

Her Deliverance

When Gillian came into the old family lawyer's office that soft June morning, that astute gentleman discerned at once that something unusual was the matter. The beautiful young face was quite white and there was a gleam in the blue eyes that was not good to see.

"My dear child," exclaimed the senior member of Benedict & Carroll, rising to grasp her hand, "what is it?" "Gillian took a seat opposite, "Matter enough," she replied in a hard tone. "Mr. Benedict, I've come to tell you that it is all no use. Stephen and I will have to separate. Why should we try to pull together?" she asked. "He cares no longer for me, I am convinced. If he does, his actions run counter to it. If it isn't his club it is an appointment after dinner. He is never at home, and I can't eat my heart out longer in such loneliness. I wouldn't say a word, but it used to be so different." Oh, the beautiful eyes were full of tears. "Why do men lead us to believe that the honeymoon will only fade into deeper joys. It's so cruel to us. No," she went on, "we rarely spend a moment together nowadays. If I plan an especially nice dinner he never comes to it. At breakfast he is deep in his paper. His evenings are spent away from home.

"Mr. Benedict," the rich young voice faltered, "I grew up in your household. You've always stood to me in the place my own dear father would have occupied had he lived. I come to you first in my unhappiness. I tell you frankly if this is what married life means I will have none of it. "It has come to this. I cannot longer bear Stephen's indifference and neglect. Help me to get away from him and—"

The old lawyer rose and paced the floor. His fatherly, kind face had upon it a look of pain. "Oh, these poor rich people," he exclaimed. He stopped to lay a hand on Gillian's shoulder. "My dear child," he added, "I would help you if I could, but don't you see that even if you should be free the old life can never be restored? Stephen may neglect you; I suppose he does, yet you are his wife, Gillian," he went on, "if Stephen and you had both been poor, it would have been a thousand times better for each of you. Money gives you license to your separate ways that poverty renders impossible. The young mechanic who comes home Saturday night and lays his weekly earnings in his wife's lap is, after all, a man to be envied. His chance of happiness is far better than that of the man whose future so far as finances go is assured. There is no talk of affinity there. When he has half a holiday he spends it with his family on the porch or on the trolley. His Sunday is his paradise—his wife his good angel—his home his heaven. Well, well, perhaps Providence, in the divine order of things, has decreed it. At any rate, the divorce court doesn't pass in judgment upon the poor as it does upon those of the higher class.

"Gillian," he asked suddenly, "what are you planning for the summer?" "The Rossiters want me to join them at Old Point Comfort," returned Gillian listlessly, "but I haven't really promised." "And Stephen?" "Oh, Stephen," said Gillian, with a bitter smile, "informed me yesterday that he had planned to go for a two months' hunting trip up to Wigwam Gulch. This is the 1st of June. If I go with the Rossiters, I dare say we will not meet until the last of September.

The old lawyer regarded the pretty, unhappy young face with all a father's solicitude. "Wigwam Gulch! Isn't that the place Stephen bought a year ago?" he asked suddenly. "Yes." "No doubt there's good fishing and hunting there?" "The best; that is why Stephen keeps it. When he first bought the place he did ask me to go over with him and spend a month, but I was engaged to the Atwoods, who were at White Sulphur Springs, so I could not go."

"That is just where you young wives make the first fatal error," went on the senior partner earnestly. "My dear, do you know the only recipe I give to young wives to preserve the peace in the family?"

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"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dafee of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

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it, Stephen—I'll go with you on that trip to Wigwam Gulch. You asked me once, you know? (With a pitiful little smile.) Stephen Brandon looked at her. "I did ask you," he answered coolly, "but that was before you had learned to dispense so easily with my society." Gillian flushed hotly. "There are two sides to that, Stephen," she replied. "You threw me on my own resources, leaving me alone as you have, but we won't go back of things, only this once don't refuse me."

"On your own head be it, then," returned he, turning to his coffee. "I suppose you are aware we go by wagon, camping out five nights on the road, and that the house is only a two-roomed cabin? You will have to take a cook." "I'll take no one," returned Gillian decisively. "I'll do the cooking myself." "Whew!" whistled Stephen, looking at her again. "Well, then, I'll be as generous as you are. I'll leave my man. But don't take too much plunder; it's a mountain road, and luggage counts." "I'll remember," said Gillian; "and may I really go, Stephen?" rising and standing wistfully by his chair. "If you must, but know this, Gillian, whatever comes of it, it is your own planning."

"I'll not forget," she replied, as Stephen rose and left her. "I guess this as good a place as any to camp for the night," remarked Stephen as he drew the horses to a halt. It was a few days later, and this was their first night out on their way to Wigwam Gulch. "Hold these lines while I reconnoitre a little." "Yes," after a few moments' survey, "this will do finely. Sit still and I'll soon have a fire going." Gillian, clad in a blue percale dress and white linen hat, watched the tall athletic figure until a clump of trees hid it from sight. A little feeling of pride stirred in her heart. "How handsome he is," she thought involuntarily, "and after a he is mine, mine."

used to late hours. If you don't mind, Stephen, I'll creep into the wagon." "The air again," rejoined her husband; "and don't mind me in the least." She hesitated a little as she stood beside him. Somehow the great world of nature lying about them drew her towards him. "Kiss me good-night, Stephen," she said shyly as she stood there, and Stephen, drawing her to him, pressed his lips to hers.

"I shall sit here for a while and write," he said. When he too, came into the wagon a half hour later her regular breathing showed him that she stood in need of an early rest. The lantern was burning dimly, suspended from aloft. By its uncertain flickering glow he could see the beauty of the perfect features. A forgotten wave of tenderness swept over him as he stood over her. "I wonder what put it into her heart to come with me?" he mused. "And I always thought she did not care."

