

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

"AH LOVE, ONCE AGAIN."

I linger round the very spot
Where years ago we met,
And wonder when you quite forgot,
Or if you quite forgot,
And tender yearnings rise anew
For love that used to be,
If you could know that I was true,
And I that you were free,
Ah, love, once again;
Old love is waking;
Shall it wake in vain?

Love once again,
Meet me once again;
Old love is waking;
Shall it wake in vain?
Shall it wake in vain?

Forever yet my thoughts incline,
And back my memory slips;
I feel warm fingers locked in mine;
I see those quivering lips
Whose murmurs came like music thro'
When mine had set them free,
That all the world was naught to you,
Who only wanted me,
Ah, love, once again,
Meet me once again,
Old love is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?

Love, once again,
Meet me once again;
Old love is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?
Shall it wake in vain?

A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

The evening was all unlike that when she and Saxon had saved him. The sun had gone down splendidly, and the sky was still full of rosy light, but the beauteous sea was dark with shadow. Here her lover told her of his love, told her with a vehemence and force that half frightened her, while it made her quite faint with gladness, constrained her to him in his swift, strong young way that would heed no hindrance, wait for no denial, but she was glad to be constrained. The passionate wooing was welcomed passionately, though not even Eric new the power of the heart he had awakened. The girl was herself afraid of her own passionate delight.

In a year he would return for her. He must return home to set his house in order to prepare for the reception of his bride. He was so eager, so glad, he infected Alice with his own buoyant hopefulness, his own trust in the future. Her eyes were shining with a loveliness that almost started her mother when she came into the lamplight of the room where the invalid was lying, her cheeks were flushed, her red lips parted softly showing the small white teeth her step was a new thing. Mrs. Rossiter realized in the moment, she understood the cause of the change, that her daughter was beautiful in this hour of supreme joy.

They told their story and the mother kissed her new son, whom she had not waited till now to love. Then she too listened with tender patience to all his hopes and plans. She smiled at his description of the new home she was to share with them in Norway, knowing that her feet were drawing near their home in the churchyard, but she said nothing to sadden them.

The summer was indeed over, and the pale gold of September had come. Alice had always tasted to the full the sweetness of the late pale summer that comes with a fine September, and this year, at the first, she was to glad in heart even to feel lonely for her lover. A long letter came from his first stopping-place, with a ring which made the girl's heart beat with admiration and pleasure—a broad hoop of diamond and amethyst, heavily and old-fashionably set, with inside this motto:

"If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve."

She remembered one day to have said to him that those lines of the poet embodied to her the idea of all chivalry from a man to a woman he loved.

The days of waiting were darker and drearier afterwards. The equinoctial gales brought a succession of storms, and the wet October left a drenched and dreary world, the blurred and disfigured gold of autumn forests, trodden under foot. In November, Mrs. Rossiter began to fail, and henceforth Alice never left her bedside, the long letter to her lover being penned there.

It was dreary with the wintry sea walling and tossing a colorless mass near and far. There was no bright blue days of frost it was rain, rain, forever, and sad stories of shipwreck and loss of lives at sea were on every tongue.

On Christmas Eve the mother died peacefully, being indeed glad and ready

to go, but her going left Alice very lonely. It seemed strange to have no one in the house to work for, no invalid for whom delicacies should be prepared, no necessity for the quiet which had always been maintained. Sometimes when the wind banged a door, or Saxon barked, she felt herself starting lest the noise should awaken her mother, then relapsing heavily into sadness at the thought of how unbroken the grave sleep is. After the first heavy shock was over she gave herself up to visiting the poor and sick, and she felt in healing and soothing others a balm for her sad heart. She was not always sad, however—a bright gleam, that foretold spring, would often awaken her heart into a sudden buoyancy, with the thought of one who would come in the summer.

Eric was very faithful in letter-writing the postman came regularly, and his sweetheart never knew the sickness of waiting for letters. Sometimes she thought they were not so buoyant as at first. He had not been able to take a new position after his illness, which had left him weak, and his mother and sisters were nursing him through the winter, the enforced illness was galling to him, and he chafed under it.

