

THE DOUBLE TEST.

By Beryl Willow.

Continued.

And now, Henry Fairfield, decide," said my guest, calmly rising and folding his arms—"decide whether you will reject the offer of this being, disprove all past ties, and cheat the promise of her youth."

This unexpected and direct appeal, so calculated to recall the image of my boyhood's idol, affected me most powerfully. Rapidly, as I paced the floor, the outlines of later things grew indistinct, and the half forgotten features of Maggie Fulmer strengthened into distinctness in my soul, where old associations were powerfully working. What should I do? I had thought this dream long faded out; but as I reverted to the poor and loving girl to whom I had once pledged my affection, all the circumstances of the brief season in which she figured came in their beauty back. Singular to tell old fountains of feeling were unsealed, and therewith something of the fascination which the presence of Maggie Fulmer once held over me returned. I could recall the slowly falling tear, the last fond, timid glance at parting, and could see that entire weary struggle which succeeded to make herself deserving my regard. The constant toil, the submissive patience, the weary brain, the unexampled self-denial, all ran through my mind like lightning; and at that moment, the stranger, as if guided by an intuitive perception of my thoughts, placed in my hand a miniature, which revived in sudden strength the spell of her bewildering beauty. There, almost incarnate, were the strangely lustrous eyes, the pale, reflective forehead, masses of luxuriant dishevelled hair, the haughty mouth, the graceful oval of the face, and over all brooded that mysterious expression of a gifted soul which was worth them all. Yielding to the sudden impulse of the moment, I flung myself upon the sofa, and wept like a child. By degrees my calmness came again, and with it a conviction that, if my whole life were laid as an offering at the feet of this wondrous creature, it could scarcely repay the worth of such devotion. A moment served to fix my resolution, and seating myself hastily at the table, I penned a hurried note to Mary Seymour, in which I cancelled all past ties, and declined her conditional favor. I cannot now recall the phraseology, but it was curt and cold. For my refusal of her requirements I offered no apology; I did not at the moment deem it needed any, so worthless seemed the woman who could distress a loving, trustful heart, in comparison with her whose constancy years could not discourage. As I cast the completed note upon the table, I said, calmly, with a feeling of relief—

"Now, sir, conduct me to her. She shall see that the years which have changed my fortune have not changed my heart; what I then promised I will fulfil, if at the termination of our interview she still desires it."

"I cannot conceal from you," said the stranger, "the esteem and admiration with which your honorable conduct fills me; but I am likewise instructed in event of this decision, to clear her conduct from all mercenary suspicions. The changes of a capricious fortune have blessed her with wealth superior to your own."

A blush of embarrassment was hot upon my cheek as, while I perceived that my own hesitation might be imputed to mercenary motives, her own were placed above suspicion; for, had fate denied her this equality of means she would never have claimed a fulfilment of my promise.

"I have further to add," he continued, without pausing, "that, some eight years since, accident developed the fact that Maggie Fulmer, the supposed drunkard's daughter, was the orphan child of wealthy parents. I need not say that her relatives, who reside in England, have spared no expense to supply the earlier deficiencies which cramped her girlhood; and all that art could suggest or wealth secure has been brought to the accomplishment and refinement of a mind naturally of a lofty order. Affluent, accomplished, beautiful, and respected, the Maggie Fulmer of your boyhood offers to release you from your pledges, if you desire."

"I will at least see her once more," I replied.

Throwing around my shoulders a light mantle, to shield me from the night air, I mechanically followed my conductor through the deserted thoroughfares. The moon had set some hours before, and but a few faint stars twinkled indistinctly in the sky. Notwithstanding the obscurity, my guide moved forward with the alacrity of one familiar with the route, while I followed silently, bearing in my bosom a tempest of conflicting emotions. Our journey was no very brief one, and led into the suburbs of the town. At last the stranger halted before a building whose lofty gables lay in dusky outlines against the darkened sky. It was

evidently a situation which I had never noticed, and the hall into which I was immediately ushered presented nothing familiar to my eye. A single pendent chandelier displayed the costly decorations of a room which might have served as a fitting entrance to a palace. Throwing off my cloak, I was conducted into a lofty and extensive chamber, when, having motioned me to be seated, he simply added "Wait," and disappeared.

