

Sunday Reading.

Dark Superstitions and Fetish Rites Still Flourish There.

Britain's protectorate, the Guinea Gold Coast, West Africa, is despite all that has been done still the home of many dark superstitions and fetish rites. One man is doing herculean work in stopping infant murder, the marriage of little girls, and witchcraft, and his experiences are interesting. This man is a native, with a skin as black as ebony, a prince of the royal house of Ga and a Christian, Rev B. R. S. Ahuma, and is giving himself to the hard task of abolishing among his people practices revolting to civilization. For this purpose he invokes both the sword of the spirit and of the flesh.

He seeks to enforce British law against the infant slayer as against any other murderer, making it a crime punishable with the death penalty for all who are accessory to the killing of a babe at its birth—that for one thing. He sends his agents among the villages to report cases of child murder and to bring the criminals to justice. The fetish priests set themselves against his work with the desperation of those who see their age long powers and prerogatives slipping from their hands. At one of the villages a fetish priest spat in the face of Ahuma's agent, a native. This was a signal for a general attack on him by the negroes.

Ahuma himself would be even worse dealt with than his agent only that priests and people are afraid of him. It is here that the sword of the spirit intervenes. The witch men say their spells have no power over him. At one village he visited was a whole band of witchmen with a leader. Ahuma could never induce this head witch man to face him. If he saw the clergyman approaching, the leader would dodge and saddle down another path. His explanation was that Ahuma's spirit was to strong for him, that he could not look him in the face. No evil spell or fate may prevail against a powerful will and a pure heart.

As another plan for diminishing child murder the missionaries the native Christians have established creches for the reception of tenth babies and their mothers. If a mother's tenth child was not strangled at its birth, if on the contrary she endeavored to keep and rear it, she would never again be permitted to live in her home village. The missionaries have therefore given notice among the villagers that they will receive into their creches all these decimal babies, as one might call them. Mothers expecting the coming of a tenth infant go to the mission before its birth, remaining there afterward until the child is three months old. Then they return to their homes without it, and all is well, as though nothing had happened. They might be killed if they endeavored to take the little one back with them. They therefore abandon it, which is perhaps not so hard when the poor woman has already nine other black babies. The creche superintendent keeps the child till she can get it adopted out somewhere.

One of the wierdest, most mysterious of the Guinea Gold Coast practices is that of witchcraft. It is as old among the natives as the history of the tribes themselves and flourishes to day among them in all its evil-blossoming and fruit in face of the blazing sun of civilization. Ahuma is as little superstitious as the most enlightened Englishman, yet he confesses that these Guinea negro witch people possess a power which as yet he is unable to understand. He himself has been educated at white men's schools, which has withdrawn him from the knowledge of his own race superstitions. But from well established facts partly drawn from his own observation, Prince Ahuma concludes that the witch people, ignorant as he is in most things have an actual command over certain forces of nature that is unknown among white people. He believes there is a scientific explanation of the matter, but he has so far been unable to find it. At any rate, the witch man or woman can blight crops, kill cattle and work evil to human beings even at a distance to the extent indeed of destroying their lives. A negro apprehended and brought before the British court on the coast confessed that he had slain nine persons by witchcraft, but there being today no English law to deal with witches she was discharged. Asked how she wrought her spells, she declared that a power outside of herself, a power stronger than herself, but which she herself did not understand, commanded her to curse, kill, bewitch or otherwise work injury to certain persons, and she was compelled to obey.

Personally Prince Ahuma is not in the least afraid of the power, though he is forced to believe in it. The prince himself once witnessed in a field a witch performance which he has been puzzling ever since to find an explanation for. It was near the village where the band of witch-men lived. Two of these were youths, and by persistent and long continued persuasion he at length induced them to give him a sample of what they could do. At the appointed time, exactly a quarter past midnight, the two young men led Ahuma to a certain spot in a field. He took the precaution to have with him two servants and an intelligent friend, arguing that though one person might be deceived or see wrong four were not likely all to be deluded.

The youths stipulated that under no circumstances should the prince call them by their names while they were under the power. He did, they told him they would not be able to come out of it and back to their normal state.

He agreed, and they proceeded to invoke the witch spell. They would not tell him what they did, and, with all his mind bent on discovering, he could find out nothing. They stood in one spot and waved their arms about. That was all he could see. Suddenly at the end of from seven to ten minutes, there in the presence of four persons, flames began to spout from the witch boys' mouths and apparently from all over their bodies, playing lambent about them till they were enveloped in fire. Civilized prestidigitators, with all the resources of modern science at their command, are able to produce something of the same effect but it is likely these ignorant wild negroes understood the use of electricity, phosphorus or luminous paint? The black boys had no appliances at all. After a time they came duly out of their spell, and the prince was as much mystified as ever.