When the hawthorn was bursting into bloom in May came a letter which darkened Alice's blue sky for a time, yet at first her thoughts were all of him. He had been offered a good berth on a ship that would sail in June: would he take it? There would be further waiting for them; but it would enable him to marry when the voyage was ended. His year's idleness had left him penniless, and so he must not come for her as soon as he had hoped. There was much more but this was the gist of the letter, the disappointment, the fear of him going on a long and dangerous voyage, the sorrow for his vexation, these things were only lightened for the girl who loved him by the true love which she read in every line, between every line of this letter.

She wrote to him encouragingly and hopefully, and these to her to patience. There was fear in it, scarcely acknowledged to herself, that when he could claim her she would seem faded, and old to him—he was so much younger than she, and she knew the world was full of women; no woman, she thought, could resist him, whose manly beauty, and whose bright boyishness were so irresistible. Still she wrote to him of nothing but hope and patience.

He accepted the offered position, and his next letter was one of farewell, the last letter to be hoped for for two months unless he should have the luck to send me one by the passing steamer.

June did not seem like summer—the glory of its sunshine and its flowers made her eyes ache—the happy songs of its birds pained her into fits of weeping. She was so much alone, with but a servant and a dog, and her thoughts grew morbid—she felt a hopelessness growing on her, a certainty that Eric would forget her. She thought of him every moment, timing what he would be doing and then the day of his sailing came.

After that she was always thinking of him at him at his post, praying for him, wondering if he, too, looked out on a waste of waters and thought of her.

The time came round to mid-July; to the anniversary hallowed by holy observance, and yet to her a day almost sad, as when one keeps the anniversary of one's dead. She thought how, if things had gone well, he would have been coming to her. She was frightened of her future, telling herself that he would forget. It was such a bright day—so all unlike this day last year—a golden day, with the sea green-blue and sky gray green—the island a greener spot three miles away. The white lilies were in bloom, and Madgie had placed some in a tall green vase in the room, she shuddered at their heavy odors, there was a breath of death in them, she said, and removed them out in the garden, where presently a brown bee swung himself into the tallest of them, and found it so sweet that he dreamed there through the golden afternoon, with a restful humming.

The day seemed unbearably long to the girl, whose heart was curiously heavy. The peace of the hills which so

often had lulled her had no charm to-day and the sea was but a barrier and a grave. The headache that came at morning grew worse, and after a time she was content to lie on a sofa, with Madgie coming now and again to bathe her brow with Eau de Cologne and to proffer other remedies. Saxon sat beside her patiently and wistfully all day, like Mr. Brown's "Flush," she thought once with a weary smile, saying to herself a verse of that great poet's praise of her dog-friend.

The long afternoon came at last to even-song. The shadows darkened and lengthened in the quiet room where the girl was living over to herself the events of last year. It grew dusk, and there was no sound except the blackbird singing without, and now and then some movements from the dog; farther away she could hear Madgie saying her prayers audibly in the kitchen.

Suddenly she felt a wild desire for fresh air—to stand beside the sea where she had found her love; she had an irrational feeling that this would bring him closer to her. She got up quietly and went out just like last year, the dog following her. She wrapt around her a soft gray shawl; and went down the garden path, softly and swiftly along the beach till she came to the very spot where the dog had drawn him in. There she stood gazing across the glorified water, yet alight with the hues of the dead sunset, the dog sitting by her, gazing out, too with her hand on his great head.

It was strange the instinct that brought her here to this spot sanctified for her to meet her love again, for she did meet him—no ghost no shipwrecked mariner, but Eric Bjornsen in the flesh, bright sun-browned, strong, too strong for the Eric she had known, and his face irradiated with a great gladness, with the joy of their meeting.

