

WORRY IS THE MODERN DISEASE

WHY IS IT DISTINCTIVE OF THE PRESENT AGE?

Dr. Saleeby Attempts an Answer—Arises from a False Valuation of Life.

Christian Scientists are indisputably right in their insistence on the value of presenting to the mind positive conceptions of health, goodness, beauty, power, repose and in drawing the thoughts and the emotions away from disease, wickedness, discord, weakness and unrest. It is true that in their redress the balance of bad habits they overload their doctrine by attempting to deny the reality of evil; a verbal jugglery which really defeats its end, causing disappointment and defeat in over-zealous attempts to vigorously to reassert itself. But, in spite of this extravagance, which belongs to the militant stage of every propaganda, the cultivation of the habit of dwelling upon good, wholesome, and beautiful images is so obvious a counsel of wisdom, that one is disposed to wonder why it is necessary to elevate it into a doctrine, and to organize it as a practice.

The answer to this question is furnished by the title of the latest volume which has flowed from the prolific pen of Dr. Saleeby, "Worry: the Disease of the Age" (Cassell & Co.). The author at the outset of his treatment, does well to remind us that worry is not only "a state of mind," but also a state of body. Eupenetic, easy-going, matter-of-fact people are apt to dismiss all ailments affecting the temper, the spirits, or the disposition, not accompanied by utter physical collapse, as imaginary evils, to be got rid of by an effort of the will. It is idle to endeavor to convert such placid materialists of their double error, first, in ignoring the bodily side of the disorder; second, in imputing to the will some self-acting power it does not possess. The case of hysteria is typical. "The patient says 'I cannot'; his friends say 'he will not'; the truth is the cannot will."

What is worry, and why is it distinctive of our age? The tendency of a writer, who has a whole volume at his disposal, to expatiate and to lose himself in the wider implications and surroundings of his theme is almost irresistible, and Dr. Saleeby has sometimes succumbed to it. That worry has some close congeners there is no doubt. It might even be worth while to trace the subtle bonds of sense and sound which associate it with such kindred terms as "hurry," "furry," and "curry." But to enlarge its significance so as to cover almost every anxiety, good or evil, normal or abnormal, is an injury to a word that is wanted for the limited use to which it is commonly put. Worry, which is chronic and general, may doubtless pass into "depression," or even into pessimism, "taking trouble" for some good or desired end involves an eagerness and assiduity of mind which resembles worry; fears about a future life and other things invisible may certainly be sources of worry. But to designate any of these mental attitudes as worry, we venture to assert, to stretch furiously its meaning. Especially do we protest against the suggestion that "worry," when directed to a good end, may be "normal," and justified in reason.

Worry is always a waste, always a disease. Physically it is capable in drawn features, short breathing, nervous bearing, irregular quick movements. Mentally, it is distinguishable as a vicious circle of the intellect and the emotions, thought and feeling fully roasting about some single object set out of focus. Worry always implies false judgment. Sometimes a trifling difficulty or risk swells to a mountain; some little business loss, some slight personal affront or passing ailment is blown out by apprehension until it occupies the mind, becomes a fixed idea, even an obsession. The mind "worries" it like a meatless bone, getting no nutriment, yet unable to relinquish it. When there is no irritant at hand, worry finds or invents its object, setting the imagination to fabricate troubles and grievances out of any casual material of life. The term "morbid self-consciousness" does not carry far as an explanation. Many of the best and most unselfish persons we know are in a constant worry about their children, their friends, even their country. Such anxiety or apprehension relates to matters of real weight for which we have some true responsibility; cannot be regarded as "worry"; this sort of emotion, rightly measured and directed, is a prophylactic evolved or the preservation of the individual and the race. Worry is essentially irrational. Hence the folly of trying to argue with its victim. While it implies false or exaggerated ideas, its true nature is emotional. Now it is the emotion that are the most obvious meeting-ground of the flesh and the spirit. It is quite evident that the "solar plexus," or whatever the controlling center of the nervous system be called, influences the purely cerebral operations much more potent than it is influenced by them; in a word, the emotions bulk far more largely than the reason in the practical determination of our lives. Reason is a good deal of an impostor, pretending to a ninety per cent control over civilized man, whereas the true measure of its power is perhaps five per cent.

