

CAUGHT BY THE GRIP-- RELEASED BY PE-RU-NA.

**Pneumonia Followed La Grippe—
Pe-ru-na the Remedy That
Brought Relief.**

Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, Ontario, Can., writes:

"Last winter I was ill with pneumonia after having la grippe. I took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well, and I can say that any one can be cured by it in a reasonable time and at little expense."

Systemic Catarrh, the Result of La Grippe, Pe-ru-na Receives Credit for Present Good Health.

Mrs. Jennie W. Gilmore, Box 44, White Oak, Ind. Ter., writes:

"Six years ago I had la grippe, which was followed by systemic catarrh. The only thing I used was Peruna and Maudslui, and I have been in better health the last three years than for years before. I give Peruna all the credit for my good health."

Pe-ru-na—A Tonic After La Grippe.

Mrs. Chas. E. Wells, Sr., Delaware, Ohio, writes: "After a severe attack of la grippe, I took Peruna and found it a very good tonic."

"Most Effective Medicine Ever Tried for La Grippe."

Robt. L. Madison, A. M., Principal of Cullowhee High School, Painter, N. C., is chairman of the Jackson County Board of Education. Mr. Madison says: "I am hardly ever without Peruna in my home. It is the most effective medicine that I have ever tried for la grippe."

Mrs. Jane Gift, Athens, O., writes: "I had la grippe very bad. My husband bought Peruna for me. In a very short time I saw improvement and was soon able to do my work."



**Suffered Twelve Years from After-
Effects of La Grippe.**

Mr. Victor Patneaud, 328 Madison St., Topeka, Kan., member of Knights and Ladies of Security, writes:

"Twelve years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe and I never really recovered my health and strength—but grew weaker every year until I was unable to work."

"Two years ago I began using Peruna and it built up my strength so that in a couple of months I was able to go to work again."

"This winter I had another attack of la grippe, but Peruna soon drove it out of my system."

"My wife and I consider Peruna a household remedy."

Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

When a classmate is reciting, do not raise your hand until after he has finished.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES.

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—"Would Have Died but for Cuticura."

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My Aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

A square mile contains 640 acres.

For Catarrh, Sore and Tender feet, corn bunions, use "Old Fashioned Salve," 10c. 25c per box by mail. Made by F. R. Matsinger Palmyra, N. J.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

**DIED SUDDENLY
OF HEART DISEASE.**

How frequently does a head line similar to the above greet us in the newspapers. The rush, push and strenuousness of the American people has a strong tendency to lead up to valvular and other affections of the heart, attended by irregular action, palpitation, dizziness, smothered sensations and other distressing symptoms.

Three of the prominent ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made are recommended by some of the leading writers on *Materia Medica* for the cure of just such cases. Golden Seal root, for instance, is said by the UNITED STATES DISPENSARY, a standard authority, "to impart tone and increased power to the heart's action." Numerous other leading authorities report Golden Seal as an unsurpassed tonic for the muscular system in general, and as the heart is almost wholly composed of muscular tissue, it naturally follows that it must be greatly strengthened by this superb, important tonic. But probably the most important ingredient of "Golden Medical Discovery," so far as its marvelous cures of valvular and other affections of the heart are concerned, is Stone root, or *Collinsonia Can.*, Prof. Wm. Paine, author of Paine's Epitomy of Medicine, says of it:

"I, not long since, had a patient who was so much oppressed with valvular disease of the heart that his friends were obliged to carry him up-stairs. He, however, gradually recovered under the influence of Collinsonia (medicinal principle extracted from Stone root), and is now attending to his business. Heretofore physicians knew of no remedy for the removal of so distressing and so dangerous a malady. With them it was all guess work, and it fearfully warned the afflicted that death was near at hand. Collinsonia unquestionably affords relief in such cases, and in most instances effects a cure."

Stone root is also recommended by Drs. Hale and Ellingwood, of Chicago, for valvular and other diseases of the heart. The latter says: "It is a heart tonic of direct and permanent influence." "Golden Medical Discovery," not only cures serious heart affections, but is a most efficient general tonic and invigorator, strengthening the stomach, invigorating the liver, regulating the bowels and curing obstinate affections in all parts of the system.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure Constipation.

