

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 21 1886.

NO 36

DANIEL CAREY.

Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba
25 LOMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

DR. DUFRESNE.

Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician
COR. MAIN AND MARKET STS.
Opposite City Hall. Winnipeg, Man.

MCPHILLIPS & WILKES,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Hargrave Block, 326 Main St.
L. G. MCPHILLIPS. A. E. WILKES

BECK & MCPHILLIPS

(Successors to Royal & Prud'homme)
Barristers, Attorneys, &c.
Solicitors for Le Credit Foncier Franco
Canadien.

OFFICE NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL.
N. D. BECK, LL.B. A. E. MCPHILLIPS

MCPHILLIPS BROS.

Domestic Land Surveyors and Civil
Engineers.
6. McPhillips, Frank McPhillips and R. C.
McPhillips.
ROOM 10 BIGGS BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

MUNSON & ALLAN,

Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winni-
peg, Manitoba.
J. E. D. MUNSON G. W. ALLAN

M. CONWAY

General Auctioneer and Valuator

Rooms Cor Main & Portage Ave.

Sales of Furniture, Horses' Implements
&c., every Friday at 2 p.m. Country Sales of
Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to. Cash
advanced on consignments of goods. Terms
liberal and all business strictly confidential.

P. QUEALY,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Regimental Boot Maker to the
WINNIPEG FIELD BATTERY
AND 90TH BATT. RIFLES

All kinds of Work Done in First-
Class Style.

34 McDermott St., Winnipeg



\$250. REWARD

The Postmaster General will pay a reward
of Two hundred and fifty dollars for such evi-
dence 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 instant.

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., 20th July 1886.

RADIGER & Co.

IMPORTERS OF

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

477 MAIN STREET.

\$500 REWARD!

The Managers of the Hudson Bay
Photograph Parlors agree to pay
out of their Reserve Fund \$500 to
any person who will produce better
or more highly finished photo-
graphs (taken either in the largest
cities of Europe or on the American
continent) than those taken at their
Parlors, 244 Main street, Winni-
peg. This offer to hold good until
further notice

T. R. COLPITS,
ARTIST.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Doyou ask what the birds say? the sparrow
the dove.
The linnet and thrush say 'I love and 'I love
in the winter they're silent—the wind is so
strong;
What it says, I dont know, but it sings a loud
song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny
warm weather,
And singing, and loving, all come back togeth-
er.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and
love,
The green fields below him the blue sky
above,
That he sings and he sings and fore-
he—
I, love my Love and my Love loves me!'
COLERIDGE.

PATHS THAT CROSS

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written by
C. Martin.

CHAPTER I.

It is now full thirty years ago that, on
a lovely May evening, two young men
werelazly disporting themselves on the
classical stream of the Isis at Oxford.
The day had been hot and bright, and
the evening was so ideally beautiful that
these two, though practiced and skilled
oarsmen, were but little inclined for exer-
cise, and were well content to let them-
selves drift at the pleasure of the tide,
and to give themselves up to the indol-
ent enjoyment of the hour. At least, so
it seemed to the cursory, half mocking,
half wondering glances of other men who
were profiting by the cool breeze to mak-
their crafts spin along and to go through
with their training and who marvelled
at the unwonted inactivity of this partic-
ular couple. Yet a closer observation
would have made them aware that,
though physically idle, they were not lost
in vagues reveries, but were, on the con-
trary, both one and the other, plunged
in deep and anxious thought. At last,
the silence of many minutes was broken,
and the fairer of the two, and it seemed,
slightly the younger, said in an empha-
tic voice, as though in reply to a previ-
ous question:

'No, Beryngton, it is impossible; I
cannot see my way out of it. It is hard-
terrible even God only knows how hard.
But I must go through with it. It is im-
possible to shut one's eyes to light.'

'Beryngton, a singularly handsome,
dark eyed young man, shrugged his
shoulders slightly.

'The light! What light! There are so
many lights to choose from!' he said
quietly.

'The light of faith! The light of the
Roman Catholic Church. I can't help
seeing it, feeling and—'

'And following it,' said the other, in a
low voice, 'at any cost.'

