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January 31, 1903.
I am glad to tell you of the good effects of Iron-ox Tablets. We first got them for our boy, two-and-a-half years old, who was very cross and had no appetite. Your remedy soon made him as bright as ever. My husband uses them for headache and sluggish liver. While certainly effective, they cause neither pain nor inconvenience. We have a box in the house always now.

Mrs. Jean Russell,
The Ridgeway,
London, Ont.

Fifty Iron-ox Tablets, in an attractive aluminum pocket case, 25 cents at druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

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All stones mounted in 14k. gold.

January	No. 4775—Price, \$2.50	Garnet
February	No. 4776—Price, \$2.50	Amethyst
March	No. 4777—Price, \$2.50	Bloodstone
April	No. 4778—Price, \$2.50	Diamond
May	No. 4779—Price, \$2.50	Emerald
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MUSICAL

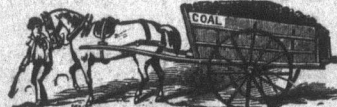
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For rolls and biscuits—that require to be baked quickly there's nothing like Gas

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Limited.
King St. Phone 81

Wrong may try a good man, but cannot imprint upon him a false stamp.

A BIT OF BLUE ENAMEL

—OR—
TRACED BY A VALENTINE

Madeline answered with a deep, heart-breaking sigh. She could not speak.

"Then that was what you meant when you said you might, some day, ask me to give you a life for a life," cried Marjorie. "You were thinking of him—of what might happen if I discovered his crime."

"Yes, that was what I meant. Oh, Marjorie, what I have suffered! Ever since you recognized that locket, my life has been an agony. I had never dreamed he had murdered on his soul; desperate though I knew him to be, I had never suspected that. You, per-



haps, remember that, the very next day, I was taken ill—so ill that I couldn't get up. It was the anguish of my mind that threw me into a fever. I have been in misery ever since—in hourly misery and dread."

"And you are sure he was guilty?"
"He confessed it before he died," wailed Madeline. "Oh, Marjorie, how can you be so tender to me, his wretched widow? Your kindness kills me—it breaks my heart!"

For Marjorie had got her arms round her now, and was pillowing her head upon her own aching heart.

"Surely," she said, within herself, with a cruel pang, "we are sisters in misery, we two. She told me it would be better for me to die than to give my love to one who was unworthy. I did not heed her then; but, oh, I feel it now!"

Aloud she said, very softly and sweetly:

"Did you not risk your life for mine? And are we not sisters in suffering? Oh, Madeline!"

And then these two unhappy creatures clasped each other more closely, still, and mingled their tears together.

CHAPTER XII.

St. Valentine's Day.

Terribly dawned that St. Valentine's Day for Marjorie.

When the sun rose she was standing beside her bedroom window, looking mournfully across the frozen lake, and feeling half tempted to wish she had found her death there.

Life was so full of misery. There was nothing to hope for.

Her heart was aching with a dull, dreary pain, as she thought of the frank, smiling face she had loved so well; and, apart from that source of misery, what was to become of her? Where was she to go?

She could not even be sure that she might not yet be arrested as an accomplice of the thieves.

She had been more than a fortnight in their house, and who was there to prove her innocence?

Filled with such thoughts as these, she turned away from the window with a heavy sigh; and, having completed her toilette, went slowly downstairs, scarce knowing which room to enter, or what to do.

Madeline, worn out with grief, had fallen asleep an hour ago, and there was no one else in the house save a couple of police officers, who had been left in charge.

One of these was in the hall. He spoke very civilly to the pale, trembling girl, and told her there was a fire in the dining-room, where she might be quite alone if she wished.

She thanked him gratefully, but had been seated at the fire scarcely five minutes before he tapped at the door, and announced:

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

Marjorie rose with a start, to find herself face to face with the handsome, grey-eyed man she had seen in the wood when she was walking with Charles—Sir Edward Mortimer.

He came forward with an air of great respect, and yet with the most evident and earnest sympathy as well.

"If I am intruding, please pardon me," he said, in a clear, cultured voice. "But your position here is so very trying that I felt bound to come and tell you how deeply we sympathize with you—my sisters and I, I mean—and how anxious we are to be of service to you will allow us."

He paused, then added:

"I think you perhaps may know who I am; my name is Mortimer."

"Sir Edward Mortimer—yes, I know. Indeed, I can't find words to thank you. You are only too kind. I wish I could make you understand how much I feel your kindness shown at such a time."

And then a recollection of her mis-

ENGAGED.

Marriage is very largely an accident. In few cases do men or women set up a standard of manly or womanly excellence and choose by it. In most cases people become engaged as the result of propinquity rather than because of any deep-rooted preference.

And so it often happens that the wife enters upon the obligations of maternity just as thoughtlessly as she entered on the marriage relation, because no one has warned her of the dangers she faces.

