

## "Japan Teas Doomed"

by the superior article

## "SALADA"

Natural Leaf Pure Uncoloured Ceylon Green. No Adulteration. Of double strength and delicious. It will displace all Japan teas just as "SALADA" black is displacing all other black teas.

When a woman buys King Quality Shoes she saves \$2. They cost \$3 and have the appearance of \$5—that is how she saves \$2.

These shoes are irreplaceable in material, style, fit and finish.

All trimmings are of silk, and they are the best shoes for the price on this earth. All the words in the English language could not tell the facts plainer than that.

Remember King Quality \$5

TRADE MARK

KING QUALITY

Made by J. D. King & Co. Limited Toronto.



## DRS. KENNEDY &amp; KERGAN

No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Dr. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 30 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Eunuchs, Nervous Debility, Syphilis, Varicose, Stricture, Gleet, Secret Drains, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Their guarantees are backed by Bank Bonds.

**MEN'S LIFE BLOOD**

You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired and in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dejected, and have no ambition. Don't let your Life Blood be drained away. Dr. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**BLOOD POISON**

Scraping is the source of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Life-faltering, skin eruptions, no matter how small, are signs of blood poisoning. Dr. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases of No Pay.

**VARICOCELE & STRICTURE**

The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No operation, no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your system. The structure tissue is absorbed and can never return. Dr. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

**Kidneys & Bladder**

Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Dr. K. & K. can cure your kidneys and save your life. No operation, no detention from business. Question Blank for Home Treatment. Dr. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

## Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERY TIME.

By All First Class Dealers

## Eddy Antiseptic Packages

## Right now

IS THE TIME TO BUY AN

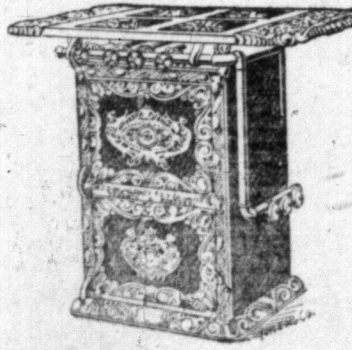
## Oxford Gas Range

AND MAKE SURE OF SUMMER COMFORT.

They give you the finest choice in Gas Stoves that you can find. All sizes, all styles, all prices, and all of them the most economical burners of gas ever made—the patented valves mean dollars in your pocket on every gas bill.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT ONCE AND BE READY FOR HOT DAYS

The Chatham Gas Co.  
The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.



## "I WILL REPAY."

Ottawa Citizen.

"Vengeance is mine! Thus saith the Lord!"

The dying missionary cried.

By whose vile sword a thousand died!

Listen and tremble at a crime.

Blacker than that at Cawnpore's pool!

Your China must have been sublime.

But you have made of it a hell.

Can you not see that blackest night?

Is banished by accusing day!

After the darkness come the light!

"Vengeance is mine! I will repay!"

The souls beneath the altar stone.

Cried out in torture, "Lord, how long?"

For fiends like you there's moan for moan.

For brutal beasts there's thong for thong.

We'll break in twain the cursed sword

Incarinated with blood to-day!

"Vengeance is mine! Thus saith the Lord!"

And what the Lord says we obey!

Hear England's retribution cry—

Those that have slaughtered, they shall die.

Heart of humanity, be still!

Repay we must! Repay we will!

REV. MR. AUSTIN

Attempts to Counteract John

Scott's Exposure of Spirit-

ualism

Recently Published—Claims that

Scott Himself is Somewhat of a

Fake Performer.

Daniel McGee, of this city, has

handed the Planet a copy of a month-

ly magazine called The Sermoon, which

contains the following reply from

Rev. B. F. Austin to John Scott's re-

cent exposure of spiritualism in the

Christian Guardian:

About three years ago there ap-

peared in Toronto a Mr. Venner, who

professed to be able to give clairvoy-

ant readings and to be a spiritual me-

diun. He came to a family, and im-

pressed upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

press upon them sufficiently to im-

or—produce similar writings under the

same conditions, nor could he explain

how it was done. This tallies pre-

cisely with the statements of the

world's leading conjurers, who con-

firmly believe in the duplicity of spir-

itual phenomena.

