**Makes The Whole House Sparkle**

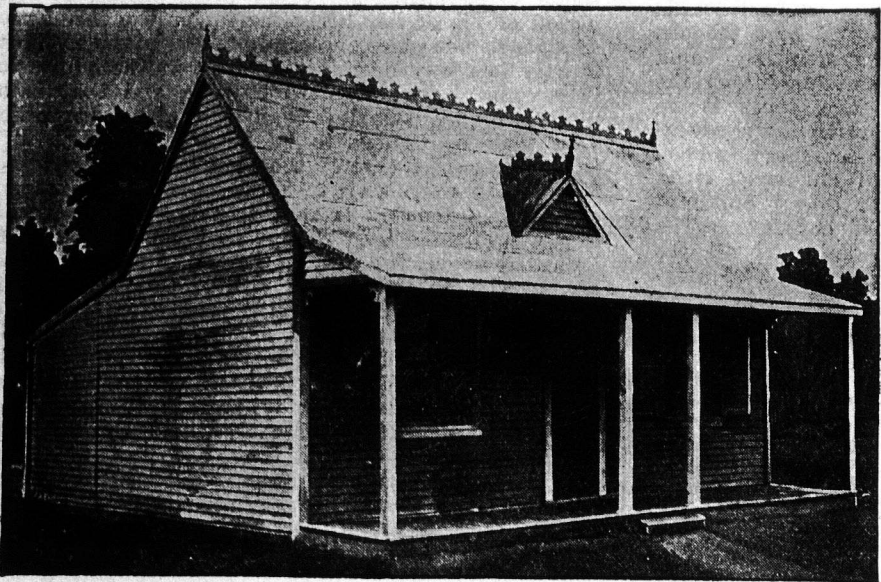
Chairs and tables, bookcases and desks, floors and doors, windows and screens, Oil Cloth and Linoleum—they all share in the transformation that "China-Lac" brings into the house. "China-Lac" is Brandram-Henderson's new varnish stain, that makes old, dull, scratched Furniture, etc., fresh and bright as new. "China-Lac" dries over night, with a brilliant, china-like finish, that can be washed with soap and water without getting dull. A 15c. can of "China-Lac" will finish a chair—that's the economy of it. Fourteen rich colors—ready to use—easy to apply.

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SIX thicknesses of material in walls with 4-inch air space, finished and painted for  
**\$400 f.o.b. WINNIPEG.**

There are several surprising details you would like to know about this wonderful invention. These will be furnished (FREE) on request by the Selling Agents

**William S. King Co., 232 Portage Ave, Winnipeg****The Scholar's Wife.**

By F. E. DUGDALE.



THE Scholar lifted his eyes from the page before him, and gazed from the window on to the high-walled garden below. The green leaves dancing in the sunlight awoke a look of pleasure which gave to his sombre face an aspect almost of youth.

Today, watching the heaped luxuriance of spring in Italy, the flowers, and all the joy of May, the thought came to him that there was a magic in the world other than that distilled from the crabbled black-letter over which he had been pouring. He had spent his boyhood and his early manhood all too lavishly in the pursuit of bookish lore; but now, watching the picture which the season had painted, the will to live and to love even as other men leaped and pulsed in his veins. The small, meek face of a woman, of her who was his wife, Alis, came to his mind, together with a resolution which brought him to his feet.

He would seek her in the garden, he thought, for that was where she loved to stray and linger; and straightway he went thither.

But as he descended from the tower, where he was wont to study through long hours, and alone, he remembered that it was the morning of a holy-day: hence she would be at the church to hear Mass.

He did not return to his books, for the desire to study had, for that while, fled; instead he gained the garden, and there roamed to and fro, looking at the flowers and leaves as one to whom sight had been but lately restored. Wearied at length, he sat to rest upon a green bank beneath a wall of bleached laurels, meaning there to await his wife's return.

The moments slid swiftly, and he mused idly and pleasantly, his eyes bent upon the grassy turf at his feet. He was, he deemed, of all men the most blest in sixteenth-century Florence.

