

A pure hard Soap.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

### Household Notes.

**HINTS FOR HEALTH.**—Don't eat fast. Time is money. Every minute saved at your meals is a dollar in the pocket of your physician later on in life.

Don't fast to cure indigestion. As the body gets weaker its functions also weaken, and digestion will not improve.

Don't drink too little water between meals. This is a very common fault among city folk. At least four to five pints of liquid, tea, coffee, water and milk should be taken during the day. Most of this should be taken several hours before and after meals, some on rising and going to bed.

Don't eat just after severe exercise especially if it is unusual. The blood is mainly out in the muscles and skin during muscular exercise. Before it can return to the stomach in proper amount to control digestion fermentative processes may be set up and consequent gastritis.

Don't eat a large meal when tired and hungry. Digestion is a chemical process that requires the expenditure of considerable energy. When the system is exhausted it cannot supply this energy. Eat moderately first, then some hours later a hearty meal.

Don't take other people's advice as to what you may or may not eat. Stomachs are at least as individual as their owners.

**TO PEEL TOMATOES.**—The easiest way to do this is to dip them into boiling water for a second before beginning. This loosens the skin, and it can easily be removed. An excellent plan is to put them into a frying basket and dip basket and all into the water, as then the water drains from them at once. If left to get sodden they are spoiled.

**TO KEEP MEAT.**—When there are many flies about it is a good plan, if you have not a very good place in which to keep meat, to wrap it up as soon as it arrives in a cloth lightly wrung out of vinegar and water, redamping it when it dries. Of course, you cannot keep it long, even in this way; but it is impossible for flies to touch it.

**FRUIT STAINS ON LINEN.**—One of the simplest methods of removing these is to strain the stained part over a bowl, and pour boiling water, in which a little borax has been dissolved, through till the stain disappears. For this treatment to be successful the stain should not be allowed to dry. For stains that have been allowed to dry, moisten with a little whiskey before sending to wash.

**DIRTY WHITE KID GLOVES.**—When these are so bad that even when cleaned they look a dirty white, put them on your hands and paint over two or three times with saffron water, letting them dry throughout between each application. Be careful to paint them over very lightly, as if made very wet they will be completely spoiled. To make the saffron water, boil a little saffron in water for about ten minutes and let it stand twelve hours before using.

**TO KEEP AN OIL STOVE.**—Thoroughly clean and refill every time after using. If you allow dirt and oil to accumulate on it it will smell unpleasantly when lighted. Instead of cutting the wick, end off the charred part with a piece of stiff paper. Always turn the wick down low before putting out, and leave it turned down till the stove is again needed. If the wick is turned up the oil will soak up it and spread over the outside of the stove.

**NEGLECTED SINK PIPE.**—If you notice an unpleasant odor emanating from one of your pipes, treat it in this way: Get plenty of boiling water ready, dissolve half a pound of soda in half a gallon. Now pour about a gallon of the remainder of the boiling water down the pipe. This is to heat it and soften the decomposing matter, whatever it may be, that causes the odor. Follow this at once, while the pipe is still hot, with the soda solution, and finally

give it another flushing with boiling water. Then pour in a little disinfectant. All sinks should be well flushed with hot water after water containing grease has been poured into the pipes, as it is from the particles of grease that have been left clinging to the pipe that the unhealthy gases generally come.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

**ADVANCED TOO RAPIDLY.**—“How are you getting along, Tom?” asked Professor Marks of Thomas Green, on the occasion of the latter's vacation visit to his old home at Fairhaven.

“Pretty slow,” replied Tom.

“Why, are you not still working for the L. B. & C. Railway?”

“Oh, yes,” replied Tom, “but I guess I am stuck and will stay where I am for the next forty years.”

“Why, what do you mean? I heard you had advanced quite rapidly in the office.”

“Well, that is the trouble,” responded Tom. “When I went to work for the company, I thought I knew too much to remain a simple messenger in the office, so I was exceptionally accommodating and polite to the chief clerk, and when a vacancy occurred above me I used my friends and influence to get the better position. I did my work well, but still thought I should have better pay, and was able to fill a more responsible place in the office, so I spared no effort to get another promotion. A year after I had been with the company I had been promoted five times, and was getting an exceptionally good salary for one of my age and experience.”

