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A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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A BIT OF BLUE ENAMEL

—OR—
TRADED BY A VALENTINE

"I don't know," said Madeline, abruptly. "I don't know what to think about it. I am afraid to think. It would drive me mad."

"Did he give you that ring?" questioned Marjorie, softly, noticing that she was plucking at it fiercely, as though it had been composed of red-hot metal, and was burning into her flesh.

She ceased to pluck at it as Marjorie asked the question.

"Yes," she said dully. "He gave it to me."

After a moment she added, with a sudden return to her former vehemence—

"Marjorie, never, never love unless you are certain the man is worthy of you, and that he loves you with a passion equal to your own. If you do, you would be happier dead. Aye, better a thousand times for me to be lying in the cold churchyard than to be eking my own heart out, as I am doing now."

Her voice rose almost to a wail in her grief and passion.

Marjorie's heart overflowed with pity and sympathy; but she felt a little alarmed concern as well.

Could it be that Madeline's illness had affected her reason?

Would a girl perfectly sane breathe forth such declamations?

Madeline read something of her



thoughts, and, in a moment, by a strong effort, became calm again.

"I'm frightening you, Marjorie," she said, with a faint, sad smile. "Forgive me. I am a little weak still, and I suppose that is what makes everything look so gloomy to me just now. Let us talk of other things. You have not told me if you will do as I wish, and go to Mrs. Thornton as soon as she returns to England."

"If you really wish it, of course I will," said Marjorie—not coldly—she was too fond of Madeline for that—but sadly, and with some show of surprise.

"I do wish it, Marjorie. I can't tell you why—not now. But some day you shall know, and then you will see that I acted for your good."

"I'm sure of that, and I'll do whatever you wish, Madeline."

"My father will try to persuade you to stay, and—others as well," said Madeline. "But let no one persuade you, no one," she repeated vehemently, though still in that hushed tone. "Be firm, and let them see you have quite made up your mind. If you stay here, you are—"

She paused abruptly, almost as though in terror.

What the word was she had arrested on her lips, Marjorie could not guess; but she saw the wild energy of her glance.

The next moment there came a tap at the door.

"It is my father," whispered Madeline. "Mind, not a word of this to him."

She threw herself languidly back among the downy cushions of her easy chair and assumed a negligent, graceful calm.

"Come in," she called; and her father entered, and with him his nephew, Edgar.

"My dear, this is pleasant," was the elder man's greeting. "To see you up and dressed after these days. I'm so glad, my love!"

And he stooped and kissed her. She winced as though his lips burnt. Marjorie saw this and wondered.

Then Edgar Hyde advanced and first taking his cousin's hand, kissed her on the lips.

The blood surged into her face, her whole frame trembled.

Fixing her beautiful eyes full upon his, she murmured a word or two which was inaudible to all save him, but there was no mistaking the reproachfulness of her tone.

He answered lightly, and with a laugh.

She whispered a further word or two and the blood mounted to his brow, while a look of hot displeasure fired his eyes.

He dropped her hand and stood beside the window, looking out rather moodily.

Marjorie slipped quietly away. She felt she was wanted.

Whether anyone noticed her departure or not, no one tried to stop her—not even Madeline.

A WOMAN'S RISK

As a trapeze performer is greater than a man's. She must have a man's courage and a man's muscle to succeed. But she must also work under conditions of which a man knows nothing. Many an accident to women acrobats must be attributed to the sudden weakness to which all women are subject at certain times.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription heals the womanly diseases which cause weakness. It establishes regularity, dries

weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"With pleasure I write to-day in praise of Dr. Pierce and his medicine," says Mrs. Mary Conway, of Appleton, Lawrence Co., Tenn. "I was troubled with female disease; the back of my head hurt me so I could not lie in bed and I would have to sit up, and then I would have such pains from my waist down I could scarcely rise up. My feet and hands would feel almost like ice. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I can sleep well all night. Could hardly drag around before I took your medicine, and now can do my housework and help my husband in the field. Words cannot express how I love Dr. Pierce."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and is held as strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing over a thousand large pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 50 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 31 stamps for book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

She went downstairs with a troubled heart. For one thing, she didn't want to go to Mrs. Thornton.

She would rather have remained at Denelands—anywhere where she could be in the all too fascinating company of Charles Hyde.

And the other thing, the thing that troubled her most of all, was that she was certain Madeline had meant to warn her against this very Charles Hyde when she had said, with such extraordinary vehemence:

"Marjorie, never, never love unless you are certain the man is worthy of you, and that he loves you with a passion equal to your own. If you do you would be happier dead!"

CHAPTER VII

In the Wood.

As she went through the hall she put on her hat and cloak. She would go into the wood for a few minutes, she thought.

Her mind was in such a tumult that it made her fevered and restless.

She longed to feel the fresh, frosty air blowing on her cheeks and brow.

She crossed the garden at the back of the house, and walked quickly up the hill to the wood. She had barely reached its outskirts when a hurrying step behind her made her turn.