It is only by thus recognizing the comparative independence of our emotional system that we can hope to deal with worry. What is wanted is the restoration of the "organic sense of well-being." Animals have it; they do not indulge in wasteful apprehensions or "white about their sins." Infants have it; even children are always taught to worry by parents, pastors, masters and other persons set in evil authority over them, whose example corrupts the primal instincts of an easy mind.

It is generally conceded that "worry" is a growing evil of our times. There are those who think it a fruit of over-cerebration which stimulates excessive activity of the motor and sensory systems of its normal work. Though Dr. Saleeby dogmatically denies the possibility of overworking the brain, the prevalence of "nerves" among the professional and other intellectual classes gives a strong prima facie support to the hypothesis, and the view, powerfully urged, among others, by Dr. Norda, that the rapidity and multiplicity of changes which each decade brings in the material and intellectual environment has overtaxed the capacity of mental and emotional adjustment, is not lightly to be dismissed. It is indeed quite evident that the rapid, changeable and unstable life of the modern city is breeding an impulsive, emotional and anxious people, whose hurried, gaunt and tight-lipped faces are very far removed from the movement of animals, and who are habitually disobedient to the Gospel prohibition of worry, which is so translated: "Take no thought for tomorrow."

There are two schools for the curative treatment of this "disease of the age," one approaching it from the physical, the other from the spiritual side. The one prescribes periods of complete bodily rest, massage, exercises in the art of recovering repose; the other, to which allusion has already been made, seeks to organize the emotional life so as to win an atmosphere of permanent inner tranquility for the soul, the true service of religion to this life of man.

But to our mind there is something suspicious and unsatisfactory in the artificiality of these organized, elaborated cures. The rest cure and the soothing patter of Christian Science are not adequate. Dr. Saleeby gets nearer to the heart of the trouble when he diagnoses it as "practical materialism." It is false valuation of life, represented in and fostered by our too distinctively industrial struggle, and stamped by this diseased environment upon the plastic nature of our children so that they grow up into hardened men and women of the world—this is the enemy of mankind. The savage, who knows not whether or how he may get food tomorrow to keep himself and his family alive, does not worry; no nation ever possessed so abundant and so sure a command of food as ours, no nation ever worried more. Here is the paradox. It can only be solved by paying heed to the criticism which a sage belonging to one of those Oriental nations whom we are trying to "civilize" passed upon us after an exhaustive study of our sciences and our institutions, our games and our religions: "You do not cultivate your soul."—The Nation, London, England.

RACE SUICIDE IS A PHRASE ENTIRELY UNKNOWN IN CUBA

CHILDREN ON ISLAND ALMOST AS ABUNDANT AS BANANAS—ARE RAISED WITH LITTLE CULTURE AND COST—THREE-YEAR-OLD WHO SMOKES—CUSTOMS OF PEOPLE.

There are no indications of race suicide in Cuba, says a writer in an American exchange. Children are almost as abundant as bananas, and they are raised with about as little culture and cost in the rural districts. As is usually the case in every clime, the greatest number of children comes to the parents least able to support them properly. The country children in Cuba are raised at a very low cost. The only items of expense are food and jewelry.

On a day's journey from Havana to Cienfuegos I saw hundreds of children, black and white, either sex, from babies in arms to a dozen years of age, clad only with cheap earrings or a string of beads around their necks, and in many cases they only wore a curious expression on their faces as they watched the train pass by. A naked child on the streets in Havana was a common sight before the American occupation, but nudity is not permitted now.

A CHILD SMOKER.
The population in the villages of Cuba, as in the villages of the Southern States, turns out to see the trains come and go. These are the experiences of their lives. In one village I saw a white Cuban woman holding a child in her arms, probably 3 years old, which was smoking a cigarette with a skill marvelous in one so young. Great deference is shown by the young people of the higher class for the aged and by children for their parents. There is not the familiarity between parents and children that we see in America. The children are never whipped. Corporal punishment is unknown among the upper class, because the children are so obedient, respectful and well-behaved, being governed by dignified kindness and love.

There is no public kissing upon the mouth among the Cubans. Elderly people kiss the younger people on the forehead and children kiss their father's hand and their mother's cheek. When two Cuban gentlemen, who are on terms of friendly intimacy, meet, or when they separate, they kiss four kisses. When gentlemen friends meet or separate they embrace and pat each other on the back.

COMPLIMENT TO BE STARED AT.
A Cuban lady considers it a great compliment to be stared at. "Rubbering" is considered gallantry. During the American occupation there were a great many American ladies in Havana, who at first were subjected to the staring impertinence of the Cuban dandies. The American soldiers stopped them. When they caught a fellow at it, and now American ladies are treated with the most deferential respect.

