

A pure hand Soap.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

WOMEN WITH NERVES.—The skillful physician to-day doctors by distraction as much as by pellets and potions. "Throw physics to the dogs" is a maxim largely advocated by the twentieth century doctor.

"I am using fancy work quite extensively in my practice," said a doctor whose lightest word is gospel to many a household.

"Fancy work? Rather an odd prescription, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Perhaps. It isn't put up by the chemist. But as a remedy for upset nerves it is unequalled. I have several women patients taking it and their gain in mental and physical tone is marked. A little physical of free-hand embroidery helps them with the knotty points.

"Fancy work, needle work of any sort save the architecture of garments, has a soothing, hygienic effect on the worker. It arouses the imagination to the desired degree and leads to an interest in color and design that is mildly stimulating.

"Women who have come to me with strained, sallow faces and that tense look in the eyes that bespeaks trouble have improved noticeably after just a few weeks' course in this old-new diversion. They do not undertake any very large piece or do the work steadily enough to make it a tax, but employ themselves just sufficiently to enlist interest.

"Tranquillize the spirit and the body responds. If a sufferer from nervous prostration can be induced to forget herself even for a brief time each day it means much toward recovery."

New York has schools and institutes in these days for everything under the sun—schools for teaching breathing and proper exercise and judicious bathing; for teaching people how to relax and how to care for all bodily faculties. But if it were possible to have a school for teaching self-forgetfulness at so much an hour or a term, it would go far toward doing away with the great overplus of nervous cases that now form four-fifths of every doctor's work.

Health, sterling, robust health, is another requisite of the modern doctor. The pale, stoop-shouldered learned man of the study is no longer in vogue. It is money in the new-time doctor's pocket to give off such an atmosphere of health and vigor and of being at the top of things that there is rejuvenation even in the look of him.

So, he goes to the golf links and takes holidays on the hunting fields and is altogether athletic and well-preserved. The better time he has and the more he sees of the pleasing things of life, the better he is able to cheer up and put spirit into his patients. People who are hipped, who have melancholia and chronic insomnia, neuralgia and nervous troubles, get fresh courage just from being with him and hearing him talk.

"Why is it that nervous disorders are so much on the increase—when people are supposed to live so much more rationally?" was asked of a physician who had cured a young patient of insomnia and then secured her a place to teach.

"Because the average person lives at too high tension," was the answer. "People have better living quarters, better bathing and exercising facilities, better cooking, more adequate clothing than they used to have, but they're too self-centred."

"Whatever they do, whether for pleasure or business—done with an eye to the main chance, whether the benefit is to be physical, social or educational. The motive with which a thing is done governs the effect on the doer. And much of the fashionable idling is hard work."

"Every moment must be appropriated either in actually doing something or in preparation for doing something. No time is given just to quiet do-nothingness, or at least to restful pursuits."

"There is an unremitting strain of effort, a mad race to be up on everything which is crucial to delicate nerves. I tell my women patients—for it is women that are the greatest slayers of nerve power:

"You can't be all things to all

men, neither can you be all things to yourself. View the situation dispassionately. Pick out the things, the pursuits you love most to do and do those. And let the rest slide, no matter what the other people in your class may be doing."

"A great many of the nerve-sick people in a great city are out of sorts just through lack of a motive in life. New York is full of women, foot loose as it were from all allegiance to home or domestic interests, who imagine themselves afflicted with all sorts of maladies just because they are bored or dispirited. They have hysteria, insomnia, and all depressing symptoms, and seek a doctor."

"In nine cases out of ten all they need is sympathy, the feeling that they may freely unburden every detail of their case to discriminating ears. I tell them of people infinitely worse off than they in a bodily sense, and when they seem in the right frame of mind I have a delicate little lunch brought in ostensibly for me."

"I have a half-dozen such refectations during a morning sometimes, and the patient quite unconsciously finds herself picking up in interest and ambition as we discuss cookery together. Often such cases become grateful friends of the physician, the friends who remember to direct others whom they meet in travelling, to his door and so help him to become known."

A TRYING TIME.

IS THE PERIOD WHEN YOUNG GIRLS ARE MERGING INTO WOMANHOOD.

Marked by Pale Faces, Heart Palpitation, Loss of Appetite and General Lassitude—How to Overcome this Condition.

After babyhood, the most perilous time in a young girl's life is when she is just entering womanhood. It is then that she is subject to headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, feeble appetite, and bloodless cheeks and lips. This condition may easily develop into consumption, and to prevent this—to keep the young girl in good health and strength, mothers should insist upon their taking a blood making tonic, such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Henry McIntyre, Port Dalhousie, Ont., gives sound advice to other mothers in cases of this kind. She says: "About three years ago the health of my daughter, Bertha, began to fail. She grew weak and seemed unable to stand the least exertion. She suffered from distressing headaches, and fainting fits; her appetite left her and she lost flesh. I spent much money on medicines, but they did not help her. Then I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was persisted in for a long time, she seemed to be growing worse, and I began to fear she was going into consumption. Then I took her to a specialist, but his treatment was likewise unsuccessful. Finally upon the advice of a lady friend, a doctor practising in Chicago, Bertha began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long there was a decided improvement in her condition, and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was once more enjoying the best of health and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I would strongly advise all similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as her case seemed as hopeless as could be."

All weak and ailing girls and women, sufferers from headache, headaches, indisposition to work or exercise, who show by their pale and sallow cheeks that they are in ill health, will find prompt relief, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and active health in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can obtain these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Never accept anything else which a dealer may say is "just as good."

Our Boys And Girls.

