The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES — CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1915 — VOL. XLIIV., NO. 9

Canadian Government Railways.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 21ST, 1914.

Trains Outward, Read Down.

P.M. Mon. Wed. Fri.	P.M. Dly. Ex. Sun.	A.M. Dly. Ex. Sun.			
2.45	2.00	7.00	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.
4.07	2.54	8.13	"	Hunter River	"
4.50	3.23	9.00	"	Emerald Jct.	"
	3.47	9.45	"	Kensington	"
	4.10	10.20	Ar.	Summerside	Dep.
		Tues. Thur. Sat.			
	4.25	11.30	Dep.	Summerside	Ar.
	5.23	1.14	"	Port Hill	"
	6.16	2.44	"	O'Leary	"
	7.35	5.00	Ar.	Tignish	Dep.
		P.M.			
4.55		3.25	Dep.	Emerald Jct.	Ar.
5.45		4.15	Ar.	Cape Traverse	Dep.
	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.			
	3.00	3.00	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.
	4.55	4.20	"	Mt. Stewart	"
	5.39	4.54	"	Morell	"
	6.12	5.19	"	St. Peter's	"
	7.45	6.30	Ar.	Souris	Dep.
	8.55	7.35	Ar.	Elmira	Dep.
	4.40	4.15	Dep.	Mt. Stewart	Ar.
	5.52	5.27	"	Cardigan	"
	6.20	5.56	"	Montague	"
	7.05	6.40	Ar.	Georgetown	Dep.
	Dly. Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Sat. Only			
	3.10	3.10	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.
	4.57	4.25	"	Vernon River	"
	7.00	5.55	Ar.	Murray Harbor	Dep.
	P.M.	P.M.			

Trains Inward, Read Up.

P.M. Dly. Ex. Sun.	A.M. Tues. Thurs. Sat.	P.M. Mon. Wed. Fri.	A.M. Mon. Wed. Fri.
5.15	11.30	12.10	10.10
4.07	10.31	11.03	8.50
3.23	10.03	10.19	8.00
2.46	9.38	9.45	
2.15	9.15	9.15	
	Dly. Ex. Sun.		
	8.55	12.15	
	7.54	10.42	
	7.01	9.25	
	5.45	7.30	
		A.M.	
	8.50	7.50	
	8.00	7.00	
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Mon. Wed. Fri.		
10.30	11.05		
9.15	9.35		
8.40	8.56		
8.17	8.25		
7.00	7.00		
5.40	5.40		
9.20	9.40		
8.04	8.15		
7.33	7.40		
6.50	6.50		
Dly. Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Sat. Only		
10.00	9.45		
8.23	8.31		
6.30	7.00		
A.M.	A.M.		

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A Missionary's Experience With a Lion

(From the Zambesi Misssion Record.)

[For the following stories we are indebted to Fr. J. Loubiere, a veteran missionary, who has for nearly sixteen years been in charge of the flourishing mission at Chipanga on the Zambesi River. This mission station is situated on the right bank of the great river, about eighty miles from Chinde. The infidel Portuguese Government having banished the Fathers of the Society of Jesus from its colonies, Fr. Loubiere, in common with our other Fathers and Brothers, who have for years labored for the natives of the Lower Zambesi, has been obliged to leave his mission. He was the last of the Jesuit Fathers to depart from Pertuguses territory in South Central Africa, Fr. Loubiere has now, we are glad to say, been attached to the Zambesi Mission he is at present at Chishawasha. —Editor.]

One day, in January, 1901, I received a message from a Portuguese official who resided at Misongue, about thirty miles west of Chipanga, asking me to go to visit him. The object of my visit being the baptism of his two children, I made no delay, but set out next morning in my houseboat, taking twelve native 'boys' with me. These boys were the rowers, and this large number was not excessive, since the boat was a large and heavy one, and the voyage to misongue had to be made against the stream.

We reached our destination about sunset and I walked up to the house, which stood about fifty yards from the river and on its north bank. I received a warm welcome from Senhor Silva, who then asked me why I had left my boys at the river. On my replying that they would be all right there, he said, "No, lions are very bad in this neighborhood, and it would be most dangerous to remain outside at nightime. They must come up here and I will give them a place to sleep in." Now lions on the right bank of the Zambesi River, where there is plenty of game for them to prey upon, very rarely, if ever, attack a human being, so I felt no anxiety about my boys, and let them remain where they were. A little later my host asked me if I had told the boys to come up, and on my replying in the negative, he assured me that he had by no means exaggerated the danger, and would himself go down and fetch them. This he did, though the boatmen, thinking themselves perfectly safe, were loth to come.