The room into which I had been ushered was singularly luxurious in its equipments. The upper ceiling was carved in beautiful devices, and bordered with rich mouldings, gleaming with arabesques of gold. The carpet glowed with more than living flowers, and never whispered of a footfall. On tables of rare and curious workmanship stood vases of strange flowers, and ornaments suggestive of impossible handiwork. Around the walls were suspended several paintings, and above a mirror which, at the upper end of the room, doubled all it looked upon, reposed a marble statue of Minerva. The apartment was unoccupied, save by myself, and I was at liberty to sink into a seat and prepare for the approaching interview. Not a sound disturbed the impressive silence of the building, and, as minute after minute glided away, I lost myself in contemplating the singular events of the last few hours. How suddenly and unexpectedly had fate linked the earlier with the later period of my life! The spring flowers of that age when all the brightest dreams of boyhood are springing in the heart were mingled strangely with the sterner creations of manhood. It was as if by some magical illusion a sudden undergrowth of flowers had obliterated every footpath in a grove of giant oaks. By what slight incidents, and yet how naturally had the thread of my existence been woven with the destiny of another! Could she who, years before, seemed doomed to a life of misery and want, have become the mistress of this regal splendor? And yet, through all—woe that would have worn away such memories from many minds; years that would have withered all faithfulness in the hearts of most, and fortune which would have added the better judgment of thousands—through all this she had kept her eye upon one steady hour—the hour of our meeting. As these reflections hurried through my mind, I rose and paced the apartment with hasty strides. Busy with the past, I scarcely noted the lapse of time until I suddenly recalled the fact that nearly an hour had passed since I entered the building; and raising my head with sudden impatience, I found myself facing two portraits hanging side by side. I stood wondering struck at the vision, and rubbed my eyes to assure me of my wakefulness. In one portrait, with the loosely flowing hair, the mystic eyes, and the supernal beauty of expression, I could not fail to recognize the likeness of the school-girl, Maggie Fulmer, with her half developed form, her olive cheek, and air of desolation. In the other, ripe and full in outline, yet wearing a strange resemblance to the first, as I saw them thus contrasted, I beheld one whose beauty thrilled me with intolerable anguish—the peerless Mary Seymour.

"Can it be possible," I said, half audibly, "that these two beings, both strangely connected with my fate, are relatives? are sisters?"

"Nay, even nearer," said a soft voice at my side, "for the form and features of Mary Seymour are but the development of the once unfortunate Maggie Fulmer, a name which is now a myth, that serves to chasten one who was born to better fortunes."

Startled at the interruption, I turned and beheld the stranger, holding in his hand the Mary Seymour.

"Paul Seymour, late Paul Devereux, can have no fears," he said, smiling, "in resigning to the charge of Henry Fairfield the reality of his long worshipped dream, for she who has been twice won may well be worth cherishing."

So saying, he disappeared, leaving me, in the unutterable emotions of that moment, to realize, if possible, the enchantment which had so divinely blessed me.

[THE END.]

A Generous Yankee Lawyer.

It was in the town of Stoneham that there abode a lawyer thrifty and keen in his pursuit of the root of all evil. And of him it is told that on one occasion he was employed by a poor widow to collect a debt of \$23.47 which was her due.

The lawyer succeeded with little difficulty in securing the money, the person who owed it being ready enough to defraud the poor widow, but having a wholesome fear of the law before his eyes. The lawyer sent for the widow to tell her of his success, and great was her joy, since sorely did she need it.

"I suppose," she said, with hesitation, after he had related his success, "that I owe you something for your work."