The children of the Guinea witch people are often born with their parents uncanny power, whatever it is. The ability to practice witchcraft may also be easily acquired. If you pay a witch a penny, he or she will invest you also with the power, and you can make use of it with the best of them. But there is this danger—once under the diabolic influence you must remain so. What it impels you to, that you must do, and its promptings are to evil and destruction. A painful, pathetic result follows when, as sometimes happens the witch becomes converted to Christianity and seeks to put off the old man and his ways.

There ensues a struggle as tremendous as that of christian with Apollon as long enduring as that of the man in Bulwer's tale of Zanoni and his disciple, the man who had given himself over to the Terror. The Guinea people become earnest Christians and immediately strive to abandon witchcraft utterly, but find it almost beyond their strength to do so. The 'power,' they say, constantly prompts them to cast evil spells and do wrong deeds, and their lives are thenceforth an agonizing struggle against this implement. By faith and prayer and mighty striving they seek to escape the devilish thing, which is ever on the alert to pounce upon them. The story recalls old monkish legends.

His Call to Preach.

Bishop Matthew Simpson has told in a most touching manner the story of the early struggles that led him to the ministry. As he left boyhood behind, the conviction grew upon him that he must preach. But how could he? He was halting in speech, with a harsh voice, and with an impossible manner of declamation—the last one to face an audience.

After turning the question over in his mind many times, with increasing discouragement, he at length reluctantly dismissed it, and took a three years' course in a medical college.

But the idea of entering the ministry haunted him day and night, so that it almost seemed to him, as he said, that if he "did not become a preacher he could not be saved."

This led him to pray over the matter, and as a result, the morbid anxiety that had grown upon him vanished entirely one day at the sight of a scripture text: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." The words had been written on purpose for him, he said to himself; and from that time he felt content to let God decide his course.

A day came when his obedience to the divine direction was tested. The impression came upon him very strongly that he ought to speak at a certain prayer meeting, because the minister was away. "But how can I?" he said. "I shall make a fool of myself. What will my friends say—and my wife?" Above all people, young Matthew dreaded that old uncle.

Afternoon came. He was trembling with indecision. To his amazement his uncle looked up and said: "Don't you think you could speak to the people tonight?"

"But do you think I ought to?"

"Yes. I think you can do good," was

the grave reply.

The young man spoke. He carried the crowded audience with him. His words had power because they came from a full heart.

The experience of that evening was like a revelation. After those three years of unwilling study, he recognized his 'call,' and in no uncertain voice. But even now he was troubled, so that he did not dare to decide 'yes.' His mother was a widow, and Matthew felt that it would break her heart to have him change his profession and leave home. After many struggles he decided to tell her what he thought God required of him.

"Never," he said, "shall I forget how my mother turned upon me with a smile, and said: 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.'"

Then she told him how she and his father—who was then a dying man—kneeled beside the infant in the cradle, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he might become a minister. And she added that not a day had passed but that the repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.

And yet that mother had never intimated to her son the secret of her heart's desire. She was one of the reserved women of the older times. That tall crystallized young man's purpose, and young Simpson went forth to his wonderful career.

Japan in America.

Near Mountain station, New Jersey, a suburb of South Orange, is perhaps the quaintest bit of Orientalism to be found on this continent. Here a party of skillful Japanese gardeners, calling themselves the Japanese Horticultural society, have laid out a Japanese garden as a permanent exhibit of their native flora. The garden is situated at the base of the Orange Mountain, in a little clump of woodland. Its four acres are surrounded by a bamboo fence, ingeniously built without nails yet strong as any American fence.

Inside that barrier the visitor finds all the curiosities he would see in a similar garden in Japan itself. Stone lions, a pedestal bearing a stone lantern over two hundred years old, done by a noted Japanese sculptor, and a statue of Jizo, a Buddhist saint, regarded as a goddess, are some of the treasures which Japan has parted with in order that America may enjoy a few of the privileges which she herself prizes so highly.

There is an artificial lake in the garden, spanned by three different kinds of Japanese structures. By the side of this lake, closely caged, lives a turtle, or crane. The bird is about five feet in height. It is said to be an exceedingly rare bird, few specimens being found outside the royal palace and Imperial Zoological gardens.

According to the Japanese, nature does not give to the turtle a red crown until he has reached the age of one hundred years, and as the years advance the color deepens. The red-headed turtle is therefore an emblem of longevity in Japan. This New Jersey specimen has a very dark red topknot, and is supposed to be about three hundred years old.