The Cuban ladies are divided into two classes—the fat and the thin. Permanent corpulence seems to be the sequel of marriage. As the ladies grow older and fatter there seems to develop a fatty growth of hair four-fifths of the way down the front of the face, while on the upper lip there appears a mustache that makes a young chap would be proud of. Every female from 4 years of age to three score and ten, and then some, makes a most prodigious use of face powder. In the gleam of the electric light it gives them a ghastly appearance. In the days before the new face powders came on the market they used a powder made from pulverized eggshells. The ladies do not paint nor use rouge.

YOUNG LADIES ARE HANDSOME.
The young ladies as a rule are very pretty. They have large, soft, brown eyes of interminable depth, they speak a prodigious capacity for loving. The complexion is that of a blonde olive. Their hair is as black as a raven's wing, and is usually dressed with becoming stiffs, but of proper length and shape, with distended neckties that tell of pride and the artistic quality. Sometimes there are pretty dimples nestling on the cheeks, but they are,

rare, as they always are. The teeth indicate a proper appreciation of dentistry, though I am told that the care of the teeth is a recent practice and it would seem so, for it is not uncommon to see many young men with all front teeth gone.

SHOPPING IN CUBA.
Before the American occupation a lady was never seen alone on the streets. She always had an escort or was in a carriage. Now they go about everywhere in the daytime. American women do in American cities. Formerly ladies either went bareheaded or with the head covered with a mantilla, a black lace scarf, but now the Cuban ladies wear hats that must put a crimp in their husbands' purses. The ladies never wear tailor-made suits. They are not on sale there. They wear light, summery clothes of blue and pink lawns and white goods.

There are a few stores in Havana where nothing is sold but fans. You can get them for a few pennies to a couple of hundred dollars apiece. I conclude to buy a few for my wife and friends. I find a store with the welcome sign in front "English spoken here." I go in and find that the English is broken instead of spoken. Now, when two loquacious people, who have only a smattering of each other's language, attempt to carry on a conversation they can get into a complete misunderstanding with wondrous facility and upon an entirely friendly basis, but one can become quite a linguist by the aid of coin and pantomime.

Finally, I am able to inform the pretty brown-eyed saleslady about what the style of fan I want. When I inquire the price I find there is a bull movement on in fans. They are simply soaring. I inform the lady in a most becoming manner that my name is not Rockefeller. She evidently never heard of this distinguished gentleman, for she hands me another at a price that shocked my ears. The lady has not sized me up correctly as yet. She thinks I am looking for something better, more costly, something that has more jewels in it. I shake my head in a manner to express I am out of the market. She still thinks I want a better fan—one that I want to present to some courtly lady, and turns her head and screws up her face, and makes big eyes, all of which demonstrations conspire to convey to me, though in a delicate fashion, that I certainly must be hard to please. I pick up another, a plainer one. I ask the price of this. She tells me. The market is not so rampant now. It is quieting down. The lady is over. I offer her half the price she asks. She accepts and I find out the next day she was visiting another fan store that I paid 20 per cent more than the fan was worth.

GIRLS MARRY YOUNG.
Girls marry young. All marriages begin with a flirtation. At the theater or in the cafe, or at the band concert, the young man sees a young lady that's just his style. He persistently stares at her. She peeps at him over the top of her fan, which tells him that he isn't so bad, and, by the way, the fan is in universal use among the Cuban women. When the young man gets the peep he feels that he is meeting with encouragement. He inquires her name and address. He is constantly on the lookout for her. He has eyes for her alone. He writes her and tells her that she has captured his heart and that he can't operate the balance of his system without it, and that he would like to have her take the whole shooting match. He tells her that he is jealous of the wind and playing with her tresses and of the soft breezes that smother her cheeks with rapturous kisses. He tells her that his love for her is immortal. He prays that she will receive these heartfelt expressions cordially and that she will meet him at the love-making window.