BE ON TIME.—The writer was not long ago instrumental in securing a good position in a store for a boy about 15 years of age. He needed the place very much, for his mother was in the most reduced circumstances, and this boy was the eldest of six children, and the mother was a widow.

At the end of two weeks the mother came to me to ask if I would be willing to go to the store and ask the proprietor to take Willie back again.

"Take him back again?" I said. "Has he lost his place?" "Yes sir; they sent him back home when he went to the store yesterday morning." A call on the proprietor of the store elicited the fact that the boy had been discharged because he was "never on time."

"He was late every morning," said the proprietor. "He always had some excuse, but I could not have a boy of that kind in my employ. If I excused him I must excuse others. I insist on every person in my employ being here on time. I am here myself on time, and it is only right and just that they should be here also."

It is right and just that every boy who is paid for his time should be at his post on time. He will find that punctuality is of high value, and that the lack of it will be a stumbling block in the road toward success.

BETTY'S VICTORY.—Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own toils—boarding herself, making one gown do for Sundays and weekdays, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of forgotten fashion—and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturday before graduation. Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive and conscious only of that joy—save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit tomorrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in his buggy driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see his face was grave. "Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with measles. Mother is ailing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby—my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!"

"O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes."

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had a course of emergency lessons there and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

"I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty," he said. "I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other girls and boys to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and 'found!'"

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincidence, too, that the subject of that same essay had been "Victory in Defeat."

CROWDED.—Little Mary not long ago heard a phonograph for the first time in her life. She was with her mother shopping at one of the down-

town stores. The mother dropped a nickel in the machine, and Mary stood listening in ecstasy with her small mouth agape and her eyes filled with wonder.

The selection was one of Gilmore's band pieces, that stirred the little girl's heart from the start to the finish. At the conclusion of the piece, Mary removed the tubes from her ears with apparent regret that the band was stopped playing. While her mother was busy in another part of the store she walked around the wonderful phonograph, surveying it critically. When her mother came to her side, she was yet peering about the phonograph box.

"What are you looking for, Mary?" she asked.

"I wuz waitin' fer th' band men t' come out," said Mary, innocently. "They must be awful crowded in there."—Sunday Companion.

Two Churches Robbed.

Burglars operated on Saturday in the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation, at North Fifth and Havemeyer streets, Williamsburgh, and their work was discovered on Saturday morning when the outer door of the tabernacle was found to have been smashed, also a valuable stained glass window, through which the burglars had escaped. What makes the burglary more exasperating is that John Crawford, the janitor, knew there were robbers in the church. When he put out the lights in the edifice, and while he was walking in the darkness towards the vestry, he heard footsteps in the church, and after listening and hearing the intruders stumble he hurried out of the church, locked the sacristy door after him, and then found two policemen. They returned to the church with him, and with the aid of lanterns, searched every pew, and every nook and crook where it was thought the robbers might have concealed themselves, even to the belfry and the basement. But the police found no trace of the thieves, and when they parted from Crawford they ridiculed him for his fears.

After the police had gone Crawford still had his doubts about the matter and called the housekeeper. They emptied the poor boxes in the church, and took the money into the rectory.

When the janitor entered the church for the early Mass, he discovered many chairs in the chancel overturned, and the door of the tabernacle in which the chalices are kept had been broken. The burglars had bored holes into a steel sliding door, which protected the chalices, inside the outer doors. Failing to obtain an entrance into this receptacle the robbers destroyed some of the altar curtains, and then went to the poor boxes, breaking two of them in their efforts to find money. After going they probably found all the doors locked, and there being no other way to get out they broke the window behind the altar, cut some of the wire-work which protected it from the street, dropped to the ground, about twelve feet, and escaped into North Sixth street.

Crawford called the priests of the parish, and Father Hoffman immediately sent word to Capt. Short of the Bedford Avenue station, who will probably have charges preferred against the policemen who searched the church.

It was reported that robbers visited the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in North Sixth street, two blocks distant from the Church of the Annunciation, last week, and broke open several poor boxes, getting about \$70. They were unable to open the tabernacle door because of its strength.

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1838 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Sec.-Secretary; 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Funnell, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856.—Incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. Director, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneres and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 28.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873)—Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

New York "Sun," editorially upon an "Chicago Inter-Oceanic" the latter organ attributes to the former times, draws contrast between the paper and the True Church paper argues that American business has grown the average points out the lack attractiveness in the are two passages in ticism which deser deration. In one p says:—

"Diminished church where there is such not fairly attrib preachers. If the p in their religious by spiritual food they of the preacher, so earnest like them set to carping at his sign that they are the food."

We could point to cles, during the pas which, while referri Church, we have ad principle. Above all those people who ar ing fault with the p tising the priest, I out that pulpit ora very useful auxiliary religious observance a very dangerous on begins to absorb th tion. It is danger preacher and faithf his most powerful s ed almost to the p plause, the great l found, by a lay-bro praying, and trembl When asked what he made answer the cess, for he feared pride, and pride For the faithful it is ous, since it makes t quence the main at of the word of God, the pulpit.

This is aptly expl onnd passage that w "Sun's" article. It "The fault is abse faith in the pulpit p ple who otherwise w pews. Wherever th the churches are ful have other thought than of criticism of carping at the prea that warms them is hearts. The magnet them to the church pected eloquence of f the eloquent religion which their own hea Only when men real world to come and profit is a snare an long as they lose t pursuit will the ch thronged as are the and the stock excha It needs no see t ture of the Catholic sentences. It is the heart, and not the that draws the mill tars in all parts of

IRELAND'S OPP Antony MacDonnell, Secretary for Irelan native Irishman, but olic, and credited w Rule tendencies. S permanent Under Sec virtual head of the Ireland, since the C