"Well," he replied, with an air of the greatest magnanimity, "I ought to charge you \$25; but I know you are poor, and you need not bother about the other \$1.53."

And the widow went home sorrowful, but wiser than she had been before.

THE FARMERS' INTEREST.

The Dominion Statistician Explodes Commercial Union Fallacies.
Ottawa Citizen, May 7.

I need hardly point out that if the farmers of the four New England States have less stock on their farms and less bushels for their harvest, combined with more acres of cultivated land, the value of their farms must have greatly depreciated during twenty years. It is not uncommon to find advertisements in the papers like this one taken from the New York Mail and Express of the 9th November, 1888: "For Sale—Good farm lands in Massachusetts for \$2 and upwards an acre." Bishop Huntingdon, in last September's Forum, stated with somewhat of dismay at the state of affairs disclosed, that a farm in New Hampshire, yielding fifteen tons of hay and other crops each season, was sold, with house and outbuildings, for \$52. In fact, so utterly disheartened were New England farmers that nobody wanted the farm.

THE REASON WHY.

Now what is the cause which has for so many years been operating to the destruction of farming in the four New England States? Mr. Wiman did not tell us. But we know the reason. It is that the unhappy condition of the farmers in the New England States is due to the fact that the Western States have taken the bread out of the mouths of the farmers of the Eastern States. If that is the reason, what sense would there be in the four provinces exposing themselves to the same fatal rivalry as would be the case under Mr. Wiman's proposed scheme. The four provinces have now the rivalry of our own Province of Manitoba. Mr. Wiman in effect urges the farmers of the four provinces to expose themselves to the additional rivalry of the Western States, which has killed out the farming interest of the New England States. Our farmers in the four provinces will take care not to enter into that "spider's parlour."

THE REASON WHY.

Mr. Wiman contrasted Ontario with New York, to the disadvantage of the former. During twenty years (1860-80) the improved farm lands of New York State increased from 15 1/2 million acres to 17 8-10 million. The holders of these 17,000,000 acres are in the very heart of those "activities" which Mr. Wiman says would, under commercial union, give a boom to Ontario farmers, yet an investigation made into the condition of New York farmers, published in March, 1887, resulted in proving beyond question that "one in every twenty of the farm proprietors in the State is hopelessly in debt." This means that between the Ontario farmer and the great market of New York city is a great belt of farmers in a position to snap up first every good chance, and the position has been of so little benefit that an army of 75,500 farmers are hopelessly in debt, rising every morning and groaning every day over their troubles. With another army of 75,500 careworn women wearing their lives out in a helpless struggle to "keep the wolf from the door"; with this terrible load of misery as the result of having the best position to take the cream of the 60 million market, with this prospect before them the prosperous farmers and farmers' wives of Ontario will think twice before coming to the conclusion that they can send their products to the New York market and get fancy prices for them.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

Between them and that market are 75,500 farmers with their wives and sons and daughters living in constant dread of being any day turned out of house and home. These are worse evils than having a duty on eggs. Mr. Wiman must explain to our farmers of Ontario how they are to take their products a long distance, carry them straight past these 75,500 farms, mortgaged right up to the handle, and get such prices for them as will make them more prosperous than ever, while the result of enjoying this wonderful market for twenty years past, is that 75,500 farmers in New York State are hopelessly in debt. The New York farmers have not been able to prevent themselves being squeezed by the middlemen of New York city, and squeezed nearly to death. The Ontario farmer would fare no better. I could adduce facts by the score, all showing that on the north side of Lake Ontario there are farming activity, progress, prosperity, development, and on the south side decay, shrinkage, ruin.

A Story of John Bright.