She was gazing out, too sorrowful to notice anything on either side of her but the last ten minutes she had been in sight of the pedestrian coming with long, swinging paces from the village, where the mail car had just deposited him. Her attention was first attracted by the dog, who rushed forward with loud barks of welcome, then she saw her boy-love come to her with outstretched arms. In a moment she was in their shelter, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and it was long before he had soothed her and tranquilized her sufficiently to understand from whence and why he had come. On the eve of his sailing his uncle's wife had died—"God rest her," he said reverently uncovering his bonny locks—leaving all the property her husband had given her to Eric. She sent for him at last to tell him how she had loved him as a child and felt his courtesy and gentleness to her as a man, and how glad she was that now her money could make him happy. He only waited to do all that was necessary; and to put on train the preparation of a bride. He had not written because he could not resist the boyish temptation of surprising her. There must be no more waiting, he said. Not even for the indispensable trousseau. They could be married within a fortnight here in Alice's own old home, and already he had taken passages for both, as well as for Madgie, in the first Norway going boat. He had arranged it all in his delightful impetuous fashion, and Alice felt the sweetness of lying passive in the hands she loved, all things being done for her who had her life long being accustomed to act and think for herself. And Saxon would go, too, to be petted and looked up to during all his honored days.

And as they were going in to startle and delight Madgie, "So," he said, "my sweetheart, my wife, my well beloved the year has brought me back after all." —Illustrated Catholic American.

THE END

On Wednesday, his Holiness, accompanied by the members of his Antecamera, came down to the Basilica of St. Peter's to make his visit for the gaining of the Jubilee. The doors of the Basilica were closed during his stay in the church, and no one but himself and those who accompanied him were admitted.

MR. GLADSTONE'S APPEAL

London, Nov. 11.—Mr. Gladstone publishes a letter inviting the Liberals to reunite. He says: "After reading the Marquis of Salisbury's speech it seems to me that we have arrived at the testing situation for all Liberals really desiring a Liberal union. We have no right to demand, when the Government have produced their plans, that they shall pursue an altered course upon them, but we have already tolerated a long delay in the production of those plans. The beginning of new delays in February will virtually be making indefinite the production of the plans. I am unable to understand how anybody promoting or in viting such delay can be said to desire the reunion of the Liberal party."

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

Negotiations Between the Porte and Great Britain Resumed—A Friendly settlement Expected.

Constantinople, November 11.—The pending negotiations between Sir William White and the Porte relative to the Egyptian question will now, it is stated, be completed forthwith according to the instruction given previous to the recent French agitation for evacuation. The basis of the fresh understanding will be the joint report on the condition of Egypt, to be made by Moukhtar Pasha and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the special Turkish and British envoys respectively, who have been for some time investigating Egyptian affairs. Their reports will deal with the workings of the present Anglo-Turkish convention in Egypt, and make suggestion as to how reforms in military civil and other departments of the Khedive's Government, specified in the convention, can best be carried into execution.

Paris, November 11.—The Journal des Debats says cordial negotiations are proceeding between England and France in the direction of a friendly settlement respecting Egypt.

London, November 14.—The Daily Telegraph says: A French diplomat, apparently with official sanction, says France maintains sentimental and commercial interest in Egypt, and though desirous of peace, is incensed at the permanent occupation of Egypt by England. The neutrality guaranteed by the Powers is desired by France.

WHY THE IRISH PEOPLE ARE QUIET.

Liverpool, November 8.—At an Irish meeting here yesterday the resolutions adopted by Saturday's convention were confirmed. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor said it was supposed that Ireland was quiet because the people were in a state of abject despair. They would always be quiet when governed in accordance with Irish ideas. The Tories had rejected Mr. Gladstone's bill, but were carrying out Mr. Parnell's bill and the law of the National league. That was when the country was quiet. The Tories had found the Irish people too strong for them.

FORCE REIGNS SUPREME.

Brussels, Nov. 15.—L'Etoile Belge publishes an interview between one of its editors and one of the highest military authorities of Belgium. The latter is reported to have said that in the present state of Europe, force reigns supreme. Treaties are violated without scruple and the small nations of Western Europe would be treated like Bulgaria in the east, Belgium, among others, having to fear German invasion. His conclusion was that Belgium should immediately take an immense effort to strengthen its military defences. The military authority is supposed to be General Brialmont one of the most remarkable officers of the time.

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