Beryngton shook his head.

'My dear fellow, my dear Carruthers,
it seems to me that the cost is already
counted. Your uncle—well about as
pig headed a member of the Church of
his fathers, not to say as obstinate a Brit-
on, as exists. He will never give in.'

'I know that. I hope I have faced it,
But what can I do? For all the gold in
the mines of Golconda a man can't deli-
berately risk the loss of his soul. I have
come to the spot where the two roads
part, and I must choose either.'

'Then choose the safe one, the old,
familiar beaten track,' broke in Beryng-
ton eagerly. 'After all, one can't be cer-
tain, absolutely certain, as one is about a
mathematical definition. To change one's
religion is always a plunge in the dark, a
wandering forth into the howling wilder-
ness. Hang it all! It is too hard. Can't
you follow the old French lady's example
and 'pour plus de surete, faire votre.
Paradis dans ce monde.' Who knows?
Perhaps you'll find it turn out just as well
in the end.'

'Perhaps. Yes, that is just it. But how
can a sane man run the risk? No, Bery-
ngton. I feel that I am in for it!'

His companion made no reply, and as
it by a tacit mutual understanding, the
two young men seized their oars, and
pulled steadily and silently against the
stream, down which they had been so
easily gliding, and had, in a few minutes
reached the landing place. They were
dear friends and had been close compan-
ions, yet now both were aware that a
yawning gulf had opened between them,
and they each stood apart, powerless to
reach or help the other. They had both
passed through the same phases, been
touched by the same influences, been
impressed by the same causes, and had

been confronted with the same issues;
yet one had the courage of his convictions,
while the other feared to face them.
One was powerless to resist the over-
whelming flood of grace, while the other
seeing perhaps as clearly, was yet a cow-
ard at heart, and unable to make the
sacrifice which these convictions deman-
ded, felt his friend's example to be an
eloquent, though silent reproach.

And thus it was that still in silence,
the two landed, and, side by side, re-
traced their steps along the familiar
road, towards the gray old colleges, in
which such a happy time had sped so
quickly away. The were both Ballhol-
men, and their oars, close together,
had admitted of real and intimate
neighborliness. By sheer force of habit,
Beryngton followed Carruthers into his;
and the young men stood for a couple
of minutes in the dim light, as though
dreading and yet wishing for a further
explanation, and more definite under-
standing. At last Beryngton said:

'You said just now Carruthers, that
you had counted the cost. Do you mind
telling me what the cost will be.'

The other laughed.

'You were always practical, my dear
fellow. Well, as you know, I have a
small independence, a very small one,
which is absolutely my own and which
nobody can touch. But as for the rest—
all my expectations from my uncle—they
are clean gone.'

'But that is not all. What about your
marriage?'

Carruthers flushed up.

'Oh; that is all right. I have written
to explain all to her. We shall have
to wait, and even waiting will not make
us rich. But nothing can change her.
She will be true to me.'

As she spoke he had struck a match;
and was lightening the lamp which stood
on the table ready prepared to his hand.
And what charming, elegant surround-
ings did the light reveal! J nst then
however, Carruthers' nor his friend's
eyes were much concerned with the var-
ious collections of objects of 'bigotry
and virtue,' both of their glances having
simultaneously fallen on a letter, which
the evening's post had brought, and
which lay upon the table. At the sight
of it, Carruthers flushed vividly, and
eagerly seized it.

'It is from Florence,' he said. 'I nev-
er thought I could have had so quickly!'
And without ceremony he tore it open.

Beryngton, also, seemed to have recog-
nized his writing, for his face changed
color, too; and he watched
his friend narrowly. There
followed a little spell of deep silence
which a sudden exclamation, or rather a
groan, from Carruthers broke. 'My God?
he cried, what does she mean? It can't
be true. I am dreaming! I am dreaming
Beryngton? Here read it. Tell me what
the girl means?'

