

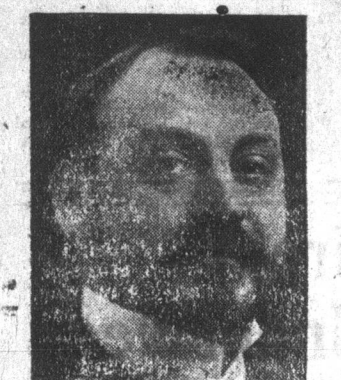
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No Money Unless He Cures Method and Full Particulars Sent Free. Write for it This Very Day.

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from colleges and medical boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes, and so that there may be no doubt in the mind of any man that he has both the method and the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their names and



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The possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates, who wants no money that he does not earn.

address. He wants to hear from men who have been stricken that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotency, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward avenue, room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once to Dr. S. Goldberg.

DENTAL

A. A. HICKS, D. V. 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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CHATHAM, ONT.

A BIT OF BLUE ENAMEL

OR—
TRADED BY A VALENTINE

He acknowledged the greeting with a bow which was not merely cold but haughty, but which bordered on the contemptuous.

The next moment, however, his glance fell on Marjorie, and, as though involuntarily, he raised his hat with the most perfect courtesy.

"Who is he?" asked Marjorie, eagerly.

She had not chanced to notice that cool little nod, and so felt quite a friendly interest in the good looking stranger.

"Sir Edward Mortimer," repeated Marjorie, remembering she heard that name more than once before.

Mr. Hyde had suggested that Sir Edward Mortimer should be invited, with



others, to a torch-light skating party, on St. Valentine's day.

And again, it was Sir Edward's house which had been broken into by burglars so recently.

She turned to look after him, and found, to her confusion, that he was leaning against a tree, and looking after her.

She and Hyde went on together, not speaking much, but walking in that kind of happy silence which often falls upon two people who love each other, but have not yet confessed their love.

The wood paths were full of fallen leaves.

Marjorie set her foot in a treacherous hole covered over with them.

She wrenched her ankle so severely that she would have fallen had not her companion supported her with his strong arm.

"Lean on me," he said tenderly.

And she did.

He led her to the trunk of a fallen tree and she sat down; but when he looked at her he was alarmed to see how pale she was.

"You are ill! You are hurt!" he cried.

"No; only a little faint," she murmured. "It was the sudden shock, I think. I shall be better in a moment."

"Lean on me," he said again, more tenderly still, and as he spoke he put his arm round her waist and laid her head against his shoulder.

So very sweet it looked there—the deep violet eyes seeming larger and more lustrous than ever by reason of the delicate paleness of her cheeks.

Charles Hyde could not resist the temptation to caress that sweet face with his fingers, while he murmured, softly—

"Darling! are you better now?"

That word had power to call the blood back to her cheeks in a rosy tide. "Yes," she whispered, shyly, and looked away from him, veiling her eyes with their dark lashes and white drooping lids.

Emboldened by these signs, he drew her to him a little more closely.

"Marjorie, will you be my darling? You know I love you. don't you, dear?"

THE PRISONER

Who escapes from jail is by no means free. He is under the ban of the law and punishment is written over against his name. Soon or late he will be caught again and bear added punishment for his short escape from his cell.

Those who by the use of palliative powders and tablets escape for a time from the sufferings of dyspepsia are in the same condition as the escaped prisoner. Soon or late they will go back to the old condition and pay an added penalty for temporary release.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Its cures are lasting.

"For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not bear any solid food on my stomach for a long time; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep or follow my occupation (trimmery). Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver

I couldn't help speaking when I saw you so white and faint. Forgive me if I spoke too soon. Will you, Marjorie?"

"I—I have nothing to forgive," whispered Marjorie, raising her eyes to his for one brief moment, while her heart throbbed with an exquisite joy.

"Little love! little darling! my precious little girl!" cried Hyde, in a sort of tender rapture. "Then we belong to each other. I may seal our compact, mayn't I?"

And his look was so tenderly beseeching that Marjorie must have had a harder heart than ever beat in a woman's bosom, if she had refused him the boon he asked—her premisson to press a lover's kiss upon her lips.

Only one he took.

She noticed that, and all her woman's soul rose up to do him reverence, because he so respected her that he would take no advantage of the fact that her weakness had forced her to lie—a precious burden—in his arms.

"How could Madeline have so mistaken his character?" she thought, with a thrill of proud delight in his virtues.

How different the conduct of the elder brother would have been under such circumstances!

And yet Madeline could love him, and feel nothing but mistrust and dislike for this other, who was so honorable, and good, and true.

The further conversation of the two it is needless to repeat.

Only lovers would feel much interested in it, and they can imagine what was said without being told.

After a few minutes, Marjorie's foot was sufficiently better for her to be able to resume her walk—of course, with the support of her companion's arm.

They had much to say, and they enjoyed the saying of it immensely.