A word now about the house and its arrangement. It was a single-storied three-roomed dwelling, far from solidly built, the walls consisting merely of poles and sheets of corrugated iron. The inner partition walls did not quite reach the ceiling, so that it was possible for an active person to jump over them and pass from one room to another without having to go outside. The three rooms were in a row, and on the right of them was a lean-to, the flimsy wall of which consisted of stout grass closely-woven together, It was this lean-to which was apportioned to my boys as their sleeping-room; my host's room was next to it, mine next to his, and to my left was an unoccupied room.

After supper I walked up and down outside in the long grass, saying my rosary and other prayers. The sequel will show how, unsuspected by myself, I ran a great risk by doing so.

Nothing remarkable happened till the time came for retiring to rest, but I had scarcely put out my light and stretched myself—fortunately without undressing—on the bed, when a tremendous hubbub arose in the room in which the boys were lying. Mingled with shouts and screams I heard cries of knalamu! knalamu! —"a lion! a lion!" I jumped up at once, and, though Senhor Silva shouted out to me to remain inside, I rushed out of my room and into that of the boys, hearing a gun fired at the same moment.

The lean-to was empty, the table in it was overturned, and there was a big hole in one of the walls. Where were the boys? On the roof of the house, upon which they had climbed, and where they were all crying out, "He has gone off with Makwiza." "Where has he gone?" I asked. "In that direction," said they, pointing; "go in at once, Father, or he'll kill you too." "No," said I, "come down all of you and help me to find Makwiza." But, naturally, they were much too frightened to acept my invitation, and not one of them stirred. "All right, then," I said 'I'll go alone." Thereupon I heard one say to the others, "The Father will be killed, let us go with him;" and the good fellows came.

It was so dark that we could see nothing clearly. I went in front, and after groping about for a minute or so, stumbled over something soft. It was the body of peor Makwiza, which the lion must have dropped when it heard the report of the gun fired by my host. The unfortunate young man had a terrible wound in his back, and his right arm was fearfully lacerated. He was quite unconscious and bleeding profusely. We raised him gently, carried him to the house, and laid him down in the room to the left of mine, and I need not add that we took care to shut and barricade the door. Senhor Silva then came from his own room, climbing over the partition walls— he wasn't going to venture outside.

As the wounded man remained unconscious and showed but little sign of life, I asked for some wine and a little salt to rub into his wounds. This is a most effective, if drastic, way of restoring consciousness, and in the present instance it was speedily successful. Makwiza opened his eyes, groaned, and cried out, "I'm dying I'm dying." Though he had been through a course of instruction in the truths of Christianity, this ycung man had always refused to be baptized; in fact his life had been far from edifying. Seeing that he was not likley to live long, I now urged him to repent of his sins and be baptized. At first he demurred, but he finally consented and protested his sorrow for the past. So, after giving him a short instruction and making sure of his disposition I baptized the dying man. Only a minute or two later he cried out, "Good-bye, Father, I am going;" and, then, to his young brother-in-law, who was one of the party, "Good-bye, Paulo," and he fell back dead.

I left the body in the room and told the boys to remain there till morning. Then I returned to my own room, lay down and tried to sleep. But a few minutes later there were cries from the next room and all the boys came scrambling over the partition into mine, yelling out, "The lion is here, he has seized the body of Makwiza." I took an assegai which I had noticed in my room, and asked where the lion was, "In the next room," they replied.

It was difficult to understand how the brute had entered the room! but if it had really seized the body and made off with it there was nothing to be done, so this time I kept quiet. As a matter of fact the lion had not entered the house, but we soon heard him prowling outside, sniffing loudly and pushing against the walls of the house in his endeavors to get in. This he continued to do for hours, to our great alarm, but he was unable to effect an entrance. There was no chance of sleep for anyone that night, and we were all mightily relieved when morning dawned and the lion went away.

My host was anxious for me to bury the dead man as soon as possible; but I knew that his relations would make a big fuss if he were interred at a distance from his own people, so I determined to have the corpse conveyed to Chipanga. We wrapped the body up and placed it in the covered shelter in my boat, which I used as a sleeping apartment when travelling, and I told my boys to row back to Chipanga and inform the dead man's relations what had happened. I remained at Misongue tha[illegible] and in the evening bade f[illegible] to my host, was rowed across the river in his small boat, and began my journey homewards. After the excitement of the previons night a reaction had set in, and I felt very nervous, though, as already stated, there was not much danger from lions on this, the south bank of the river. My bearers too were frightened, but they marched along briskly notwithstanding, and early on the following morning we reached Chipanga.

Now I fully expected Makwiza's parents to create a disturbance, and upbraid me bitterly for being the causs of their son's death. Sure enough they came to the mission station soon after my arrival; but what was my surprise when, instead of breaking out into lamentations and reproaches, they began to pour out most gratefully and evidently heartfelt thanks, "Why are you thanking me?" I asked. "You know well why we thank you," they replied. "Did you not go out and rescue our son from the jaws of the lion? No one but you would have done that." They were really greateful, and I was much relieved.