Beryngton read the letter as follows;

My Dear Mr. Carruthers.—Your letter
received this morning was a great shock,
to me; but I still hope that it was writ-
ten in a state of excitement which made
you unaccountable for your words. It
never seems to occur to you the great,
the terrible change you are, contemplat-
ing; can make any difference in our re-
lations to one another. I may as well
at once tell you, that I should no more
think of marrying a Roman Catholic
than I would of marrying a pagan or a
Mohamedan. I consider you are behav-
ing dishonorably and cruelly to me, in
even thinking of making such a change.
You talk of conscience. Surely your
conscience ought to tell you that your
first duty is to the girl who had promised
to be your wife, but who considers her-
self completely released from that pro-
mise, if you persist in doing a thing that
will incense not only all your own rela-
tives but hers also. Dear Reginald I en,
treat you to listen to reason, to honor, to
your friends. Give up this mad scheme.
Put it entirely out of your head, and
promise me never to think it it again.
On that condition, and on that alone,
can I remain your Florence.'

'Well,' Beryngton said after a pause,
as he deliberately folded the paper and
handed it back to his friend,

'Well, What?' Carruthers replied,
slowly lifting his head, which he had
buried in his hands.

'My dear fellow, don't take on so. You

reas pale as a ghost. Here, take some
brandy. Dear old chap, don't faint. My,
goodness, if you feel like that, can't you
follow her advice and give it all up?
You must make a choice, it seems. Well
stick to your first choice, marry Flor-
ence, and don't let yourself be disinher-
ted by your crusty old uncle. Probably
that's where the old shoe pinches. In-
stead of being a rich man, as your friend

had a right to expect, you'll be a poor
one. It makes a difference you see.'

Carruthers winced under the taunt
which a certain suspicion made him
think was not quite unintentional.

With a great effort he pulled himself
together.

'Thank you for your council, Beryng-
ton,' he said a little coldly.

'No doubt you mean it kindly. I'll
think over it,' he added with a vague
dubious smile.

Yes, do, my dear fellow. Where is the
use of knocking one's head against a
stonewall. After all life is long and one
has plenty of time, you see. Later on
perhaps, in some years, when prejudiced
stupid old people will be in their graves
and not able to do any harm, one might
think about it again. The Roman Cat-
holic Church will not run away you
know. She will be always there waiting
for one and ready to catch one in her
capacious nets. Now can't you follow,
my example and take things a little eas-
ily—'

He never finishes the sentence. Car-
ruthers had sprung to his feet and was
glaring at him wildly.

'Beryngton! Beryngton? leave me?'
he cried. 'You are a tempter, a wicked
tempter. For Heaven's sake, leave me?
Oh, my God! I am so weak?'

And the poor fellow threw himself
upon his knees in a kind of agony, while
his friend, with a strange smile upon his
lips slipped quietly away.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty eight years later, a mission
was held in the small town of— in
Lancashire, by the Passionist Fathers
from— is small and insignifi-
cant, nay, absolutely hideous, but it is
closely packed with human life, and
within its mean monotonous, streets,
many a piteous tragedy, the outcome of
misery, poverty and passion, is daily
perhaps hourly, enacted. It was sum-
mer now, and evening. Weary toilers,
were slowly returning home from their
work; pallid, sickly children were play-
ing languidly about. The women were
or the most part, gathered around their
doors, for the usual after tea gossip: but
the torrid sultriness of the atmosphere
subdued even their shrill tongues and
an unwonted stillness seemed to fill the
entire town.

The little Catholic Church, a little way
apart, down a shabby, deserted laneway
was very silent and solitary too. There
kneelt there only one worshipper, the
Father who was conducting the mission,
and who resting himself after his own
fatigue in prayer after the fatigues of
the day, and at the same time prepar-
ing for the evening discourse which he
was to deliver within an hour. He was
a tall spare man, with a gentle worn sen-
sitive face, which had once been hand-
some. Now, no one would ever have
thought of calling it handsome, though
it expressed something far better and
higher than beauty—the tenderest and
widest sympathy with everything that
was sad and suffering on earth. And
heaven knows that Father Oswald had
ample opportunities of becoming acquaint-
ed with the darker, and less attractive
phases of human life. For years he had
labored amongst the poor and miserable
sharing all their burdens, helping, so
far as in him lay, to lighten their sorrow.
Amongst them, he was known as the
Apostle of the poor, and to those who
sought him in their trouble, he had nev-
er known to turn a deaf ear, or not to
have attempted at least to help them.