HOW COURTING IS DONE.
At the appointed time he is "Johnny on the Spot." If she is smitten she will appear. They keep this up perhaps for months. The passerby pays

no attention to them. Then the young man tells the girl he can't possibly live without her and asks her to marry him. If she is willing, and it may be said that the girls usually are when they love a fellow, then the young man tells his father all about it, and then the father goes and sees the father of the girl. If matters are satisfactorily arranged, then the young man is invited into the house, but he had to do all his courting in the presence of a duenna, usually an old woman who is on to her job. There is no kissing, no hugging, no spooning, no lallapagalas, no holding of hands, no caressing—just soft, starchy stuff that means nothing. The young man is not permitted to escort the young lady anywhere. If she goes with her parents to the theater or to a party or anywhere else, the diplomatic mother-in-law notifies the young man of the fact and she expects him to be there.

Under the Spanish rule there were two marriage laws. The first the civil—to comply with the laws of this ceremony the bride went to her home and saw nothing of her husband until the religious ceremony a week later, which was performed at the church. After this they were man and wife, in fact as well as in name. Now there is only the civil marriage. After the marriage the bride goes to the home of the bridegroom, where her life is made happy or miserable as her experience may be.

As in South Carolina, there are no lawful divorces in Cuba. The Roman Catholic Church regards the marriage vow from the day the wedding bells ring until the solemn tones of the requiem as a holy sacrament and indissoluble.

A JURY OF HIS PEERS.

"I have been engaged in the practice of law a good many years," said S. S. Urmy, police judge of Topeka, Kan., "and about the most humorous thing I ever saw in a court room was in Topeka."

"One old negro man was being tried in the justice court—that was before the office of police judge was created—and he demanded a trial by a jury of his peers. He could neither read nor write and his lawyer insisted that the jury, to be his peers, be selected by the law, must be unable to read and write, too. To avoid disputes I agreed to it, but we had a time finding 12 men in Topeka who could neither read nor write. But we did find them, and the case went to trial."

"Before the jury retired I took two pieces of paper and wrote 'guilty' on one piece, and 'not guilty' on the other, and instructed the foreman of the jury to destroy the one he did not wish used and to return the other to me when the jury had reached a verdict. He jury was out only a few minutes, when it came in. The foreman handed me a piece of paper with the word 'guilty' written on it."

"Well, gentlemen, you find him guilty, do you I asked?"

"No, sah, Judge, no sah; we done found him not guilty," spoke up one of the jurymen. Then he added with disgust: "I told that fool nigger he was 'takin' up the wrong piece of paper.'"—Kansas City Star.

COLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, in the empire of the Czar and the Russians. It is the great commercial emporium of East Siberia and the capital of the province of Yakutsk, which, in most of its area of 1,573,633 square miles, is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about 40 houses of European structure, standing apart, the intervening spaces are occupied by winter yards, or huts of the Northern Nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides, and windows of glass. Caravans with Chinese and European goods collect the produce of the whole line of coast on the Polar Sea between the parallels of seventy degrees and forty-four degrees from the mouth of the River Lena to the farthest point inhabited by the Chukchees. Last year a colonel of the British and Foreign Bible Society made a tour of eleven weeks, down the Lena, 3,000 miles long, visiting Yakutsk, and selling copies of the Bible in the language to the Yakuts in their villages along the banks.—Lester's Weekly.

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MEAN MOMENTS IN LIVES OF NOTABLES

DEAN SWIFT'S GRIM VIEW OF SOME OF THE EARTH'S GREAT ONES.

The eleventh volume of the *Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, edited by Mr. Temple Scott, has reached me from Messrs. Bell. I take from it, as characteristic of the dean's grim view of the great, these notes on "those who have made a mean contemptible figure in some action or circumstance of their lives":

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the seashore, in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share in the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Persius, King of Macedonia, when he was led in triumph.

Richard II. of England, after he was deposed.

The present King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again, upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muscovites.

King James II. of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III. of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch Guards, and was refused.

The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Moscow on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed there on that Prince's ambassador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his Duchesse's gold key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II. of England, when he entered into the second Dutch War; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II. of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles V., when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles I. of England, when, in a gallantry to his Queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her back, and tore her flesh with the tongue, upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the Parliament general, at the time of King Charles' trial.

Julius Caesar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted with joy to see him decline it, which he never offered to do till he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus' Court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage, he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity, but they all fell a-laughing.

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to Court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as her excuse for marrying him.

John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief from the See of Rome.—T. P.'s Weekly.