Charles Hyde was coming up the hill with eager looks. He was scarce half a dozen yards away.

She felt the color rush into her cheeks, and then as suddenly retreat.

Her heart beat very fast. She could not doubt he had followed her purpose.

If she had doubted it, his first words would have told her the truth.

"I saw you from the window," he said, quite frankly, as he came up to her, "and I came after you. You don't mind, Marjorie?"

And he looked so frank and winning as he asked the question, gazing fully into her eyes the while, that Marjorie could not but say "No."

A moment ago, Madeline's vague insinuations against him had had the power to fill her mind with painful doubts, but now, as she looked at him, all her doubts were gone—chased away in an instant by his sunny smile.

Not that she accused Madeline of falsehoods—no, not even in her most secret thoughts.

She believed Miss Hyde was simply mistaken in her cousin's character.

She believed that she, loving the elder brother as she did, and finding him unworthy of her love, took it for granted that the young one must be like him, and hence wished to save her friend from a doom which had already fallen on herself.

When a girl is in love it is likely she will believe anything to the prejudice of the man of her choice, so long as there is the tiniest loophole by which she can escape such belief.

It is not likely; and poor Marjorie was already deep in love with this young man of the smiling lips and sunny eyes.

Madeline's warning had come too late.

As the two entered the wood, they met a tall, handsome young man, of seven or eight and twenty.

His face was clean shaven, save for a fair moustache.

He had fine eyes, of a dark greyish color, and his bearing was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

There was a gun on his shoulder, a dog at his heels.

Charles Hyde accosted him with a cheery "Good morning," as he passed.

To Be Continued.

D.L. Emulsion
Makes Pounds of Solid Flesh

THE STAGE

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

SIDE-TRACKED.

Side-Track, Saturday night, drew a house of over 1,400 people, and evidently pleased. It's the same old Side-Track, same old jokes, same old tramp, Dutchman and eight o'clock train girl, but it's always popular. Better companies have played here, but that of Saturday night seemed to please.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Pauline & Co.—Oct. 12-19.

Lyceum Course—Oct. 25.

Sadie Martinot—Oct. 27.

Firemen's Benefit—Oct. 29.

Over Niagara Falls—Oct. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

THE OPINION IN ST. THOMAS.

Pauline, the eminent French hypnotist and mind reader, closed the most successful engagement of the season at the Grand Opera House Saturday night. He appeared every evening during the week and the audience grew from the start until the latter part of the week. The Grand Opera House was not large enough to hold the people and hundreds were turned away. Pauline's personality was the magnet which drew the crowds, and nightly he was given an ovation. He is a careful, painstaking, conscientious worker, who loves his profession, studies to improve and merits the generous plaudits bestowed upon him by his enthusiastic admirers.

Pauline and his company will be in Chatham for one week, commencing to-night, Oct. 12.

No critic can truthfully assail the literary merit or dramatic power of A. W. Pinero's much criticised drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which Miss Sadie Martinot is soon to produce here. Its theme, however, has been attacked by purists, who hold that social problems should be barred from the stage. A double interest attaches to Miss Martinot's production. The play has never been produced here, and Miss Martinot's performance may be compared with that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. At the Grand Opera House, Tuesday, Oct. 27.

Bear Picked the Cherries.

One day recently, Mrs. Burnstead and her sister, Miss Blanche Cook, were in the field back of the house of their father, L. B. Cook, at Cook's Lake, in the Township of Tiny, where they were engaged in picking some black berries. Hearing a breaking of branches near them they became alarmed and hurried home, where they found their young brother, David Cook, and told him that they believed a bear was at the cherry trees. He hurriedly picked up his rifle and started for the place indicated by the girls, and on arriving near the trees, sure enough, there was a great bear. She was busily engaged in eating the fruit off the smaller cherry trees, standing erect on her hind legs and pulling the branches down with her fore paws and devouring the cherries. As young Cook approached towards her she ceased her occupation for a moment and regarded him with a lowered under lip, showing her glistening fangs, and then resumed her feeding. Cook took no nearer approach, but dropping on one knee he carefully took aim and plumped a ball clean through Madam Bear's, piercing her heart. She made a spring towards him and then made off in another direction, but did not go far before she keeled over. In a little while her troubles were all over. She was a big brute, weighing nearly 400 lbs., and it was with some difficulty that Cook and three friends slung her on poles and carried her to the barn to remove the pelt and dress the carcass. Bear meat was added to the menu at the Cook homestead and at the homes of their friends for several days thereafter.

The foundation of self-respect is work. Work is the parent of enterprise; idleness is the parent of vice.

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One Week, Commencing

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The man of mirth and mystery, and a carefully selected company of elite entertainers, presenting a programme to be pleasantly remembered and talked of for many a day to come. Seats on sale at Brisco's. Prices, 10-20-30



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If you get a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea you will enjoy your journey—it will soothe your jangling nerves—comfort your throbbing head.

It will make you feel better just to smell it. A cupful will rest you completely.

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