“I had heard about that,” responded Professor Marks. “Are you not still occupying that position?”

“Yes, and have been for two years, and that's the trouble. When I had been there a year, owing to the death of one of the men and the illness of the chief clerk and two of the boys being off on their vacations, I was compelled to take charge of the office for a few days. It was there I failed. Matters of which I knew nothing came up for consideration, and my short railroad career had given me no experience to help me out. For three days I struggled with the situation, until everyone in the office knew I was unable to run things. The third day the assistant manager came in, desiring some information which I was unable to give. He was very much surprised, and after asking me several questions, and making some inquiries regarding the details of my work, walked out of the room, and in an hour I was relieved of that work and sent back to my old desk.

“The boys in the office had a good laugh on me, and while no one realized more than myself my inability, it took all the courage I had to remain in the office. Now, not only have my superiors lost confidence in my ability, but I find myself discouraged. Had I been content to go a little slower, and been as anxious to learn the details as I was to get more salary, I would now be better off.”

**HARRY NOT A THIEF.**—Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, occupying rooms 99 and 100 Skyscraper building, New York city, was in a state of mind the reverse of calm and agreeable.

He sat down in his spring-back chair, slammed back the cover of his roll-top desk, and shouted forth the one word:

“Harry!”

“Yes, sir,” responded a frank, boyish face from the adjoining room, and Harry Wilson, a lad of 15, who held the position of office boy to Mr. Tompkins—pushed open the swinging glass door and presented himself before his employer.

“What time did you start for home last night?” demanded Mr. Tompkins, looking up sharply.

“At the usual time—6 o'clock,” was the untruffled reply.

“Did you remain in the office all the time after I left until six?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you have any callers after I went home?”

“No, sir; those three were all.”

“Well, young man, I'll tell you why I have been asking all those questions. It was raining when I started from home yesterday, so I wore my old storm coat, leaving my best overcoat hanging up in the closet here, with my purse containing about \$15 in one of the pockets. I didn't miss the pocket-book until I reached the ferry, and then I remembered leaving it in my overcoat. Instead of coming back as I ought to have done I borrowed some change and went on home; and now I find I shall have to borrow some more and buy an overcoat; and this isn't the first thing that has disappeared from the closet either. You remember my gold-handled umbrella walked off in the same way about a month ago. Begins to look as if there was a thief somewhere in the building, doesn't it?”

Harry turned pale.

“Are you sure the—the coat is gone?” he stammered.

“Just as sure of it as I am that I am sitting here. And now I'd like to know how you account for it?”

“Perhaps someone has a key that fits the door and—”

“And comes in at night after we are both gone, eh? Not at all likely; and besides, if you remember, the umbrella disappeared while I was out at lunch one noon and you were here all alone.”

Harry colored up. “Yes, I remember that,” said he, “but I don't know how it could have happened. There were several callers in that noon, but I didn't notice any of them near the closet. I will keep a sharper lookout after this.”

“You'd better if you want to keep your job. There is something very mysterious, not to say suspicious, about the disappearance of that umbrella, and overcoat, and if anything of the kind happens again I shall have to let you go. I hate to do it on your mother's account, but—well, don't let it occur again if you value your situation; that's all!”

And having delivered himself of this piece of advice, Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, turned to his desk, and began his day's work, leaving his youthful assistant in a decidedly unenviable frame of mind.

Harry Wilson was the only son of a widow in poor circumstances. She had formerly held a position as forewoman in a small cloak factory, but a year before our story opens she had been compelled to give up the place on account of falling health.

Then, though only 14 years of age, Harry had left school and stepped bravely into the breach as the wage-earner of the family.

The greatest calamity that could happen to him, he imagined, would be the loss of his job. He dreaded to even think of such a thing. And to lose it through suspicions of his honesty would make it 10 times worse. How could he ever carry

“Yes; I believe there were three.”

“Who were they?”

“A messenger boy came in with a letter for you, which I signed for and left in the usual place on top of your desk; then Mr. Edwards came in and he said he would like to see you in his office at 10 to-day; I made a memorandum of it and put it under the paper weight with the letter; and the last caller was a stranger who had a model of a new invention that he wanted to show you and see what you thought about getting a patent on it.”