Some one stole presently into the
he church with a message that he was
wanted, and with the obedience of a
carefully trained soldier, he rose at once
and followed the messenger to the
chapel house, where as he was told, a
gentleman was waiting to see him.

The word 'gentleman' rather astonish-
ed Father Oswald, whose visitors were

of another kind. He had, however, little
time to speculate, and in a moment
found himself confronted with a man, be-
tween fifty and sixty, whose hair was
just turning to grey, and whose figure
was fast developing into corpulency.

Without any ceremony, and scarcely
acknowledging the salute with which
the priest greeted him, the visitor at
once announced his business:

I am, Mr. Beryngton, he said in a tone
of importance, and with a pompous wave
of his hand, 'You have doubtless heard
the name mentioned during your visit
here. As you are perhaps aware, I am
the principal landlord about here, in
fact, I may say I own the entire town of

Father Oswald bowed his head slight-
ly and courteously.

'Indeed,' he said quietly, and with a
rather curious glance. 'Indeed! What
a fearful responsibility!'

Mr. Beryngton stared, not disconcer-
ted but immensely surprised.

Responsibility! he repeated.—Well
of course it is a kind of responsibility,
though at present my principal care
connected with the place is that the re-
sponsibility should not form a complete
ruin to me—in other words, that the
fearful depression which is playing the
mischief with all of us business men in
England should not utterly swamp the
entire place, inhabitants and all. How-
ever that is a wide question which need
not be discussed here. he went on
rapidly: 'The particular business in
hand, on which I wished to see you is
this, producing a paper from his pocket
—a kind of petition; begging letter,
which I found waiting for me at the
hotel. Well sir I think it is only fair to
inform you that I never pay the least
attention to these documents and you'll
not mind my giving you a hint you know
I'd advise you for the future whenever
your avocation—duty perhaps, ahem—
brings you again to this neighborhood
to refuse to have anything to say to
signing such documents, in other words
I'd request you to leave me to manage
my own affairs after my own fashion.'

Father Oswald's pale face flushed
slightly during this speech, and for an
instant he looked disposed to be angry.
But by the time Mr. Beryngton had con-
cluded it, he had quite recovered his
composure.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Beryngton,'
he replied quietly, 'you must forgive
my ignorance, for really I had not the
slightest idea of giving you offence. On
the contrary, I fancied I was aiding you
in the discharge of a plain duty. This is
a genuine case, I assure you, of want
and distress. I have spared no trouble
in inquiring into all the particulars, and
believed you would be glad to be made
acquainted with them.'

'Excuse me, sir,' interrupted Beryng-
ton, testily, 'on these matters I can al-
low no interference. My agent in whom
I have perfect confidence, and whose
business it is to know the property
thoroughly would have informed me if
there had been any necessity to make
exceptions to the general rule of the es-
tate in this matter. But really all this
is scarcely to the point,' he went on
with another wave of his hand. 'What
I am anxious to impress upon you is
that I never allow strangers to interfere.'

'Beryngton!' exclaimed Father Os-
wald suddenly, 'Beryngton, is it really
you? And is it possible that you don't
recognize me?'

The other man started aghast:
'Recognize you. Certainly I do not,'
he replied in a chilly voice., 'You are
laboring under an extraordinary mistake
sir. I have not the honor of counting
many Roman Catholics amongst my ac-
quaintances, and certainly not a single
priest of that persuasion.'

Father Oswald was looking at him curi-
ously.

'And yet,' he began, 'But he suddenly
changed his mind. 'Ah well,' he said
with a slight shrug of his shoulders and
a half smile, 'so be it. Let by gones
be by gones' I am quite content that
it shall be so; well, sir to return to busi-
ness about these poor people. Ah how
unfortunate, There is the church bell
ringing for the evening sermon which I

Continued on fifth page.