In that respect the turtle is more than matched by one of the plants in the garden. This is a chabo-biba, one of the oldest on this continent. Its age is given as seven hundred years. No wonder it is valued at ten thousand dollars.

The origin trainer of the tree is not definitely known, but it is supposed to have been one Genbo, who was the most famous artist during the later period of the Kamakura renaissance in the twelfth century.

The tree came into the hands of the family of Suzuki about the middle of the sixteenth century, and has been handed down by them to the present time. Its trunk is seven inches in diameter, and its height is only four and a half feet. It belongs to the cedar family, and has foliage resembling sprigs of ferns closely set together in the form of a cone.

Sometimes the unbeliever questions the age of this plant, but such overwhelming evidence is offered in support of the Japanese gardener's assertion that the objector is silenced.

A Japanese tea house where real Japanese tea is served by Japanese girls in their native costume, and a Japanese jirikisha are among the attractions of the garden.

Dogs Wear War Medals.

Two Gained Recognition for Gallantry in Battle.

In the annals of the British army two dogs only have worn war medals gained for gallant comradeship and valour in battle. Both were Crimean heroes.

There was "Fighting Bob," of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and a sea-going old dog named Bruce. Both were the Crimean and Baltic war medals for valiant service.

"Bob," was a little mongrel canine character with a heart none for shattering. He originally belonged to a butcher at Widdow, but he was a Scotch Terrier, and in

Dr. Chase Prevents Consumption.

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumption if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally occupied. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the light chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant avenue, Dear Park, Ont., writes: "I have suffered

in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

1853 he joined the Scots Fusilier Guards. He did not ask his master's permission to enlist—for he knew he wouldn't get it if he did. In point of fact Bob was a deserter—from the shop, but was ever faithful to his battalion.

His master repeatedly captured him at the head of the regiment and took him home in ignominy to guard the shop. Bob was a black and tan terrier of by no means lofty lineage. He was 'just a dog,' as Mark Twain says. His despatches proved too much for his owner's patience, who gave up trying to reclaim him. So Bob 'listed,' and was more punctual on parade than any other man of the regiment.

When the Scots Guards were ordered to the Crimea in 1854 Bob followed his comrades at arms, and was the first to step aboard the troopship, H. M. S. Simoon, at Portsmouth.

His military career was here nearly nipped in the bud, for the first lieutenant's question, 'Whose dog is this?' remaining unanswered, the order was passed to 'throw him overboard.' But the regiment rose to a man, and the canine recruit was spared to serve all through the Crimea.

Much to the grief of the Guards poor Bob was reported 'missing' at Alma, but he turned up—nobody knows how—as fresh as paint at Balaklava, and was awarded a war medal for conspicuous bravery in pursuing spent shells and cannon, as though they were croquet balls.

He served in the trenches until the fall of Sebastopol, and marched at the head of his battalion's triumphal procession through London. His demeanour, on this occasion, suggested 'see the conquering hero comes, I won the battles—the generals were not in it.'

He did his best to settle to quiet barracks life at the Tower, but it was rather dull after the roar and din of his Russian experiences.

'Crimean Bob' was well known to all the steamboat skippers and invariably got a free passage on the river and plenty of provender from admiring fellow travellers.

After nine years' active service this canine veteran was run over and killed by a cart while marching out at the head of his regiment. He died like a soldier at his post, and his body interred in a glass case, is the pride and glory of the regiment's orderly room of the Scots Guards at Whitehall. In the midst of militarism, and surrounded by his regimental colours, left there for safety while his battalion serves in South Africa, Bob looks every inch a soldier, and carries his head at attention as becomes a veteran.

He wears his white buckskin collar studded with the regimental buttons—but the war medals he wore are gone, nobody knows where.

A dog of the 2nd battalion of the Scots Guards persisted in following the regiment to South Africa, just as Bob followed it to the Crimea. Again and again the dog was turned off the outgoing South African troopship. But at the last moment when the gangway was actually moving, he sneaky up quietly, and went a soldiering with his barrack-room brothers.

The navy owns a rival to Bob in 'Bruce' who served before the mast on H. M. S. Leopard in the Black and Baltic Seas. He is described as 'a kind of Skye terrier with nearly black, hard hair, more like a dandie.'

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He was a fine old salt, and as good a dog as ever took passage on a ship. He rejoiced in running after the round shot as these came through the ship's side—just as though he were snapping sugar plums. His collar was hung with medals. The medals were inscribed 'The Captain's Dog,' and the collar is smartly covered with light blue and yellow ribbons belonging to the medals he won.