It was not until they were returning home that Marjorie thought of telling her lover of her intentions to go to Mrs. Thornton as soon as that lady arrived in England. She did not tell him the true reason of this intention—that Madeline had besought her to go.

She thought it would be scarcely fair to her friend to do so.

"Mrs. Thornton has written saying how glad she will be to have me," she said, simply. "And I think—I think I would rather go."

He seemed surprised; but he did not attempt to gainsay her. Nay, on the contrary a look of something very like relief appeared for a moment on his face.

"And when do you think of going, dearest?" he asked.

"In about a month. Mrs. Thornton will be home by then."

"Very well. We shall see."

"Shall see what?" she asked, clasping

his arm a little closer, and looking up at him as though he were an oracle, as, indeed, he was—to her.

He smiled down at the bright, bewitching face.

"We shall see what we shall see!" he retorted, enigmatically. "But somehow I don't fancy you will go to Mrs. Thornton."

CHAPTER VIII. A Life For A Life.

Madeline was downstairs again, and out of doors, in a day or two, apparently as well as before her illness, save that Marjorie fancied she noticed a peculiar restlessness in her.

She rarely remained seated for a long time, and was for ever changing her amusements or occupations.

Whenever Edgar Hyde was present, she would fling herself into the conversation with an energy and liveliness which perfectly amazed Marjorie.

Her wit was brilliant; her spirits seemed of the gayest.

"It is all to win his love—a last desperate effort to get back a heart which was never worth the having!" thought Marjorie, as she watched her.

And she sighed, to think that Madeline, for all her noble nature, could be so weak.

She was not perfectly at her ease with Miss Hyde just now.

She had a guilty feeling that she was not being quite as open and frank as she would have liked to be.

Charles Hyde had said to her, just as they were quitting the wood on that memorable day—

"Marjorie, we'll keep our own counsel for a little while."

She had nodded, and acquiesced at the moment, not ill-pleased with the injunction; but since then it had pressed upon her rather uncomfortably.

It made her feel a little guilty and conscience-stricken, especially when Madeline continued, as often she did, to vaguely hint that Charles Hyde was scarcely a proper object for her love.

Not that Marjorie ever suffered her faith in her lover to be shaken.

No; she loved him too dearly, and was herself too true and loyal of soul for that.

Meantime, she grew daily more attached to the beautiful and—in her love, at any rate—unfortunate Madeline, and at length an incident occurred which bound her warm heart to her with more than ordinary affection and gratitude.

The frost still continuing, they went out to the lake together one afternoon for an hour's skating.

None of the gentlemen were at home—they had gone to look at a horse which Edgar Hyde thought of purchasing, so the two girls were quite alone, and likely to remain so.

For some time they pursued their healthful exercise with much enjoyment.

Madeline looked brilliantly beautiful in her skating cap and jacket, her cheeks flushed to a rich damask, her sparkling eyes as bright as stars.

To Be Continued.

THE STAGE

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

THE GREAT PAULINE.

Hypnotism was revived at the Grand last evening by the Great Pauline. A scattered house greeted his initial appearance and his entertainment seemed to take with the audience. Mind reading took up part of the evening and was as much enjoyed as the fun-making hypnotism.

Pauline is here for the balance of the week and will change his program nightly.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the Chatham Grand:—

Pauline & Co.—Oct. 12-19.
Lycium Course—Oct. 26.
Sadie Martinot—Oct. 27.
Firemen's Benefit—Oct. 29.
Over Niagara Falls—Oct. 30.

(Supplied to The Planet by Press Agents.)

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.

Any irregularity on the part of The Planet's carrier boys will be immediately remedied by calling at the office or phoning 53a.

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CURES RHEUMATISM TOO

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A safe vegetable prescription that cures.
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THE BOAT FROM TOWN.

Scene: Any summer resort. Time: Saturday afternoon.

There's a rush from the porch where the ladies fair
Have wearily sat day after day.
The boat has been sighted away off there;
It is nearly a dozen miles away,
And Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Gray
And Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Brown
Look at Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Clay
With hopeful looks as they hurry down.
It is Saturday afternoon at last;
There's the boat from the busy distant town.

A hundred hopes and a hundred fears
Have birth in their bosoms while they wait;
They are dressed in the best they have,
And with upturned faces they supplicate
Through the weary week they have sat
And sighed,
The one who was wedded years ago
And the one who but lately was a bride,
Who still admits that she "loves him so!"
And down in the depths of each tender breast
Is a wish that all of the others know.

At last! At last! She is in at last!
Throw off the ropes! Clear the gangway there!
Back up a little! Now make her fast!
Hold on a moment, oh, ladies fair!
Now see on the plank that slopes to the pier
A man—one lone man—walking down,
While a hundred women cry out: "Oh, dear!
When will the next boat come from town?"
And as Brown, the lonely, is hustled away—
Ah, how they go, envying Mrs. Brown!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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