From the mentally pictured dove-like eyes of his wife Alis, his thoughts wandered to himself and, for once, his scholar's dark robe was distasteful to him, and his austere life seemed incomplete. She, Alis, must often be sad and out of heart, for he, her husband, had lived largely to himself; but now he would mend all that. He would be young again with her and for her; he would dye that pale cheek with the rosy tint of pleasure.

Then he thought of his wife's cousin, a youth named Doria, a budding clerk, gay and light of foot, a cunning player upon the lute. With the thought came a sudden revulsion. It were impossible that he could ever become young and impulsive like that: a scholar he had been and a scholar he must ever remain; but his wife—at that pleasant vision a smile flickered upon his lips: she was not formed for loud mirth and gaiety; she was gentle and low of voice, and she would be content with him even as he was. He put out his hand and plucked a flower which grew hard by.

It was at this moment that a voice broke in upon his musing, a voice so feverishly passionate that he scarcely recognized it as that of the woman in his thoughts.

"Must you go? Must you indeed go?" it besought. "Ah, Doria, mine own dear love, wait but another day!"

The Scholar bent his gaze musingly upon the earth, and he listened as one who has but faint interest in the issue. He twirled carelessly the flower he held in his right hand.

"The hours will be long and tedious without thee, sweetheart; in thee is all my joy."

The reply came full and fair in the voice of the young clerk Doria, to

whom, as being his wife's cousin, the Scholar had shown many courtesies.

"Be patient, I pray thee, honeycomb; yea, my sweet Alis," he said. "Now Heaven bless and save thee, for I may no longer abide here; but evermore, whereso I go, I am thy own true love. I shall return, verily, in the space of two brief weeks."

The Scholar, still twirling the flower, remembered that he had heard before, perchance from his wife Alis herself that Doria was about to take a journey of some days upon a matter concerning his clerkship.

There was a silence, broken only by the rustling of the laurels, and the Scholar, sitting with drooping eyelids, felt rather than heard the passionate embrace of the lovers so close at hand; and he sat motionless until their light footsteps died away.

At length the flower fell bruised from his supple fingers, and he regarded it compassionately, it might have been thought; and then he, too, went his way.

In an upper chamber of his house, some hours later, he found Alis. "Art wearied, good wife?" he asked with unwonted tenderness as he drew her towards him. He held her soft round chin in the hollow of his hand, and looked into her wide clear eyes, in which struggled a look that might have been taken for fear; or maybe it was one of aversion.

He regarded her long and mutely, scanning her small pale features, the thin, modest line of her lips.

"Sweet, patient wife, well may my heart abound in joy; a wife is a good gift, verily, and I am neither hoar nor old, so we will have lavish time of bliss together yet. What sayest thou, then, sweet one?"

His voice sank to a whisper, and his eyes were fixed on hers with an eagerness which did not miss the pallid look that swept across the wife's face nor the desperate clench of the small teeth. After a moment or two he let her go, and she staggered from him with trembling limbs.

"I crave thy pardon, my dear lord and husband," she uttered meekly as she found a chair, "but I am not well. The sun has given me a sickness. Methinks I tarried too long in the garden at noon."

The Scholar bent his gaze upon the rushes on the floor at his feet and remained long and mute in thought. Then presently he said with harshness: "I spoke but in wantonness and jest, for there is a science of grave import which I needs must undertake. I have no time for folly; I must start upon it at dawning on the morrow."

With which he turned and walked away, his gaze, contemplative, still on the ground.

The Scholar was back in his room next day, but no longer poring over his books. He had, it seemed, given his mind to chemistry, and there alone, under lock and key, he compounded strange potions and medicines.

More than a fortnight slipped by; till one day he called his wife Alis.

"Hast tidings from thy cousin, young Doria, dear heart?" he asked with a certain gentleness.

She threw him a look of inquiry: she had seemed mute and heavy of late, and the answer broke from her with a half sigh.

"No tidings whatsoever."

But she judged he would not tarry much longer, for the two weeks that he had promised to be away had already been overstepped by five days.

"When he does come you and I will pledge him, and he shall pledge us—all out of the same cup," said her husband steadily.

Yet several weeks went by. They merged into months: and still Doria did not return to Florence. Alis grew paler

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