"Well," said Stephen a few days later, as Gillian surveyed the cabin at Wigwam Gulch, "what do you think of it?" Gillian laughed. "It's fine, Stephen," she answered, "and just look at that view. Did you ever see anything grander?" Stephen came over to her side. There before them rose the mountains, veiled in purple mists. The plains, green as emerald, stretched in boundless waves and billows at their base. "It is grand, isn't it?" he said gravely. "Somehow one's life seems small and petty beside such grandeur. Well, little wife, where shall we put things?" Gillian's heart bubbled. "Little wife!" She had not heard the dear title since the first season of her married life, three years before. It was "Gillian" now. Was it possible that the old blissful times might come back?

"John Anderson, my Joe, John, We climbed the hill together." And his keen face softened as he listened. They had brought only the necessary things, the few dishes, furniture and cooking utensils that would make them comfortable, but she had taken care to bring Stephen's big chair and her own little low one. The two chairs occupied different territories at home. Stephen's chair stood in the library, hers in her own particular sanctum upstairs, but now they stood socially side by side. A vase of sunflowers graced the rude mantel, a rich Oriental rug covered the floor, the table linen was exquisite. She had an appetizing supper when Stephen came home that first night, tired and hungry. Her dress was simple and worn with the grace that marked everything she put on. Stephen started when he saw the home-like room. "This is a metamorphosis, Gillian," he cried. "You're not going to wash those dishes alone," remarked Stephen as they rose from the table. "But you're tired," protested Gillian. "No more than you are. Here, give me that dish towel."

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watch, at the end of the day's sport, for the slight girlish figure in the plain dress. After a while she came out to meet him. "Did you have good sport?" she would ask. "Fine, but it's good to get home, Gillian." And then would come the supper hour, and the stillness of the night as it crept over the mountains. As they lived longer the simple life at Wigwam Gulch the coldness and restraint, the bitterness that had risen like a wall between them these last years melted into nothingness. "Our time is up to-morrow, Gillian," said her husband one evening. They were sitting on the step, as was their fashion. "Aren't you glad?" "Glad? No." Gillian's voice trembled. Reaching out in the friendly twilight she found her husband's hand. It closed upon her reassuringly. "Have you really enjoyed it?" asked Stephen, incredulously. "It's been heavenly. I've—I've had you all to myself."

"Gillian!" Stephen Brandon put his hand beneath his wife's chin, raising the exquisite face until their eyes were on a level with his own. "Gillian, do you mean, really mean, that under all your coldness you care for me?" "Care," Gillian's voice broke; "too much. I thought you had ceased to love me, Stephen, and so I grew hard and bitter." Stephen Brandon's face darkened with pain. "Child, child," he cried, "we nearly brought our married life to shipwreck by our obstinacy and assumed indifference. Assumed, because both of us have cared through it all. Gillian, tell me to-night, and I'll never doubt you again, do you really love me?" Gillian crept closer in the darkness. "Better than my life," she said, in solemn tones. "Oh, Stephen, we may fight against the fact all we may—I have, but it's all no use. Neither of us can be independent of the other. I did not know it fully until Wigwam Gulch revealed it to me."

"Blessings be upon Wigwam Gulch, then," returned Stephen, pressing her to him. "Oh, Gillian, since I know you love me, I hate to leave it." "We will come back," said Gillian, "every year together." "Yes, together," replied Stephen huskily; "together, little wife." The three Brandon's—Stephen, Gillian and the baby that has come to brighten their cabin home and bind their love, are camping again this summer at Wigwam Gulch.—Exchange.

Remarkable Career of Lord Brampton.

A Convert to Catholicity.

Lord Brampton, better known perhaps as Sir Henry Hawkins, entered his 90th year the other day, on which occasion he was the recipient of hundreds of messages of congratulation. The son of a Hertfordshire solicitor, of small means, he rose without any legal influence, but simply by his own efforts and ability, to be one of the greatest lawyers of his day. As a judge he was firm yet humane, and while he was a terror to evildoers who were cruel in their methods, he was merciful and even tender towards prisoners for whose offences there was some excuse. He was a close friend of Cardinal Manning, with whom he used often to spend Sunday evenings in earnest conversation. Joining the Church in the nineties, he is now—in the evening of his days—one of her most devoted children. The beautiful chapel at Westminster Cathedral will remain a monument to his piety and generosity.

In the height of his almost unequalled success at the bar he was credited with earning £20,000 a year. The story of the part he played in the Tichborne case belongs to history. It was soon after the second trial when, having the cross-examination in his own hands, Hawkins tore to shreds the monstrous fabric of lies on which the preposterous ex-butcher based his claims, that the brilliant and far-seeing advocate was presented with a record brief—one marked 20,000 guineas. He declined this brief, but intimated that if the fee was increased to 50,000 guineas he would consider it. So highly valued were his services that he was actually offered this enormous sum, but refused it because the case necessitated a visit to India. More than once he passed sentences of death with tears in his eyes. There was brought before him one morning a forlorn creature who had murdered her baby under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He was touched to the quick. The strong, stern man who was thought to be adamant against emotion, who had crushed a score of criminals as if they had been but blades of grass beneath his feet, saw further than most people. His sense of justice determined him, regardless of convention, to befriend this poor girl. Influenced by his address, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, but added a rider to the effect that the prisoner was not answerable for her conduct. Sir Henry Hawkins, in agreement with the conclusion arrived at by the jury, was about to pronounce the death sentence, when the High Sheriff asked him whether it was not his intention to don the black cap. "No, it is not," replied the Judge. "I do not mean this poor soul to be hanged, and I'm not going to frighten her to death." He was raised to the peerage on his retirement in 1898, but even yet he is better known as Mr. Justice Hawkins. He is an ardent Catholic.

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