

STRANGE TOMB.  
Tribute Over a Wo-  
man's Grave.  
Perhaps, the strangest  
of a civilized land. It  
was the body of Julia  
Haden, who died six  
months ago, Professor Haden,  
Bucharest, believes,  
Tribune, that he is able  
to his lost child. He  
sits by the side of her  
tomb, quoting some re-  
mains to him.  
fructed, so it is claimed  
plans outlined to the  
after her death.  
metry. The structure  
the entrance and under  
Haden is a niche filled  
school books. As one  
with strains of unearth-  
entrance a huge slab of  
an inscription, which  
"Let those who seek  
by this grave, and  
learn the secret of  
it?"  
I with black and white  
are of the purest white  
tions in letters of gold.  
Prof. Haden, are re-  
he conversation; he has  
since her death.  
quaint little triangular  
a staircase stands two  
rated mirrors, which  
Julia Haden's boudoir.  
of the vault, behind a  
trade, is an exquisitely  
containing the body of  
the coffin is so arranged  
back a slide the broken-  
still gaze on the face  
colored lamps burn con-  
nd of the sarcophagus.  
the balustrade stands  
the young Romanian  
nts her as a handsome  
attired in a modern  
hite veil is drawn over  
in the dust, and at the  
faded roses, held in  
ribbons that float to  
are the flowers and  
Haden wore at her  
ing photographs of her  
Joe small water color  
in "Dernier Jour Ter-  
ay on Earth"), repre-  
a her deathbed, with  
sunken eyes.  
the right lies a large  
and a block of black  
me lines of music are  
The title tells you that  
they composed by Julia Haden,  
and, listening to its  
he could almost believe  
it land.  
which produces the  
mentioned is apparently  
sible. Visitors are per-  
her names in the great  
are full of touching  
thy in every language.  
growsome in this re-  
he fresh air streams in  
oors, carrying with it  
rs and the merry songs  
Professor Haden passes  
me. It is no strange  
ing his coffee here of a  
ing his cigarette besides  
his wife comes in the  
ains until late in the  
one, the old porter at  
He speaks of Julia  
were alive. "Poor  
them and it don't  
up remarking on  
ally believed in  
aden's mind is  
or K. On all other  
is ever.  
ourished,  
e to be a  
is oc-  
d of color  
made  
a little tremor  
the  
covered with  
to  
d very delicate  
be  
neglect to give a  
re bath of milk and  
e plant will be  
leaves during the  
as in the summer  
beautiful baskets that  
filled with bon-  
nverted into beau-  
y being the empty  
piece of waterproof  
cloth and sewing  
edge of the basket  
and stick the sand

what was called lemon-jelly—though in reality highly flavored wine-jelly—and by brandy peaches, placed before the young man, who was exceedingly fond of peaches, the demon awoke in him; he felt a wild craving for the claret, and then suddenly realized that he had lost control over himself, and with a cry of despair, such as none could forget, left his friends to return to the city.

All felt uneasy. Mrs. Wilbur alone suspected the cause of Mr. Clancy's actions, and wondered if she could hold herself guiltless. She had declared that wine could not do any harm in pudding sauce. But what about the other enticing forms in which wine—or in fact still stronger liquor—had been used? Had she not noticed with some pride and pleasure how fast her favorite dish of brandy-peaches usually disappeared when gentlemen were at tea? And did not some experience with the world give her an inkling as to their effect upon Mr. Clancy?

A restless Sabbath day they all spent, and Mrs. Wilbur's feelings were not quieted when at the evening service the text was given out: "Am I my brother's keeper?" In a clear and forcible manner the minister showed in how many apparently innocent ways we may lead a brother astray, and in doing so not be left guiltless.

Her fears were only too true. In a sad but truthful letter Mr. Dayton wrote of the downfall of his friend, and spoke of his own sister's wrecked happiness and complete prostration through the shock. "And it has all come about through use of wine and brandy in cooking; wine in a disguised form. Had it been placed openly on the table Will says he would have resisted it, as he has many a time since he pledged himself to refrain. But he never dreamed of the sleeping lion being roused in him through the insidious form in which the serpent was hidden at your table. We both plead that you will never again thus lead any one into temptation."

And Mrs. Wilbur resolved that wine should never again appear at her table in any form whatever.—"American Messenger."

Ripe for the Harvest.

A missionary of the American Board writing from the Madura region tells of a great movement towards Christianity: "During the year we have had formed six new congregations, with a total of about two hundred souls, including men, women and children. These congregations were formed in places where there were previously no Christians. They do not come singly. That would be very difficult, and would involve starvation or some financial help from us. A man's entire cast and his own family would cast him out. No one would give him work, food or shelter. They generally come to us in a body, all of one caste in a village and after much public deliberation. For example, in a village twelve miles from here there were ninety Shanars who came over to us last year. In January of this year forty-five pariahs, or outcasts, in the same place joined us, but they lived on a different street. A Christian woman moved to that place, and by her advice and the catechist's efforts they all decided to join us. We have not been able to build them a church yet. When I preached to them two weeks ago, they listened like hungry men and women. They have developed so well during these ten months that four or five are now ready for admission to the church, and more will soon follow. As the services are all held in the street, baptism and the Lord's Supper are out of the question. When a people join us in this manner we do not immediately receive them to the church. They need instruction and testing. But they have renounced idolatry and put themselves under our instruction. They almost invariably suffer bitter persecution during the first year or two. Would they undergo the wrath of neighbors and of their old gods without strong convictions?"

