

The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

NO 21

DANIEL CAREY.
Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public.
Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba
25 LOMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

ROOMS AND BOARD.
Excellent Board and Rooms may be obtained in a good and central locality and at reasonable rates. Apply corner N. tre Dame street west and Dagmar streets. n21

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

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

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

EDWARD KELLY,
STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING,
PLUMBING AND GASFITTING,
93 Portage Avenue, - Winnipeg.
Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished on application. P. O. Box 471.

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.

FOR CHOICE CUT MEATS
AND
GAME IN SEASON
ATRO
PENROSE & ROGAN
250 Main Street.

A. WILSON,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DEALER IN
FLOUR FEED AND GRAIN
640 MAIN STREET
Prices very reasonable.

F. CLOUTIER
begs to announce to the public that he has bought out the business formerly carried on by Cloutier & L'Heureux and is prepared to sell

Groceries, Provisions
ETC., ETC.

CHEAPER THAN EVER
—AT—
252 Main Street

Choice Butter, Fresh Eggs & Everything
AT BOTTOM PRICES

F. CLOUTIER, 252 MAIN ST.
GEROUX & CONNOLLY.
BUTCHERS.

have resumed business with a large and choice stock of
MEATS, GAME, POULTRY,
—AT—
349 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG,
OPP. POTTER HOUSE.

A call respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
MUNSON & ALLAN,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.
Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
J. H. D. MUNSON G. W. ALLAN

ANDROMEDA.
They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone!
The beasts begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own.
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base catiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her.
Ye left her there alone
My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main;
But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again!
Tis Perseus' sword, a-flaming, the dawn of day proclaiming
Across the Western main.
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!
—James Jeffreys Roche

THE POOR GENTLEMAN

CHAPTER XI.

"I have something to do too, Lenora. Professor Delsaux gave me some pieces of music to copy for his pupils, which will give me four francs in a couple of days. And now be quiet a while, my dear child; my nerves are so shattered that if we talk I shall make mistakes and spoil the paper."

"I may sing, father; may I not?"
"Oh, yes, that won't annoy me: your song will please my ear without distracting my attention."

The old gentleman went on writing, while Lenora, with a rich and joyous voice, repeated all her songs and poured forth her heart in melody. She sewed meanwhile diligently, and from time to time, glanced at her father to see whether the cloud had fallen again over his face and spirit.

They had been a considerable time engaged with their several occupations, when the parish clock struck; and, putting down her work hastily, Lenora took a basket from behind the stove and prepared to go out. Her father looked up with surprise as he said,—
"What! already, Lenora?"

"It has just struck half-past eleven father."

Without making any other remark, De Vlierbeck bent his head again over the music paper and continued his task.

Lenora soon returned from her walk with her basket full of potatoes and something else tied up in a paper, which she hid beneath a napkin. Then, pouring some water in a pot which she placed beside her chair, she began to sing and threw in the potatoes as she peeled them. After this she kindled a fire in the stove and set the pot of potatoes to boil. After the fire, burned well she put a skillet, with a little butter and a good deal of vinegar, over the coal.

Up to this moment her father had not looked up nor intermitted his work; he saw her getting dinner ready every day, and it was seldom that any variety of food appeared on their table. But, hardly had the potatoes begun to boil, when an agreeable perfume was diffused through the chamber. De Vlierbeck glanced up from his writing, a little reproachfully as he exclaimed,—

"What! meat on Friday, my child! you know very well we must be economical. Don't be angry, father," answered Lenora; "the doctor ordered it."
"You are trying to deceive me, are you not?"

"No, no; the doctor said you required meat at least three times a week, if we could get it; it will do you more good than any thing else in restoring your strength."
"And yet we are in debt, Lenora!"
"Come, come, father, let our debts alone, everybody will be paid and satisfied. Don't trouble yourself about them any more: I'll answer for them all. And now be so good as to take your paper, so that I can lay the cloth."

De Vlierbeck got up and did as he was asked. Lenora covered the deal-boards with a snowy napkin and placed on it two plates and a dish of potatoes. It was indeed a humble table, at which all was extremely common; yet every thing was so neat, fresh, and savory that a rich man might have sat down to it with appetite. They took their places and asked a blessing on the meal; but, before the prayer was finished, Lenora started suddenly and interrupted her father. With eyes staring toward the door and head leaned forward, she listened eagerly, motioning her father with her hand to be silent.

There was a sound of footsteps and voices on the staircase, and as they approached, Lenora thought she recognised the tones. She bounded to the door with a sharp cry, and, closing it, leaned against the board to prevent any one from entering.

"For God's sake, child, what are you afraid of?" cried her father.