Thousands of women become invalids for lack of knowledge of themselves. It is to this large body of women that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as a priceless boon, because it cures womanly ills.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"After my first child was born," writes Mrs. Jordan Stone of Pawcett, Frederick Co., Va., "my health was very poor for a long time, and last winter I was so bad with pain down in back I could hardly move without great suffering. My husband got me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and a trial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I used as directed. In four days I was greatly relieved, and now, after using the medicine three months, I seem to be entirely well. I can't see why it is that there are so many suffering women when there is such an easy way to be cured. I know your medicines are the best in the world."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the favorite family laxative. One 'Pellet' a laxative, two 'Pellets' a cathartic dose

ry, and of her utter loneliness, swept over her, and she could not repress her sobs.

They flowed down her pale cheeks. She was compelled to raise her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Don't cry," said Sir Edward, so very earnestly, and with so much feeling, that the poor girl only cried the more.

"It is so very kind of you!" she sobbed. "I thought everyone would mistrust and misjudge me!"

Gently taking her hand, he led her back to her chair, and sat down near her.

"My dear Miss St. Clair, what I have to suggest, or rather to earnestly entreat, is that you will make my house your home—at any rate, until something can be settled for your future. My sisters wish this very much, and they would have come to you themselves, but they are both suffering from such bad colds that I wouldn't hear of them going out. They are longing to welcome you. May I have the pleasure of telling them you will be their guest?"

Marjorie raised her sweet, lustrous eyes, still wet with tears, and gave him an earnest, grateful glance.

"If I knew how to thank you, I would," she said; "but, indeed, I do not. Your kindness is so very great, I was fearing that—"

She paused, and colored deeply.

"You feared that people might be much fools as to imagine you were in league with those scoundrels. Is that what you would say, Miss St. Clair? Dismiss the idea from your mind if it has really entered it. When I saw you that day in the wood, I was certain you could be no connection of theirs."

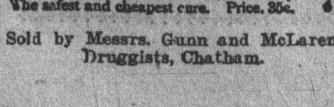
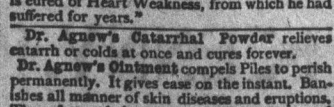
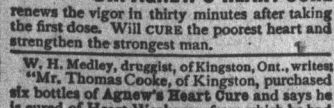
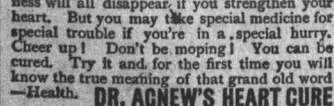
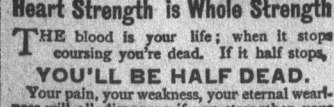
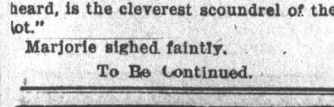
"And did you know then that they were—were—"

Her lip trembled, and she could not complete the sentence.

"No; I cannot say that I did—not at that time. They had managed to scrape a bowing acquaintance with some of the people round about—myself among them; but I had a suspicion they were not quite what they represented themselves to be, and so I held aloof; and very sorry I was, I can tell you, to see you with that impudent young fellow, who called himself Charles Hyde, and who, I have heard, is the cleverest scoundrel of the lot."

Marjorie sighed faintly.

To Be Continued.



THE STAGE

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—
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.)

Whitney Brothers Company open the C. C. I. and People's Popular Course at the Grand on Monday, October 26th.

The management present to you notice of the above attraction. A combination that had in its origin the desire to furnish a refined and artistic program, selected from what is best in music and literature. Audiences have been quick to recognize the sterling merit of this unique attraction.

Everyone who sees and hears the Whitney Brothers want to see and hear them again. The whole entertainment is clean, wholesome and enjoyable to the highest degree. Reserve seat sale is now open at Brisco's.

Miss Sadie Martinot will soon appear here in Arthur Wing Pinero's famous play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Julius Murry has equipped Miss Martinot with an excellent cast and production.

HIS SECOND THOUGHT.

The Stage Driver Jotted on It and Saved His Passengers.

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside, while the red haired, mild featured, big boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one, and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the distance lessened between them and the town of Sodom, with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming a furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the seating stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill, with ever increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amazement at the door, past the post office without pause, and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of his reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?" came the breathless questions.

"None," replied Pat with a set face. "It was that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and, realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, some one turned to Pat and asked:

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sir," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me first thought wor, 'Lord ha' mercy on our souls!' Thin thinks I to myself, 'Confound a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I licked the poor bastes all the way down the hill!"—Lippincott's.

What He Took Her For.
"What! Marry you?" snorted the fiery tempered maiden. "Huh! What do you take me for?"

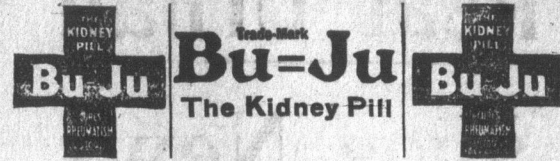
"For better or worse," he replied promptly. So they were married and lived unhappily ever after, for, alas, she was worse than he took her for.

A Distinction.
"I dislike so much to be called a 'poetess,'" said a young woman who sometimes wrote verses for publication.

"Perhaps," suggested her matter of fact brother, "if you will write a little better quality of poetry people will call you a poet."

For Company Use.
Visitor (during temporary absence of hostess)—What beautiful teeth your mamma has, Tommy.

Tommy—Yes'm; she never wears that set 'cept when she has callers.—Baltimore American.



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