Mr. Leatham Bright is a good storyteller, much appreciated at the National Liberal Club, and not deficient in dry humor. He is a bronzed and bearded man of close upon 40 years of age—a circumstance necessary to be borne in mind in order to the proper appreciation of a characteristic anecdote which is told of him and his late father. Like most men who have attained a certain age, Mr. John Bright was never able to divest himself of the idea that his son was after all a mere boy, and when Mr. Leatham Bright, recently returned from Stoke-on-Trent, voted in favor of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, his father sent him a letter roundly rating him for his conduct. A few days later they met in the hall of the Reform Club, and the younger Bright producing the letter from his pocket, asked reproachfully, "Father, is that sort of language in which one statesman should address another?" John Bright retired without a word to the smoking-room, where he created a roar of laughter by telling the story.

EXCITED IMAGINATION.

How Wrongful Charges Sometimes Originate—Two Cases in Point.

"Just to show how liable to make mistakes some women are," said a prominent police official the other day "I will cite to you a few instances of the trouble they sometimes give us as a result of their own carelessness, and the irrational manner in which they make charges against innocent people, which they cannot substantiate, except with their own statements, 'I know, I am sure.' A few days ago a lady entered a drug store on Yonge street and purchased some articles from a young clerk. She went out, and walked down a few blocks farther. On entering another store she missed her purse. 'I will go back to the drug store, I remember laying the purse on the counter, and now I am sure I forgot to pick it up again. Yes, now I remember it distinctly,' and as she goes back to the drug store her first suspicion rapidly assumes the shape of a rooted conviction. The young man tells her she did not leave the pocket-book. She must have dropped it or had her pocket picked. 'No I left it right there and she pointed to a certain spot. The clerk had not the purse, and the matter was at once reported to the detectives by the irate loser. The pocket book contained \$40, and I think it was Detective Black who was detailed to look into the matter. The lady was sure the clerk had purloined the money, and would believe nothing else. Detective Black made a full and thorough investigation, and he was as fully satisfied that it was not the clerk who had got the money. There was some mistake. The woman wanted the young man arrested, but the officer refused to make the arrest. Instead, he advised the loser to advertise her loss in the papers. 'That boy has my money, and what's the use to be throwing good money after stolen money for?' was the only reply. The detective looked at the lost and found columns of the paper and

FOUND A SUM OF MONEY

found, corresponding with the same time and place as the case upon which he was working. He called at the address given, and sure enough, it was the 'sure and certain,' woman's purse that had been picked up a few minutes after she dropped it from her muff to the sidewalk. The advertisement was in the next morning's papers after the loss, and the officer saw it right away. Now that woman is ashamed to go into that drug store, and I would be too, if I had acted in the unreasonable manner that she did."

"Another case of newspaper heading, 'More pocket-picking at the Union Station,' was nipped in the bud by Detective Cuddy and the Grand Trunk constable at the Union station the other evening. She was stepping on the rear car of the train going west when the officers noticed her pocket-book falling to the ground. Cuddy at once picked it up and followed the lady into the car. No sooner was she seated than she discovered her loss. 'Oh, my! my pocket has been picked. My purse, and all the money I had, ticket, and everything is gone,' and the frantic woman was going to enter into particulars for the benefit of her fellow-passengers. Probably had she had time she would have distinctly remembered passing the very man and feeling the purse jerked away. But the officers stopped the second act in the middle, and presenting the purse to the loser, informed her where they had found it. The woman looked suspiciously at the officer in plain clothes, but looked as if she would believe anything after she found her money was all right. There are many cases like this, and can an officer be blamed, if he makes a wrong judgment in some really circumstantial case?"

A Sorry Boy.

Johnnie, aged 6, had been banished to the bedroom for using bad words to his younger brother Sam, and told that he must remain there until he was sorry for his misconduct. After a few minutes of kicking and screaming, and then of quiet, he called Sam to the door to receive the following communication:

"Sam, if I'm ever sorry for calling you names—and I'll have to stay here an awful while before I am—the first thing I'll do when I get out will be to lick you for talking on me."

After a long pause and he continued: "You'd better be getting ready, Sam; I'm beginning to feel pretty sorry."—Philadelphia Press.

The Late Lord Walter Campbell.

