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Office lately occupied by Edwin Bell, Victoria Block.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A BIT OF BLUE ENAMEL

—OR—
TRACED BY A VALENTINE

It cost him just a little pang, for, at the truth must be told, his own heart was already inclining very tenderly towards Marjorie, and as he walked to Deland's that afternoon he had been indulging in a very pleasant day-dream in which Marjorie had figured as Lady Mortimer.

But he was a frank, generous-natured young fellow, so he nipped his dawning fancy in the bud, and gave his hand to Trevor with a cordial smile.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," he said, frankly. "You've had a run of luck at Deland's."

And his meaning glance at Marjorie said—
"I congratulate you not half so much on making a very clever and successful capture, as on winning that sweet girl's love."

At the end of March, the trial of Geoffrey Hyde and his accomplices came on at the assizes.

It was the greatest of all the criminal trials that year; and warm and untainted was the praise that was poured out on the young detective, whose bold and skilful coup de main had brought such a dangerous gang of scoundrels to punishment.

Hyde was sentenced to penal servitude for life, the others to periods ranging from eight to fifteen years.

No charge was preferred against the unhappy Madeline.

Trevor made it clear that she had had no hand in the nefarious schemes of those to whom she had unhappily been bound by the closest of human ties.

Much sympathy was felt for her, especially when it was known that she became a mother on the very day of the trial.

Her child was born prematurely—a little girl, that lived only for a day. Madeline, as she kissed its waxen face, and folded its hands in death, thanked heaven for its mercy.

Her life is overshadowed by so dark a cloud that it seems almost impossible she should ever stand again within the sunshine.

And yet who can tell? She is very young, and heaven is merciful.

Marjorie is tender and sweet to her, and has often begged her to come and stay with her in her new home; but this Madeline will never do, in spite of her deep love for Marjorie.

Instead, she lives in a great city, where she busies herself among the poor, and is especially solicitous for the welfare of young children whose parents are, or have been, criminals.

Very early in the autumn Marjorie became Fred Trevor's wife.

It was quite a fashionable wedding, for society chose to interest itself hugely in the young man, and in the bride whom he had wooed and won in so strangely romantic a fashion.

His detective exploits were over before his marriage, for his uncle, Sir Richard, had partly through the friendly offices of Sir Edward Mortimer, become reconciled to him and reinstated him as his heir.

Sir Edward acted as best man at the wedding, and his sisters were Marjorie's bridesmaids.

All the world and his wife were there and the lovely young bride was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season, declared society, and certainly the most interesting.

Sir Richard settled a handsome income on his nephew and bought a beautiful house for him in Surrey.

There he and Marjorie were happily ensconced, a staid married pair of almost five months, when St. Valentine's Day again came round.

Trevor was up early in the morning. It was his invariable rule to take a four or five miles' walk before breakfast, and he wanted to be back in time to greet his Marjorie when she came downstairs.

The clock struck nine as she entered their pretty breakfast-room, looking fresh and fair as a rose in her dainty morning-gown, with a soft flush on her cheeks and the light of love and happiness in her eyes.

"Well, sweetheart," was her husband's greeting, showing they had not quite degenerated into prosy old married folk after all.

Then sinking his voice to the softest of whispers, and bending down to look into her sweet eyes, he added—
"My Valentine!"

"You are my Valentine!" she whispered, softly, nestling to his bosom while his arm encircled her.

A slight shadow stole over her face as she nestled there.

Even in the midst of her happiness and after all these years, she could not but remember that it was the anniversary of her father's death—that he had been murdered on St. Valentine's Day.

Her husband saw the look, and understood it.

A MAN CAN'T SWIM IN SHACKLES.

It isn't a question of his winning a race, but a question of being able only to keep afloat. The man who is suffering from malnutrition is like the fettered swimmer. His stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased.

It is not a question with him of winning in the race for business but of simply keeping up under any circumstances. Whenever disease affects the stomach it is affecting also the blood and the health of every organ of the body. For blood is only food converted into nutrition and nutrition is the life of the body and every organ of it.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and enables the perfect nutrition of the body which means perfect health.

"For six long years I suffered with indigestion and my liver and kidneys, which baffled the best doctors in our country," writes E. L. Karsell, Esq., of Woolsey, Prince William Co., Va. "I suffered with my stomach and back for a long time, and after taking a 'cartload' of medicine from three doctors I grew so bad I could hardly do a day's work. Would have death-like pains in the side, and blind spells. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. Before I had taken half of the second bottle I began to feel relieved. I got six more bottles and used them, and am happy to say I owe my life to Dr. Pierce."

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The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expenses of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

He took her hand in his, and pressed it with a lover's tenderness.

"I know what you're thinking of, darling," he said, very softly. "This day has its sad memories for you, as well as its happy ones. But, sweetheart, try to let me dead past bury its dead."

"I do—indeed I do. And I am not unhappy—oh, don't think that, dear; only, my memories of this day are very solemn ones."

"Of course they are; my pet. And see, I've got something here for you that I think you'll like. It isn't exactly a present, because it was yours already, but I've had something done to it, and I thought, perhaps you'd like to wear it now."