Then came Makwiza's young wife, and again I expected to be blamed and anathematized. However, they lady had often been treated harshly and cruelly by her husband, and she was far from disconsolate at his death. I gave her two pounds and a bag of rice, and she went away perfectly happy.

How I Exposed the Witchdoctor

Along the Zambesi, as in many other parts of South and Central Africa, the most influential, as well as the most feared, among the native population are the witchdoctors, styled nganga or inyanga, in practicaly every portion of the sub-continent. Of these perhaps the greatest rouges and imposters are the akumbasa (the ibanusi or izangoma of the Zulus and Matabele), the "smellers-out," i. e., witchdoctors who are summoned to detect and name the authors of real or supposed crimes. The following story tells how one of these cheats was detected and exposed at Chipanga.

Some fourteen years ago two pagan natives lost their money while travelling from Beira to this neighborhood. On reaching Chipanga they went to a kumbasa to inquire who had robbed them, and he declared the thieves to be two working boys of this mission The complainants then came up to the Mission Station and charged our two boys of theft. On our putting the question. "How do you know that these two are the culprits?" they replied. "The kumbasa told us"; and on being asked, "And how does he know?" they answered, at once, "Why the kumbasa knows every thing, the past, the present, and the future.' I then inquired the name of this wonderful kumbasa, "for," said I, "I should like to make his acquaintance." They replied that his name was Apezu.

Apezu was accordingly summoned to appear before us, and when he turned up, I asked him how he knew that the two boys he had named were thieves. His reply was that his mitombue (medicines) had told him. I thereupon taxed him with being an imposter, and told him that he must come up next day and give a public display of his power.

On the following morning we summoned all the people of the neighborhood to be present at the entertainment. They came, and soon after Apezu arrived with all his paraphernalia. The people were told to stand in a large circle, in the centre of which were Fr. Torrend, myself, and the witchdoctor.

Apezu kindled a fire and placed two small clay pots of water on it, and while the wate was boiling he mumbled a lot of incantations. Then he called up the complainants and the accused and told each pair to choose one of the pots. When they had done so, he cut six small pieces of grass stems and called out, "Now look, " "you, I am going to drop of these fragments into each of the pots. If those put into the one chosen by the accused rise to the surface, they are guilty; but if they remain at the bottom and the stems placed in the pot of the complainants come to the top, then they are innocent." He thereupon took a pinch of some red powder in each hand dropped it into the pots along with the grass stems. The water in the pot which had been chosen by our two boys at once began to effervesce and the fragments of grass rose to the surface. "There, you see," exclaimed Apezu triumphantly, "I was right; these two boys are the thieves." Tho onlookers at once cried out in unison, Ji! Ji! Munaono,' (Yes, yes, he was right you see.")

Now I had observed that the rogue had taken much more of the powder in one hand than in the other, and had dropped the larger quantity into the pot chosen by the accused, so I cried out, "You are a lot of fools. Don't you see how this man deceives you? He put totally unequal portions of his powder into the pots. Let him put in equal amounts, and we shall see what happens."

Apezu at once changed countenance and began to tremble while all the people cried out, "Inde, Inde," i.e., "Yes, yes, very good." I then brought a pair of scales and made the man weigh out two equal portions of his powder; he had then to repeat his experiment, and of course nothing happened. There was at once a great uproar and Apezu was loudly reviled as a liar and cheat. Then, by way of further discrediting this rascal in the eyes of the people, I said, "Now I am going to prove to you that Apezu killed his own father." The man protested loudly that he had never done anything of the sort, but I insisted on putting the matter to the test. I thereupon brought two glasses apparently filled with water, but one of them in reality contained some oxalate of potash. Holding up both of these, I said, "You see, both of these glasses contain water. Now I shall take one and Apezu the other. I shall then put equal qnantities of some medicine, weighed in your presence, into each glass; if it turns the water in his glass into blood and has no effect on mine, then he is a murderer."

All were highly interested and loudly expressed their approval. I then gave Apezu the glass containing the oxalate of potash and weighed out two equal quantities of sulphate of iron. On this being put into the glass I held, there was, of course, no visible result; but on dropping some into the other glass, the water in it became blood red. A great shout at once arose from all sides and the unfortunate Apezu was in a terrible state and screamed out that he was innocent. But the people would not listen to him, and all cried, "No, no, you are a murderer you killed your father."

It was with some difficulty that I managed to silence them; but having done so, I explained the trick and showed them how easily the witchdoctors played upon their ignorance and deceived them. They were quite convinced, and thereafter would have nothing to do with Apezu or any other kumbasa.—J Loubiere, S. J.

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