace be to this house!" said Julio, bowing. "Signor, I bring you a message which I would deliver with more pleasure were it less sad. My poor master is ill with fever, and is unable to leave his bed. He begs you to excuse him from accompanying you to-night to the serenade."

Geronimo's countenance assumed an expression of deep compassion. The young man concluded that his own happiness, his approaching marriage with Miss Van de Werve, had touched the heart of his poor friend, and that his present state of health was the consequence of these painful emotions.

"Did the fever attack him suddenly, Julio?" he asked. "Is he very ill?"

"No, signor. It may not have any bad consequences; but he could not venture to expose himself to the cold and damp night-air."

Geronimo seemed in deep thought.

"Signor, my master did not send me solely to inform you of his indisposition; he directed me to accompany you to the serenade, and to protect you in case of danger. He knows how courageous I am, and that were five or six to attack you, I would not flee before them."

"I accept your services, Julio. You always seemed to me to be a devoted servant. The lute-players have not yet arrived. Go to the kitchen and tell the cook to give you a pint of beer."

Julio went to the kitchen, but found the cook asleep. He awoke him, gave him his master's order, and received the pint of beer.

He expected, while drinking, to talk with the servant, and he had commenced speaking of quarrels, combats, knives, and the heroic deeds in which he had been the actor, but the servant had scarcely seated himself before he fell again into a deep sleep. Julio emptied his glass in silence, until a knock at the door and the sound of stringed instruments announced the arrival of the lute-players.

Geronimo called him, and on entering the ante-chamber he found Geronimo

ready to go out with the lute-players.

Julio was troubled on remarking that these latter were armed. If these people were brave men, Bufferio and his comrades would have to deal with an equal number of adversaries. Who could foresee the termination of the struggle? However, he felt reassured on reflecting that Geronimo and the lute-players, being attacked unexpectedly, would not have time to defend themselves.

They left the house together, passed the Dominican Convent, and soon reached Prince Street, at the upper end of which was the stone well behind which Bufferio was concealed, if he had been faithful to his promise.

Up to that time Julio had walked in advance of the others, in order to appear bold and intrepid; he now commenced to fall back, and placed himself in the rear. His heart failed him; for, however well the plans had been laid, the blow might miss its aim, or might not cause death.

They were within about one hundred feet of the well.

The young gentleman, wholly ignorant of the danger which threatened him, was thinking of his unhappy friend, Simon Turchi, overpowered by a heart-sorrow, tossing on a bed of suffering, while he was on his way to serenade his beloved Mary. He also, in his own mind, deplored the involved condition of Simon's business affairs, and determined to save him, even at the cost of great personal sacrifices, as soon as his marriage would render him independent.

What would the young cavalier have thought had he known that at a few steps distance from him, three assassins, hired by Simon Turchi, were lying in wait to kill him. But no, his mind was filled with compassion and affectionate feelings for his cruel enemy.

The little band was not far from Hoboken Street; Julio gazed fixedly into the darkness to discover if any one was near the well.

Suddenly he perceived a dark shadow advancing. Trembling in an agony of fear, and in order to make himself known to the ruffians, Julio suddenly drew his sword and exclaimed:

"Al assassino! Ajusto! ajusto! Murder! help! help!"

But he had spoken too soon for the success of his designs; for, being put upon his guard by this exclamation, Geronimo drew his sword, and placed his back against the wall of the house that he might not be assailed from behind.

The lute-players, screaming from fright, ran away, and Julio stood in the middle of the street brandishing his sword.

All this had passed almost instantaneously after the first alarm given by Julio. The man whom he had seen coming from the well, followed by two companions, rushed to the side of the street where Geronimo had made a stand to defend himself. The assassin, who was in advance of the two others, fell upon Geronimo and gave him a sword-thrust which he supposed pierced his body; but a skilful movement parried the blow, and the aggressor himself fell with such force upon Geronimo's sword that the blade passed through his body.

The assassin fell heavily, and in a plaintive voice, as though bidding adieu to life, exclaimed:

"O mojo! I die! Bufferio is dead!"

Disregarding the villain who had fallen, the gentleman rushed upon the other two and wounded one in the shoulder. Convinced that they had to deal with a powerful and skilful adversary, they turned and fled, Geronimo pursuing them far beyond the well.

Julio followed him, crying, vociferating, and striking with his sword in the dark, as though he were contending with numerous enemies. When Geronimo returned with the servant to the spot where he had left the dead body of the ruffian, he found three or four watchmen calling for help. Many heads were thrust from the windows, and one citizen even ventured out of his house with a lamp in his hand.

The watchmen, having inquired as to what had taken place, examined the body to see if there were any signs of life.

"Leave him!" said one; "it is Bufferio. God be praised! the man has at last met the fate which he deserved."

In the meantime, Julio had com-

menced to boast. He related that he had to deal with two assassins at once, that he had wounded one in the face, and pierced the other with his sword. How the latter had been able to run away, was unaccountable; no doubt he would be found near at hand, dead or dying.

The young gentleman, who really believed the story of Turchi's servant, thanked him for his assistance, and acknowledged that he owed his life to him, as he had given the warning of the approach of the assassins.

The dead body was removed behind the well until the city authorities should order its burial.

The head watchman approached Geronimo, and said to him:

"Where do you live, signor? Two of my men will accompany you, lest some other accident might befall you. Do not refuse the offer. The villains who escaped might be on the watch for you, in order to avenge the death of their companions."

"What shall I do?" said the gentleman to Julio. "I cannot give the serenade without the lute-players, and, besides, I could not sing after such emotion. But Miss Van de Werve is expecting it, and if I do not go, she will imagine that some accident has happened to me. It would be better for me to see Mr. Van de Werve, so as to remove any cause of anxiety. I accept your offer, watchmen, and I will liberally recompense the services you render me. I must return to Kipdorp, and you will do me the favor to wait a few minutes, in order to accompany me to my dwelling. Follow me."

Geronimo, the watchmen, and Julio soon reached the residence of Mr. Van de Werve. He knocked, and was immediately admitted.

The young gentleman again thanked Julio with the liveliest gratitude for his assistance, and promised to tell his master how courageously he had acted, and the eminent services he had rendered him.

Julio bade adieu, and hastened to his master's dwelling. He was about to knock, but, to his great terror, the door was opened at once, as though some one were waiting for him.

"Is it you, Julio," asked a man, in the darkness.

The servant recognized his master's voice, and entered the door.

"Well," said he, in a stifled tone, "is he dead?"

"Who?"

"Who! Geronimo!"

"On the contrary, Bufferio is dead. Geronimo ran him through the body."

"Then you have not the pocket-book?"

"Certainly not."

"And the gold crowns!"

"I gave them to Bufferio."

"Pietro Mostajo, you have betrayed me!" hissed the infuriated signor in the ear of his servant, shaking him convulsively by the arm. "Tell me quickly what has happened! Tremble, stupid coward! the Superintendent of Lucca shall know who you are!"

"Ebbene che sia," answered Julio. "Then the Signor Geronimo shall know who hired Bufferio to assassinate him."

A hoarse cry like a stifled groan resounded through the vestibule. The door was closed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Scene One for Pat.

A lawyer built him an office in the form of an hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop, and viewed that building very critically. The lawyer, disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand for like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office; do you take it to be a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy!" The window went down with a violent slam and the lawyer disappeared.

"Why, Johnny!" exclaimed mamma, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with a dirty face?" "No, I ain't," replied Johnny, with conscious pride in the integrity of his intentions; "you'd like to have me taken for a dude, wouldn't you?"