"Gustave! Gustave!" whispered Lenora, with pale and quivering lips. "He is there! I hear him. Take away that table quickly. Of all the world he is the last who should see our misery!"

De Vlierbeck's face grew dark, his head became erect and fierce, and his eyes flashed with their ancient fire. Advancing silently to his daughter, he drew her from the door. Lenora fled to a corner of the room, and covered her face, which was red with mortification.

Suddenly the door opened, and a young man rushed into the chamber with an exclamation of joy as he advanced open armed, toward the trembling girl, whom he would have pressed to his breast had not the hand and look of her father arrested his steps.

For a moment he stood like one stupefied, gazing from the wretched board to the miserable dress of the old man and his daughter. The sight affected the intruder, for he covered his eyes as he exclaimed, in subdued and despairing tones, "Oh, God! has it come to this?"

But he did not allow himself to remain long under the influence either of his feelings or of her father, and, advancing anew to Lenora, seized and pressed both her hands ardently.

"Oh, look at me, Lenora! Let me see thy heart has preserved the memory of our love!"

Lenora's eyes met his at once and with affection. It was a look that completely revealed her pure and constant soul.

"Oh, happiness!" cried Gustave, enthusiastically; "thou art still my dear and tender Lenora! Thank God, no power on earth can ever separate me again from my betrothed? Receive, receive the kiss of our union?"

He stretched his arms toward her, Lenora, trembling with agony and happiness, stood downcast and blushing, as if awaiting the solemn kiss, but; before Gustave could accomplish the act, De Vlierbeck was by his side, and, grasping his hand, held him motionless.

"Monsieur Denecker," said her father severely. "Have the good sense to moderate your transports. We are certainly glad to see you once more but neither you nor I can forget what we are. Respect our poverty!"

"What do you say?" cried Gustave. "What you are? You are my friend,—my father. Lenora is my betrothed. Oh heaven! why look at me so reproachfully?"

He seized the hand of Lenora again, and, drawing her toward her father, rapidly continued;—

"Listen! My uncle died in Italy and left me the heir of all his property. He commanded me on his death bed to marry Lenora. I have come, sir, to ask the reward of my sufferings. I lay my fortune, heart, and life at your feet and in exchange. I implore the happiness of leading Lenora to the altar. Grant me that favor; O my father! Grinselhof awaits you, I bought it for you. Everything is there again. The portraits of your ancestors are in their places on the wall; and everything that was dear to you is restored. Come let me watch your old days, your declining years, with the veneration of a son. Let me make you happy again;—oh, how happy!"

The old man's expression did not change, yet a tear moistened his eye.

"Ah!" continued Gustave, "nothing on earth can ever separate me from her"—not even a father's power, for I feel that God himself has given her to me? Yet pardon me, father, for my rashness, and bestow your benediction."

De Vlierbeck seemed to have utterly forgotten the young man and his transports: for he stood with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, as if addressing his Maker in fervent prayer. At length his words began to be heard distinctly:—

"Oh, Margaret. Margaret, rejoice on the bosom of God. My promise is fulfilled—thy child will be happy."

Gustave and Lenora stood before him hand in hand, and, as he threw his arms around the young man,—

"May heaven bless you for your love continued he. 'Make my child happy. She is your wife."

"Gustave, Gustave — my husband," exclaimed Lenora, as they threw themselves into each other's arms, and the first kiss of love — the first consecrated kiss — was exchanged on the breast of that happy father who went over and blessed his children.

And now gentle reader I must inform you that I have had my own reasons for concealing the situation and even the true name of the chateau of De Vlierbeck. None of you will, therefore, even know where Gustave and Lenora dwell. I know Monsieur and Madame Denecker intimately, and have taken many a walk around Grinselhof with two charming little children and their venerable grandfather. I have often beheld the beautiful picture of peace, love, and domestic happiness that is seen in the old house beneath the grim ancestral portraits or in the fresh air under the trees. I will not say who told me the story of this family. Let it suffice that I know all the persons who have played a part in it and that I have often chatted with Farmer John and Dame Bess while they poured forth their gossip about "The poor Gentleman" and his trials.

MR. BAKER'S DOMESTIC SYSTEM.

From the Irish Monthly.

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker had put the little Balls and the little Bakers to bed, and for the first time during the winter season were spending an evening together. It seemed very cosy and sociable to sit down in front of the fire with its bed of glowing coal, and talk familiarly of matters interesting to wives and mothers. And so thought Mrs. Ball, who affirmed that her little ones had been so cross and wayward that day, that she needed just such a quiet period to calm her irritated nerves; which remark was seconded by Mrs. Baker, who added that Frank, Frederick and Fanny had been hayed shockingly all day, wearying her patience sadly, and preventing her from sewing, reading, or even thinking.