“Did he say who he was or make any appointment to call again?”

“No, he took the model out of his satchel and said at first he would leave it and call to-day and see you after you had looked it over; then he changed his mind and said he was in a hurry to have it attended to and would hunt up some other lawyer.”

“And no one else called?”

“No, sir; those three were all.”

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thing was certain; if he lost his such news home to his mother? One tuation it would be through no fault of his. He had no idea what had become of Mr. Tompkins' umbrella and overcoat, but he made up his mind that nothing more would disappear from that closet—while he was present, at least—without his knowing something about it.

Hereafter it would be part of his business, when his employer was absent, to keep an eye on the door of that closet. In other words, Harry proposed to play the part of detective, and capture the thief if he showed up again; or at least prevent him from stealing anything more and getting him into any further trouble.

That night when Harry was eating his supper, he suddenly asked:

“Mother, do you mind if I stay at the office nights for a week or 10 days? I have something to attend to there evenings for a while, and it will keep me so late I think I'd better do my sleeping there. There's a good leather couch that I can sleep on like a top, but of course I will be up and home in time for breakfast every morning.”

“I don't object to your sleeping there if it is really necessary for you to work so late, Harry,” answered his mother. “But I shouldn't think Mr. Tompkins would require you to work like that.”

“Oh, Mr. Tompkins doesn't require it, mother. I am doing it on my own account,” exclaimed Harry. “It's something special; but I'd rather not tell what it is unless you insist on it.”

“I will not insist; only don't be getting into mischief, Harry.”

As soon as he had eaten his supper Harry went back to the office, and for a number of nights thereafter he slept on the couch near the door, and “kept one eye and both ears open for sneak thieves,” as he expressed it afterward. But somewhat to Harry's disappointment none of these gentry called, and he was finally forced to the conclusion that he was on the wrong scent; that the rogue who had undermined his peace of mind and threatened his job was not a night prowler after all.

So he dropped his nightly vigils and resumed his regular routine of duties, but the warning words, “don't let it occur again, if you value your situation,” kept running in his mind.

More than a month had passed, and Harry was beginning to think that his detective abilities had been expended to little profit, when his vigilance was finally rewarded by having the fish walk right into his net, so to speak.

It happened one day during the noon hour. Mr. Tompkins had just stepped down to the restaurant in the basement, for his lunch, when a stranger opened the door and walked in. He carried his satchel, and Harry's heart jumped into his throat as he recognized him as the same man who had called with the model the day Mr. Tompkins' overcoat had vanished and a pocketbook containing \$15 along with it!

He was wearing an overcoat, which, to Harry's quick eyes, looked suspiciously like the one his employer had lost, though it was somewhat shorter than that, and the velvet collar was of a different shade from that of Mr. Tompkins'.

Harry kept at work copying documents at the letter press in the corner of the room, and although his back was partly turned to the caller, every sense was on the alert and he was keenly alive to all that was going on.

“Mr. Tompkins in?” inquired the stranger, glibly.

“No; he has just stepped out to lunch,” replied Harry.

“Sorry; got a work here I thought he might like to look over,” said

the caller, opening his satchel and taking out a small book.

It struck Harry that the size of the satchel was entirely disproportionate to the size of the book, but he kept at work and said nothing.

“Perhaps I'd better wait for him a few minutes,” went on the caller, helping himself to a chair and sitting down at the farther end of Mr. Tompkins' desk, next to the clothes closet. The desk was now between Harry and the door of the closet, and although the desk completely hid the movements of the stranger and the lower part of the closet door, the upper party was still plainly visible.

Harry kept rattling away at the letter press, apparently too busy to notice anything, but in reality he was watching that door with the vigilance of a cat lying in wait for a mouse.

Presently he saw the top of the door begin to move and swing slowly outward, until it stood half way open. Harry's heart thumped like a trip hammer as he dropped his work and noiselessly glided across the room. He reached the corner of the desk without being heard, and then with a quick spring he slammed the closet door and bolted it, with the enterprising caller snug and safe on the inside.