"During the month of April, when we were on the Itinerary, a catechist reported sixty souls ready to join us. We went to see them. 'Have you fully decided to be Christians?' 'We have.' 'May we take your names in our books?' 'Yes.' Then we wrote their names, gave them

Sunday  
Reading.

THE HIDDEN EVIL.

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ECZEMA!  
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT



REV. CHAS. FISH  
Methodist Minister, Toronto

Few men better known or more highly esteemed in the ministerial ranks in Canada than the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this. Although now retired from the more active work in the ministry, he has held almost all the more important charges throughout Ontario as a pastor in the Methodist Church. He is one of the pioneer preachers. A few words of his to fellow-sufferers will be taken in the spirit which he intends them, feeling that in publishing to the world the great benefits he has derived from his great cure he is but doing his first duty to man, and, in a measure, fulfilling the old command, "Do unto others," etc.

About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten years I was a great sufferer. I tried many supposed remedies and some of the best physicians—specialists on skin diseases—treated me. Beyond affecting temporary relief, I received no more benefit and all failed to effect a cure. Some time ago I was led from reading and investigating some reliable testimonies I read in the newspapers to try Dr. Chase's celebrated Ointment. The first box gave me so much relief that I felt warranted in persevering. As I write this I am just commencing on the fifth box, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected, I am certain that before the box is completed I shall be completely cured. I think my cure almost a marvel, and shall be pleased at any time to answer any inquiry from like cases. Having suffered so much myself, I give this testimony for the benefit of others.

CHAS. FISH,  
Methodist Minister.

192 Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

THE ABAKWETA DANCE.

It is the Most Popular Ceremonial Among South African Savages.

The abakweta dance, the wild war dance of the Umata youths, is the most famous savage ceremonial in South Africa and a rite seldom witnessed by European eyes, says Pearson's weekly. This barbaric dance has a curious place in the bridal customs. In Umata, which is the native state in the east of Cape Colony, in South Africa, every able-bodied youth is taken from his parents just before arriving at the age of manhood and maintained at public expense for one year. During this transition period the young men are known as abakwetos or neophytes. By the chiefs and most skillful warrior they are trained in the use of arms and in the practices of war. All this time they are not suffered to visit their families, nor may their mothers even look upon them. While in the abakweta stage they are required to dance in public once every two weeks, and upon the manner in which they acquit themselves much depends their success in future life.

The dances last the entire day, from sunrise to sunset, so that it is terrific test of endurance and spirit. But the duration of the dance is in itself less exacting than the costumes which tradition prescribes must be worn. In preparing for the odd ceremony the abakwetos first strip themselves and smear their bodies over with white clay, rubbing it on in spots, so as to give the effect of a leopard's skin. This is thought to be very terrible and likely to inspire the enemy with fear. Next, long bands of straw that are wrapped round them, like ballet skirts. There will usually be thirty or forty feet of this, and it will weigh fifty or sixty pounds. But the weight is not the most trying discomfort. The straws are sharp and are put next to the bare skin, so that at the end of the dance it is a matter of course that the loins and waists of the dancers are raw and bleeding. In order to conceal the features from the

mothers and families—for the dance is a public one—long capes of straw, much like the skirts, are worn over the face. These, too are hot and heavy and chafe the skin. The abakweta who flags under the fatigue or torture of the dance is looked upon with contempt. If he breaks down completely he is sent back to the women and forever loses his position in the tribe. The rest are applauded and encouraged by their instructors. After a year of this training they cease to be abakwetos and become full-fledged warriors, entitled to all the rights and privileges of men. Those who can survive the terrible training have proved themselves fitted to undertake the responsibilities of the South African warriorship.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism to Acute He Could Not Attend to His Daily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agony in Pain When That "Good Samaritan" of all Cases, South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed His Way—It Helped in a Few Hours, and Speedily Cured—Cost 75 Cents.

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked with inflammatory rheumatism some 20 years ago—after a time he recovered, but five or six weeks ago the dread disease returned so violently that he had to give up work. For nearly three weeks he lay in bed suffering terrible agony. Another resident of the town who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure persuaded him to try it, and, to his great surprise after using the medicine but one week he was so far recovered as to go about town. From the first dose taken he felt marked improvement, and today he is most enthusiastic in singing its praises. No case too severe for South American Cure to check in six hours, and cure permanent!

Among the floral decorations at a recent English wedding, instead of a marriage bell a number of smaller bells of various sizes were hung together. The bells were made of white blossoms with a small orange suspended by a white satin ribbon for the clapper. These bells were hung from an arch made of green foliage plants. A flight of white birds was another new feature among the decorations. Many of the birds were suspended by invisible wires, and one or two of them were resting upon the mounds of flowers or the handles of ribbon trimmed baskets of blossoms.