"I don't know that my boy and girls differ from other boys and girls, but I get very tired with the care of them all the day," said Mrs. Ball, sighing softly. "And so do I; yet my husband thinks the duty a very slight one," returned Mrs. Baker, sympathetically.

"That I do!" said the person alluded to, emphatically, abruptly entering. "That I do; and as soon as I get on my slippers, I'll give you a good reason for it. Good evening Mrs. Ball. I didn't intend to be a party to your innocent remarks, but the last one of my wife's I couldn't avoid hearing; an assertion, by the way, which I am ready to make again."

"As she rendered your views so correctly, I presume no harm is done," laughingly returned Mr. Ball.

"Discussing children, were you not, and the tremendous burden of care and trouble they impose upon tender mothers inquired Mr. Baker, half seriously.

"We stand convicted of the heinous crime. Pray, what have you to say against it?" retorted both Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker.

Nothing, certainly, of the right of every lady to talk about what pleases her; but a great deal against the erroneous opinion you maintain. The truth is Mrs. Ball, the truth is, wife, you magnify your motherly duties; you look at them through a glass which increases their dimensions wonderfully. You make a mountain of a molehill and then imagine you are climbing up its rugged side when you are simply walking on level ground. You complain because it has become habitual; you talk of fatigue and nervousness because every other mother mother does the same. There isn't one woman in ten who knows how to take care of children properly."

"Have you any experimental knowledge of the matter," asked Mrs. Ball. "No, indeed! he knows nothing at all

about it," cried Mrs. Baker.

"I see I am in the minority, but I don't mean to be frightened out of my argument," quoth Mr. Baker. "In the first place, I advance that women don't understand children."

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker looked voluminous.

They make," he continued, undaunted by two pair of sharp eyes, "a great fuss about a very little matter. Children do not need continual talking to, one word is as good as ten, if rightly applied. Begin right, and there need be no trouble in managing them. When the cry, make them be quiet, when they want anything make them wait on themselves."

"What if they can't walk. There is supposed to be a period in a child's life when its feet are of no possible service," remarked the listening wife, in a tone the least bit malicious.

"As I have two such critical listeners it behooves me to choose my words more carefully. To amend my remark, teach children to wait upon themselves as soon as they can walk."

"A difficult theory to put into practice said Mrs. Ball, with the air of one confident of the soundness of her position. "Not at all I assure you nothing easier."

"Did you ever try it?" pursued the lady, surveying her masculine theorist as though she comprehended his ignorance.

"Why—no—not exactly," he stammered, "but that doesn't militate against the facts of the case. I'm confident I can take care of children without tiring myself, or thinking it a burdensome duty, I should start right, Mrs. Ball."

The man in the dressing gown and slippers contemplated the fire with great apparent satisfaction.

"Then why not take your wife's place to-morrow; and let her spend the day with me," queried the mother of four little Balls. "She needs relaxation; and as you maintain that children are no trouble when rightly managed, they will not interfere with your happiness in any degree. You can 'start right,' and I have no doubt everything will go on swimmingly. What say you to my proposal?"

Mr. Baker eyed her attentively for a moment, then slowly replied:

"I don't know it's reasonable. Should you like it?" he added, turning to his wife, who had been exchanging glances with Mr. Ball.

He received a hearty assent.

"Then it's settled. I'll keep house, and you shall go visiting. I'm not particularly wanted at the business premises, and it will be a fine chance to write several letters and look over a book of accounts, I'll wager a new bonnet against a new hat—and the bonnet with your permission, shall belong to Mrs. Baker—that I will get through the day grandly, without fretting and scolding or worriment and weariness," was the brave rejoinder.

"You hear, Mrs. Baker—a beaver again at a two-guinea bonnet. I wish I was as sure of new velvet as what you are," exclaimed the merry Mrs. Ball.

"Don't be too positive! A hat may be called for before you are aware of it; briskly retorted Mr. Baker. "I'll demonstrate my system, or confess myself in error."

Mrs. Ball smiled in a peculiar way, spoke a few words in an under tone to her ally, and bade her friends good night.

Mr. Baker was awakened at a late hour the following morning by baby Fanny, who was amusing herself by pulling his whiskers. Glancing at his watch he found it was past eight o'clock. Where was Mrs. Baker? Why were not the older children dressed and out of the way, instead of jumping about the room, clamoring for their clothes. Mr. Baker did not make a very elaborate toilet. He ran down stairs, found a good fire in the stove, a pot of hot coffee and the table spread; but the party instrumental in bringing about this comfortable state of things was non est. He went through the rooms glanced into the parlor, looked into the outhouse in to the cellar, and called "Ellen" several times. No response been given, he was driven to the conclusion that his better

Continued on Fifth Page