Bruce rarely condescends to friendship with the 'foes,' but was the constant companion of 'the captain,' afterwards Admiral Sir George Giffard, K. C. B.

But Bob and Bruce carried their honours like simple soldiers, and wore their medals with an air of 'England expects her dogs to do their duty—and we did it.'—London Express.

THE NEW BOARDER.

He Gives His Fellow Diner Pointers on the Landlady.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

'I suppose you've boarded here for some time?' he said to the other man.

'Yes. Quite awhile.'

'How is it? Any good?'

'Yes; pretty fair. I have no complaint to make.'

'Landlady treat you decent?'

'Well, perhaps I ought to—And then he hesitated.

'Oh, never mind, old man,' said the new boarder. 'That's all right. I'm on. But say, maybe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in awhile. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, oozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry who was about man enough to shoe chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?'

'N-no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband.'

When the Baby Cries at Night.

There is a cause for it. Perhaps it is gas on the stomach, may be cramps or diarrhoea. Don't lose sleep, anticipate such contingencies by always keeping handy a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Just a few drops in water given inwardly, then rub the little one's stomach with a small quantity of Nerviline, and perfect rest is assured for the night for both mother and baby. You may not need Nerviline often, but when you do need it you need it badly. Get a 25c. bottle to-day.

Poisonous Weeds.

The cattlemen of the northwest have been complaining for many years about the growth of poisonous weeds upon their ranges, and last summer the secretary of agriculture sent out a couple of botanists to make an investigation. They found six plants of a poisonous nature growing wild in different parts of the territory, all fatal to cattle. Antidotes were discovered for three of them, but the other three thus far have no cure.

Hygiene.

'Your poetry,' we ventured, 'is eminent by healthy.'

'It should be,' rejoined the poet, with dignity. 'I am always extremely careful to boil my Florida spring water before drinking, or, rather, quaffing it.'

Piles

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all other diseases of the rectum and anus. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists and chemists.

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For Pain

ANSON'S

lyne Liniment

... to stick to her. Faithful one too plentiful, and if you're finding one you're a lucky fellow. I can say. Others, I fear, are successful.

...ed old crisis? Was Val's inward he strolled off to the stable, he know of women or of love? he have been in love himself—hap never is, he's too mighty 'ell, evidently I can't get any out of him, so Croppy must shame it is that I'm not the couldn't have to wait for Peg Paddy!

...le man running out of the stable bit, which he was cleaning, in if yer honour's wantin'?" he in- dy. Look here, I'll have to I find, after all. What did fer for him?"

... pounds, yer honour, he was . Tell him I'll take it, and over tomorrow. Don't forget, as passed on into the stable, rather Val" murmured the ring after him. "Shure his roke intirely, he just does on r. 'Tis a shame, now, the didn't give him the money, an' n well siffid it, too. Why young one born older, begor?"

CHAPTER III.

... Bride were paying calls, e by no means congenial to Peggy liked well enough to beat frock and big Sunday hat, rely round to the neighboring re to partake of tea and

... and afternoon calls suited r trim little figure and piquet Bride they were not so be-

...rlet jacket and Tam O'Shanter kys flying loose, and her big with glee, she might almost pretty; in drawing-room weaver, she was distinctly com- neither plain nor pretty, and yllabic in her replies. "Waiting on the steps when her out buttoning her gloves. first?" was her brief and pathetic

... was Peggy's reply. off, Peggy radiant and dainty; and awkward.

...ate they met the two Ffoliots— a wonder—and Val stopped em with a beaming face.

...irls! Where are you off to?" Colonel Kane's replied Peggy, etilly at her lover's greeting, you going?"

...Colonel Kane's, he answered hat goes without saying, Miss

... were going the wrong way,' Bride.

...ds lead to Rome'; still, I'm ll be doing better to go your le Peg.

...two started off together, leav- and Neville in the middle of the g vaguely after them.

...u are going to the Kanes', too?" Bride, after an awkward pause, 'said Neville; 'but I suppose

...ace flushed.

...rude fellow" was her unspoken aloud she said icily— on my account, pray."

...off!

...e I don't care whether you go or ad defiantly.

...ppose I care?"

...ill, please yourself!" she respond- on her heel, and proceeding to others.

...hesitated for a moment, then he ned her.

...ne time they walked in silen- the other tip-tilted nose high in the rumination, his eyes on the

...last Bride broke the silence by exasperated tones—

...re coming you may as well talk' ed up, and their eyes met; in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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