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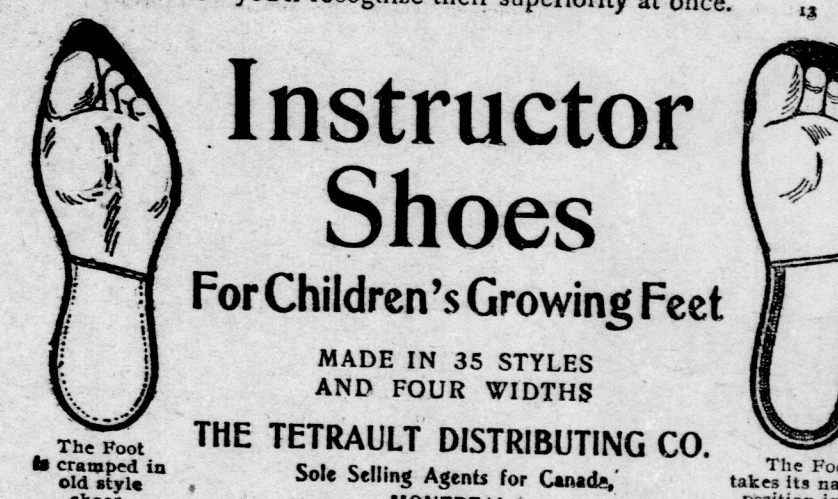
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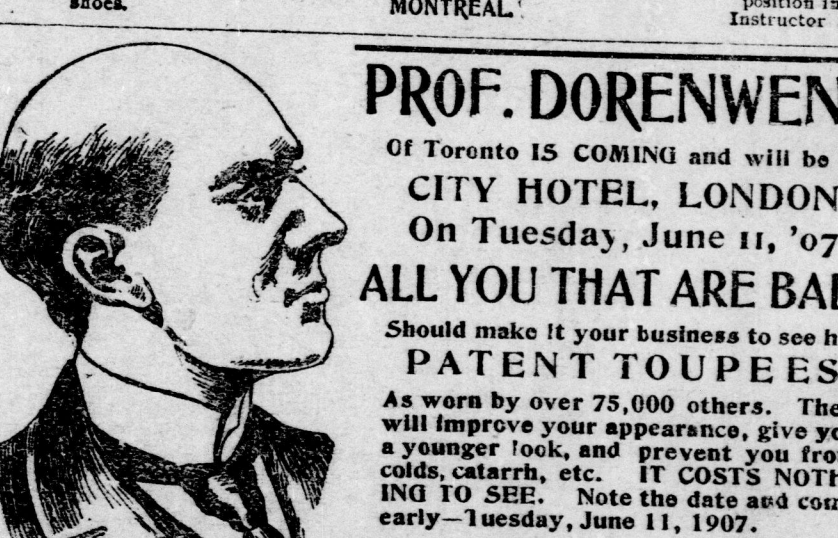
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BOOKS AND BRAIN FOOD.

The scientific study of foods and their use is one of the great achievements of modern times. Along with the abolition of slavery must be reckoned the condemnation of the parake as a great upward stride in the evolution of mankind. Whether the adoption of breakfast foods and peptin pellets marks another advance or not remains to be seen, but it is a step in the right direction, in so far as it aims at the elevation and alleviation of the stomach. A less debatable sign of progress is to be found in the careful analysis of books as an article of diet. This most modern line of research has been pursued by transcendent literary scientists, and has already been followed up closely enough to justify the publication of several important discoveries.

A writer in the London Saturday Review summarizes the results of his laboratory studies in the following form: "Books should be taken in doses no bigger than music or pictures; they are even harder to digest. There is more drunkenness in a book than in large vineyards of France. All those people who read with their eyes only are fatally wasting their time. Is any good think likely to come out of indiscriminate reading any more than out of any other form of feeding indiscreetly?" Close inspection of these findings indicates that the English laboratories are not sufficiently well equipped with book-testing and reader-testing instruments to reveal all the laws of literary digestion. American tests made with superior instruments

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and upon a larger number of books and readers give results varying considerably from the foregoing.

"Take, for instance, the relative difficulty of digesting books, music and pictures. The chief difficulty in digesting books is that, in the vast majority of cases, their total bulk is out of all proportion to their nutritive elements. Or, to lapse into technical language, the percentage of starch and water is immeasurably greater than that of proteins and fat. Even among the classics too much starch is used for the sake of producing a high-starch laundry gloss, and water trickles in for many reasons, notably in order to get up steam and to give an anecdotal dimensions of a novel. The English hypothesis is wrong; the real difficulty lies in separating the nutritious from the non-nutritious elements."—New York Tribune.

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