“What the dickens do you mean?” Let me out or I'll kick the door down!” howled an excited voice from the interior of the closet.

“Guess not,” chuckled Harry. “These doors were not made to be kicked down. Might as well take things easy, Mister. I've just rung the electric bell for the janitor, and if he comes and finds that door kicked down he'll be apt to make trouble for you. Besides you haven't seen Mr. Tompkins yet about that work you wanted him to look over.”

While he was talking, Harry had kept his foot pressed tightly against the door to offset the force of the blows on the other side, and seeing that his struggles were useless the imprisoned man ceased his kicking and tried another tack.

“Say, young fellow,” said he, coaxingly, “I see I'm in a box and I'm willing to pay well to get out of it. Let me out and keep mum and I'll give you five dollars, cash down. What do you say to that?”

“Not for five hundred!” responded Harry promptly. “I've got something at stake in this matter as well as you.”

“I thought you had some sporting blood, but I see you haven't,” growled the voice on the other side of the door.

“Thanks for the compliment,” said Harry, “and now I'd advise you to keep quiet for a minute; I hear someone at the door.”

The newcomer proved to be Harry's employer, returning from lunch.

“Well, Mr. Tompkins, I've found your lost overcoat!” was Harry's greeting as he entered the room.

“Where is it?” inquired Mr. Tompkins, looking around.

“In the closet—wieh a man inside of it!”

“What do you mean?”

“Just what I said. The overcoat is there, and the thief inside of it. He came back after some plunder and I captured him.”

When a policeman was found and the man in the closet brought out and placed under arrest, it was found that Harry's surmise was correct. The overcoat the visitor had on was the very garment stolen from Mr. Tompkins' office six weeks before. It had been fitted with a new collar and altered somewhat to suit the present wearer, but unfortunately for the thief, he had overlooked and omitted to remove the owner's name, which was plainly stamped on the inside of each pocket.

The prisoner, when arraigned, was recognized as a clever sneak thief who was “wanted” by the author-

ities for other jobs; and he is now doing more useful work than he ever did before, with every prospect of steady employment for some years to come. Harry also has before him the pleasing prospect of steady and lucrative employment for many years to come. He has grown greatly in his employer's estimation since the day he captured the sneak thief, and is still growing; and the best of it is, that his salary seems to grow as fast as he does.

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### NOTES

#### CONSCIENTIOUS

case of Colonel de St. French officer who was refusing to send the command to assist at the Sisters in charge school, has excited the "Daily Witness," in the punishment that meted out to him. I court martial has reduced credit. According to the respondent of the London he addressed the court "I knew the seriousness of my decision. Yes, should have to appear and undergo your judgment also knew that I should dergo a more serious judgment of God." These are not and it is not astonishing court acquitted him of disobeying his superior was, however, adjudged obeying the prefect who to employ his troops in the Government decree Sisters. His punishment ever, only nominal—a imprisonment, to count by of the trial. He was released at once. The however, animated by petty tyranny which had ed it since its formation ed the conscientious Co retired list. This is a to the prestige of the fession in France. Few any self-respect will be free to do the behests istic prefect who desire display of his brief vic When General Buller in Ireland many years authorities asked him of his soldiers to help carry out a decree of gainst a number of p fortunate tenants. He c to do so; but the Co dream of calling him his refusal. They me things worse in France

#### RENAN'S MONUMENT

a movement in Brittany erect a monument to t one of France's infidel author of some terrible Renan has left his own literary one, behind his enviable one it is I sought, even by Cana to justify the honoring memory on the ground a magnificent style. was a seductive and en no one is going to d very fact of possessing erary talents, and of r them to undermine spirit of his generation, his condemnation in the tarity. He was not ev al writer; he was wors phemed from commence ish. Even Voltaire wr that might stand critic Christian point of view wrote nothing that a could read without fee ment of disgust or ru swelling in his breast. What is becoming of in Catholic Brittany c tters of religious com persecuted and forced b ands, called soldiers o lle, to abandon their h work, their industrious schools, their missions; face of these outrages government smiles upon raising a monument, in Province, to one whose dicated to the destruct ion and the effacing a God. Such a monu