The Doctor's Wife

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I'm not going far; only—only a little way on the Briargate road," Isabel answered, piteously; and then her head sank back against the wall behind her, and she sighed a plaintive, almost heart-broken sigh. Her life was very hard just now, begirt with terror and peril, as she thought.

A whole after life of happiness could not have atoned to her for the pang of seeing a dreadful change come upon the familiar face. Sometimes, in spite of herself, though she put away the thought from her with shuddering horror, the idea that George Gilbert might not recover would come into her mind.

He might not recover; the horror which so many others had passed through might overtake her. Oh, the hideous tramp of the undertaker's men upon the stairs; the knocking, unlike all other knocking; the dreadful aspect of the shrouded house! She thought of all the deaths in her favorite books; of Paul Dombey, fading slowly, day by day, with the golden water rippling on the wall; David Copperfield, sitting weeping in the dusk; and Agnes, with her holy face and quiet uplifted hand. If—if any such sorrow came upon her, Mrs. Gilbert thought that she would join some community of holy women, and go about doing good until she died. Was it so very strange, this sudden conversion? Surely not! In these enthusiastic natures sentiment may take any unexpected form.

After that scene in the church at Hurstonleigh, Roland Lansdell went back to Mordred, to think, with even greater bitterness, of the woman he loved. That silent encounter—the sight of the pale face, profoundly melancholy, almost statuesque in its air of half-despairing resignation—had exercised no softening influence on the mind of this young man, who could not understand why the one treasure for which he languished should be denied to him.

He was sitting in the library by the lamplight one sultry June evening, when George Gilbert had been ill about a fortnight, a soft, subdued light shining dimly. He had been brooding over his books, but scarcely reading half a dozen pages ever since 9 o'clock, and it was now half past 11. He was stretching his hand toward the bell in order to summon his valet, and release that personage from the task of sitting up any longer, when that gentleman entered the library.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Would you please to see any one, sir?" he asked.

"Would I please to see any one?" cried Roland; "who would want to see me at such a time of night? Is there anything wrong? Is it any one from—
from Lowlands?"

"No, sir; it's a strange lady; leastways, when I say a strange lady, I think, sir, though her veil being down, and a very thick veil, I should not like to speak positively—I think it's Mrs. Gilbert, the doctor's lady, from Graybridge."

Mr. Lansdell's valet coughed doubtfully behind his hand, and looked discreetly at the carved oaken bosses in the ceiling. Roland started to his feet.

"Mrs. Gilbert," he muttered, "at such an hour as this. It can't be; she would never—
Show the lady here, whoever she is," he added aloud to his servant. "There must be something wrong; it must be some very important business that brings any one to this place to-night."

The valet departed, closing the door behind him, and Roland stood alone upon the hearth, waiting for his late visitor. All the warmer tints faded out of his face, and left him very pale. Why had she come to him at such a time? What purpose could she have in coming to that house save one? She had come to revoke her decision. For a moment a flood of rapture swept into his soul, warm and revivifying as the glory of a sudden surmount on a dull gray autumn day.

"My poor ignorant, innocent girl; how hard it seems that my love must forever place her at a disadvantage," he thought.

The door was opened by the valet with as bold a sweep as if a duchess had been entering in all the glory of her court robes, and Isabel came into the room. One glance showed Mr. Lansdell that she was very nervous, that she was suffering cruelly from the terror of his presence; and it may be that even before she had spoken he understood that she had not come to announce any change in her decision. There was nothing desperate in her manner. She stood before him pale and irresolute, with pleading eyes lifted meekly to his face.

"I hope you are not angry with me for coming here at such a time," she said, in a low, tremulous voice; "I could not come any earlier, or I—"

"It can never be anything but a pleasure for me to see you," Roland answered gravely, "even though the pleasure is strangely mingled with pain. You have come to me, perhaps, because you are in some kind of trouble, and have need of my services in some way or other. I am very much pleased to think that you can so far confide in me; I am very glad to think that you can rely on my friend ship."

Mr. Lansdell said this because he saw that the doctor's wife had come to demand some favor at his hands, and he wished to smooth the way for that demand. Isabel looked up at him with something like surprise in her gaze. She had not expected that he would be like

this, calm, still, self-possessed, reasonable. A mournful feeling took possession of her heart. She thought that his love must have perished altogether, or he could not surely have been so kind to her, so gentle or dispassionate.