As he spoke he drew forth from a fainty case the locket which had played so important a part in establishing the guilt of Edgar Hyde.

She took it, eagerly, and with a little cry of pleasure.

The bit of blue enamel had been put in its place by so skilful a hand that Marjorie herself could scarce tell where the locket had been broken, and when she opened it she found it contained the portraits of her father and mother, exquisitely painted in miniature, and encircled with beautiful pearls.

"Oh, Fred! How kind—how thoughtful!—how good you are!"

And she stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

"I'm glad you're pleased little wife. I got it done when I was in London. There was a fellow in Regent street who seemed to me to paint miniatures wonderfully well, so I thought he might as well have a try at these. Of course I had to lend him the original portraits to copy from. I took those out of your desk, little woman, and you never missed them."

"How good you are!" said Marjorie again, while a mist of grateful tears dimmed her eyes. "The kindest, the noblest, the tenderest husband in the world!"

"I ought to be. Haven't I got the dearest of wives?"

And again he clasped her dainty form, and covered her lips with kisses. "Are you happy, sweetheart?"

"How can I help being happy?" she whispered back, "when you are so good to me, and—nestling very closely to him—"when I love you so?"

"Marjorie, I often think about our meeting. How strange it seems that, if you had not fallen into the clutches of that arch old scoundrel, Hyde, you and I might never have met."

"Oh, but I think we would. We love each other so much. I feel that we must have been brought together somehow," said Marjorie, with a woman's sweet, simple faith, which is so much stronger, and perhaps, after all, so much wiser than mere reason.

Her husband smiled, well pleased. "Perhaps so, darling," he said; "at any rate, I like you to think so."

"Poor Madeline!" sighed Marjorie, after a pause. "I am a little sad sometimes when I think of her. She has borne all the suffering, while I—Oh, husband darling, heaven has blessed me more than I deserve!"

Surely nothing more need be said to show that Marjorie Trevor is today one of the happiest young women in all England.

Nevertheless, her husband declares he always makes her shudder if he reminds her of the time when she had her home among desperate criminals, and her father's murderer so romantically traced by "A Bit of Blue Enamel."

THE END.

THE STAGE

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Lyceum Course—Oct. 26.
Sadie Martinot—Oct. 27.
Firemen's Benefit—Oct. 29.
Over Niagara Falls—Oct. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY AT THE AUDELOM.

Quebec Telegraph, Oct. 13th, 1903.

A bumper house greeted Miss Sadie Martinot last night in her very successful production of Pinner's famous society play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Miss Martinot is an ideal accomplished actress, who presented the difficult role of "Paula Ray," afterwards the second Mrs. Tanqueray, in a rare, talented manner, which was soon recognized and appreciated by the large and fashionable audience present. The play is made up in four acts and gave the greatest satisfaction. Every member of the company acted their respective parts with excellent taste and read their lines in a creditable manner. Miss Martinot's presentation of the life, manners and jealous eccentricities of the fast woman of the world, who is suddenly transferred into a higher and purer sphere, was acted with realistic effect. The many sides to her character were well brought out, and her sarcastic reception of "Lady Cortelyou" was a splendid piece of acting. She was ably assisted by Mr. W. Whitecar, who took the role of "Aubrey Tanqueray," and which he sustained in a very able manner. The scenes of his infatuation with his beautiful wife, and after moments of distraction at her conduct towards him through her jealousy, and his great anxiety for his young daughter, the issue of his first marriage, was extremely well taken, and won the admiration of the audience. Mr. David Elmer was extremely good in the role of "Cyril Drummie," the friend of Aubrey Tanqueray, and presented the character with an easy graceful style that was most pleasing. He reads his lines well and clearly, and in every way suits the part. Miss Agnes Roslyn, who took the role of "Elleene," daughter of Aubrey Tanqueray, did admirably. Miss Roslyn is young and prepossessing in appearance, and is destined to figure prominently on the stage in the future. She portrayed the guileless innocence of the convent graduate with sweet, becoming, natural grace that lent considerable charm to the part. Miss Jane Wheatley, as "Lady Cortelyou," Miss Adelaide Eaton Colton, as "Mrs. Cortelyou," Messrs. Wm. Webb, as "Sir George Orreyed," David Elmer, as "Captain Hugh Ardale," together with the rest of the company, all contributed materially to the success of the evening's performance, which will be repeated to-night.

Chatham date, Tuesday, Oct. 27th. Seats now on sale.

C. C. I. Star and People's Popular Course are assured of a bumper house on Monday evening for their opening number. Whitney Bros' Company is the attraction, and they are sure to please.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement of the womb, thin-bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Northwood Block, Phone 240.
CHATHAM, ONT.

HIS Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home so she had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to roam.

Panisian Steam Laundry Co.
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Money to Loan
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4-1-2 and 5 per cent.
Liberal Terms and privileges to Borrowers. Apply to
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Capt. V. Robinson.

All reading notices of local announcements must be received at this office not later than noon of the day on which it is desired that they appear in The Planet.