It is quite evident that the

Guardian editor is much more intent

on stabbing in a back-hand way the

spiritualistic movement in Toronto,

than in presenting a fair and honest

investigation and under test conditions

in their own houses. Their names are

known to the world. Their volumes

are accessible to all who seek light and

truth, yet when the Guardian would

employ Mr. Scott to draw a caricature

which the Guardian editor styles

"Exposures of Spiritualism," and

"Exposures of Spiritual Mediums,"

and on this libel of a religious body it

seeks an adverse judgment from its

readers.

Why does not the Guardian editori-

ally discuss spiritualism? Why does

it open its columns to foes of spiritual-

ism and shut out friends of spiritual-

ism? Because, while such a discus-

sion would be in the interests of truth

and righteousness, it would open the

eyes of multitudes of Methodists to

the truth and beauty of spiritualism

and the Christian Guardian is not set

for the defence of the truth, but for

the defence of Methodism.

B. F. AUSTIN.

ARE NOT SUICIDES' GRAVES.

"I can tell you the true history of those

graves in the south corner of the cem-

etery," said Chief Young this morning.

The old Potter's field used to be on the south side

of the Gravel Road, at Indian Creek. In

the fall of the year 1864, a train on the old Great

Western was wrecked at Baptiste Creek,

with emigrants and the loss of life was ap-

palling. Wm. Mitchell, of the Post Office

can tell you about the accident as he lost his

leg in it. His father and several members

of the family were killed. A great many of

the family were brought to Chatham and

interred in the Potter's Field, at Indian Creek.

When the Maple Leaf Cemetery was pur-

chased, these dead were removed to the

south corner of the cemetery. At least

the greater part of them were, but not quite

all. These are the graves which look so

lonely and bare in that open corner of the

cemetery.

ERIC'S FATHER-IN-LAW

Was Easily Won in Giving His Consent to

Part With His Daughter.

"Do you think, sir, that you can sup-

port my daughter in the style to which

she has been accustomed?"

Mr. Hope did not hesitate to tremble.

He loved Cecilia Buddington with all

his heart, and he knew that he could

never be happy without possessing her

as his wife.

They had walked in the park the day

before. The sky above them was blue

and soft, and happy birds sang gaily

in the branches overhead. They stop-

ped beneath a stately oak to watch two

gleeful robins at work upon the nest.

That one of them was soon to hatch,

and how they seem to enjoy it! I

wonder if the dear little things are

looking forward to the happiness that

is in store for them?"

"Ah, I wonder!" Eric Hope replied.

"And I wonder, too, if the robin re-

breast up and down the road, long weeks

before his blithe companion would

consent to let him help her build the

nest?"

Cecilia Buddington looked away

across the shimmering lake near which

which they stood, and blushed. At

last she softly answered:

"I suppose so. If she had not done

that he might not appreciate her as

he seems to. You know men do not

cherish the prizes that are too easily

won, and I fancy that it is the same

with robins."

Mr. Hope suddenly caught her hands

in his and asked:

"Is that the reason you have kept

me in doubt so long? If so, please do

not try me any further. I shall ap-

preciate you, sweet Cecilia, be sure of

that!"

There was something in her look

that made him draw her to his breast

and kiss her, unmindful of any dan-

ger they were in of being seen by oth-

ers. Thus his doubts were put to

flight, and he was supremely happy.

On the way home they talked of all

the joys that were in store for them,

and made many plans for the future,

until Miss Buddington stopped sud-

denly, and with a frightened look in

her eyes, exclaimed:

"But, Eric, we have, in our joy,

forgotten that papa has not given his

consent—that he knows nothing of our

love for each other—and that he may

refuse to let you have me!"

He seemed to be plunged in doubt.

The skies that had been so blue turned

gray in a moment. But he took heart

again at last and said:

"Ah, sweet little one, let us hope for

the best. I will go to him to-morrow

and ask him for you."

After a long embrace and seven

more of the first rapturous kisses that

seal enduring love he went away.

It was on the following day that Eric

Hope did not hesitate or tremble. He

had told her father that they loved

each other, and with a frown, Henry

Buddington had asked him if he

thought he could support the girl in

the style to which she had been ac-

customed.

Mr. Hope was about to reply, when

the father of the one he loved fell

back and cried:

"Forgive me, Eric! I didn't look up to

you—no, who it was. I b-b-beg a

thousand—"

"Never mind," the younger man said,

latching an encouraging hand upon the

other's shoulder. "I'll try to make her

comfortable."