"You are very, very good not to be angry with me," she said. "I have come to ask you a favor, a very great favor, and I—"

She stopped, and sat silently twisting the handle of her parasol, the old green parasol under whose shadow Roland had so often seen her. It was quite evident that her courage had failed her altogether at this crisis.

"It is not for myself I am going to ask you this favor," she said, still hesitating and looking down at the parasol; "it is for another person, who—it is a secret, in fact, and—"

"Whatever it is, it shall be granted," Roland answered, "without question, without comment."

"I have come to ask you to lend me—or at least I had better ask you to give it to me, for indeed I don't know when I should ever be able to pay it—some money, a great deal of money—fifty dollars."

She looked at him as if she thought the magnitude of the sum must inevitably astonish him, and she saw a tender, half-melancholy smile upon his face.

"My dear Isabel—my dear Mrs. Gilbert—if all the money I possess in the world could secure you happiness, I would willingly leave here to-morrow a penniless man. I would not for the world that you should be embarrassed for an hour, while I have more money than I know what to do with. I will write you a check immediately—or, better still, half a dozen blank checks, which you can fill up as you require them."

But Isabel shook her head at this proposal. "You are very kind," she said, "but a check would not do. It must be money, if you please; the person for whom I want it would not take a check."

"The person for whom you want it," he repeated, "it is not for yourself, then, that you want this money?"

"Oh, no, indeed. What would I want with so much money?"

"I thought you might be in debt. I thought that—ah, I see; it is for your husband that you want the money."

"Oh, no; my husband knows nothing about it. But oh, pray don't question me. Ah, if you knew how much I suffered before I came here to-night, if there had been any other person in the world who could have helped me I would never have come here; but there is no one, and I must get the money."

Roland's face grew darker as Mrs. Gilbert spoke. Her agitation, her earnestness, mystified and alarmed him.

"Isabel," he cried, "heaven knows I have little right to question you; but there is something in the manner of your request that alarms me. Can you doubt that I am your friend—next to your husband, your best and truest friend, perhaps? Forget every word that I have ever said to you, and believe only what I say to-night—to-night, when all my better feelings are aroused at the sight of you. Believe that I am your friend, Isabel, and for pity's sake trust me. Who is this person who wants money of you? Is it your stepmother?"

"No," faltered the doctor's wife; "it is not my stepmother, but—"

"But it is for some member of your family?"

"Yes," she answered, drawing a long breath; "but oh, pray do not ask me any more questions. You said just now that you would grant me the favor I asked without question or comment. Ah, if you knew how painful it was to me to come here."

"Indeed! I am sorry that it was so painful to you to trust me."

"Ah, if you knew—" Isabel murmured in a low voice, speaking to her self rather than to Roland.

Mr. Lansdell took a bunch of keys from his pocket and went across the room to an iron safe cunningly fashioned after the presentment of an antique ebony cabinet. He opened the ponderous door and took a little casket from one of the shelves.

Roland counted out some notes and handed them to Isabel. She arose and stood for a few moments, hesitating as if she had something more to say—something almost as embarrassing in its nature as the money question had been.

"I—I hope you will not think me troublesome," she said; "but there is one more favor that I want to ask you."

"Do not hesitate to ask anything of me; all I want is your confidence."

"It is only a question that I wish to ask. You talked some time since of going away."

"Yes, my plans are all made for an early departure."

"A very early departure? You are going almost immediately?"

"Immediately—to-morrow morning. It may be a long time before I return."

"There was a little pause, during which Roland saw that a faint flush kindled in Isabel Gilbert's face, and that her breath came and went rather quicker than before.

"Then I must say good-bye to-night," she said.

"Yes; it is not likely that we shall meet again. Good night—good-bye. Perhaps some day, when I am a pottering old man, telling people the same anecdotes every time I shall dine with them. I shall come back, and find Mr. Gilbert a crack physician in Kilmington, petted

by rich old ladies and riding in a yellow barouche—till then, good-bye."

He held Isabel's hand for a few moments, as if in that frail tenure he held the last link that bound him to love and life. Isabel looked at him wonderingly. How different was this adieu from that passionate farewell under Thurston's oak, when he had flung himself upon the ground and wept aloud in the anguish of parting from her!

"Only one more word, Mrs. Gilbert," Roland said, after a brief pause. "Your husband—does he know about this person who asks for money from you?"