In an interview with the New York Evening Post on the subject of the death of Lord Walter Campbell, brother of the Marquis of Lorne, Sir Roderick Cameron said the other day:—"The Duke of Argyll had so many sons and so little money that he decided to send his boys into the commercial world. He probably did not think of placing them in the army or in the church for two reasons; because he had not the money to establish them suitably, and because he looks upon the present as a new era, offering greater opportunities to the man of commerce than to the man of war or to the clergyman. At any rate, Lord Walter, with the rest, was put into business, and was sent to New York and apprenticed as a clerk with Bursk & Jevons, the representatives here of Rathbone & Co., of Liverpool, a shipping and commission firm. Lord Walter remained here in that office for three years, and was marked by a quiet unassuming manner and his great industry. I am told that he stayed longer at the office in the afternoon than any of the other clerks. He enjoyed himself in society here, of course, being invited everywhere but was not anything of a sensation; his modesty forbade that. He occasionally passed the time from Saturday to Monday with me in the country, and I always found him the same pleasant, quiet young man. Where he had been educated I do not know. I suppose he was an Eton boy, but I am pretty sure that he did not go through the university. When Lord Walter left New York he went on the Stock Exchange in London, and remained a member till his death. He married, I believe, a Manchester manufacturer's daughter, who was very pretty, and brought him, I understand, a good deal of money."

CASH SALE.

Come and see our great Bargains in

FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.

Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.

Our \$30 one for \$23.

Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days

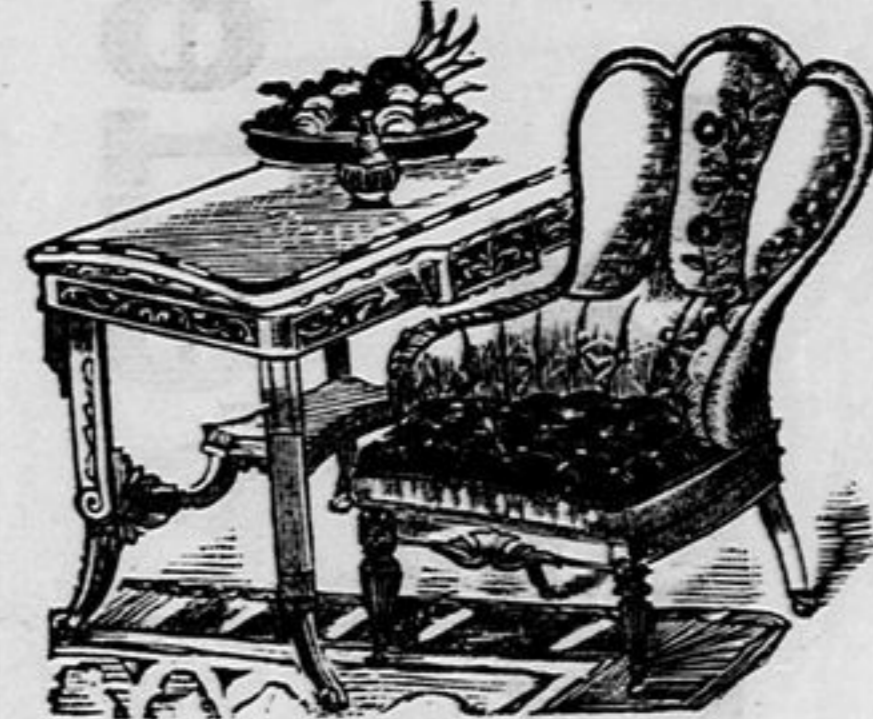
Come along and you will get a Bargain.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.
Kent St., Lindsay.

What a Correspondent says of The House of

OWEN MCGARVEY & Son,

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced—A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.



That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisement all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad." but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:—

"Carrie, dear,"

said her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

Household Furniture

from OWEN MCGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-price suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, wools, satettes, tablets, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired best furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a horse from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable gentleman, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocatelle.

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the rich beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn ren with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain,
To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.