"No—I—I should have told him—I think—and asked him to give me the money, only he is very ill; he must not be troubled about anything."

"He is very ill—your husband is ill?"

"Yes—I thought every one knew. He is—very, very ill. It is on that account I come here so late. I have been sitting in his room. Good night."

"But you cannot go back alone; it is such a long way. It will be 2 o'clock in the morning before you can get back to Graybridge. I will drive you home; or it will be better to let my coachman—my mother's old coachman—drive you home."

It was in vain that Mrs. Gilbert protested against this arrangement. Roland Lansdell reflected that as the doctor's wife had been admitted by his valet, her visit would, of course, be patent to all the other servants at their next morning's breakfast. Under these circumstances Mrs. Gilbert could not leave Mordred with too much publicity. Isabel returned very comfortably to Graybridge; but she begged the coachman to stop at the top of the lane, where she alighted and bade him good night.

She found all dark in the little surgery, which she entered by means of her husband's latch key, and she crept softly up the stairs to the room opposite that in which George Gilbert lay, watched over by Mrs. Jefferson.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"See that some hothouse grapes and a pine are sent to Mr. Gilbert at Graybridge," Roland said to his valet, on the morning after Isabel's visit. "I was very sorry to hear of his serious illness from his wife last night."

Mr. Lansdell's valet, very busily occupied with a hat brush, smiled softly to himself as his employer made this speech. The master of Mordred Priory need scarcely have stained his erring soul by any hypocritical phrase respecting the Graybridge surgeon.

"I shouldn't mind laying a twelve-month's wages that if her husband dies he marries her within six months," Roland's man servant remarked, as he sipped his second cup of coffee; "I never did see such an infatuated young man in all my life."

Roland went to Lowlands in the evening. He found Gwendoline in the drawing room, looking something like Marie Antoinette in a demi-toilette of gray silk, with a black lace scarf crossed upon her stately shoulders, and tied in a careless bow at the back of her waist. Mr. Raymond was established in a big chintz-covered easy chair, turning over a box of books newly arrived and muttering scornful comments on their titles and contents.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as Mr. Lansdell's name was announced. "I've called at Mordred half a dozen times within the last two months; but as your people always said you were out, and I could always see by their faces that you were at home, I have given up the business in despair."

The dinner was drawing to a close when Gen. Ruysdale mentioned a name that awakened all Mr. Lansdell's attention.

"I rode into Graybridge after leaving you, Roland," he said, "and I made a call or two. I was sorry to hear that Mr. Gilmore—Gilson—Gilbert, ay, yes, Gilbert—that very worthy young doctor, whom we met at your house, is ill. Low fever—really in a very dangerous state. You'll be very sorry to hear it, Gwendoline."

"I am sorry to hear it," she said. "I am sorry for Mr. Gilbert, for more than one reason. I am sorry he has so very bad a wife."

Roland's face flushed crimson, and he turned to his cousin as if about to speak, but Mr. Raymond was too quick for him.

"I think the less we say upon that subject the better," he exclaimed, eagerly; "I think, Gwendoline, that is a subject that had much better not be discussed here."

She was very quiet, but very pale, and looked at her cousin as steadily in the eyes as if she had been fighting a small-sword duel with him. "The subject is one that will scarcely bear discussion here or elsewhere; but since you accuse me of feminine malice, I am bound to defend myself. I say that Mrs. Gilbert is a very bad wife. A person who is seen to attend a secret rendezvous with a stranger, not once, but several times, with all appearance of stealth and mystery, while her husband lies between life and death, must surely be one of the worst of women."

Gwendoline rose from the table and Mr. Raymond hurried to open the door for her. But Roland's eyes were never lifted from his empty plate; he was waiting for something; and now and then a little convulsive movement of his lower lip betrayed that he was agitated; but that was all. Then the general exclaimed at the lateness of the hour.

"I've some letters to write that must go by to-night's post," he said. "I know you'll excuse me if I leave you for an hour or so."

Charles Raymond murmured some polite little conventionalities as the general left the room; but he never removed his eyes from Roland's face. He had watched the brewing of the storm, and was prepared for a speedy thunder clap. Nor was he mistaken in his calculations.

(To be continued.)

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cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging place for disease. If for once you wish to know how it feels to be thoroughly well, give this famous laxative tea a trial.

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