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Household Notes.

Great as are the benefits to be gained from physical exercise when taken up by men, the results are even more marked with women. Their daily pursuits are in part responsible for this, for very few women take anything like the proper amount of exercise. Work about the house calls for activity of a certain sort, to be sure, but it is very likely to be of the kind that taxes a few muscles at the expense of the rest. The busy housewife is apt to become stooped, round-shouldered or flat chested, unless she pays careful attention to the carriage of her body all through the day. Becoming weary over her tasks, she is all too prone to take on an easy attitude of relaxation, leans to one side, or takes to the comfortable rocking chair when she can find the opportunity. In this same rocking chair she will rest the whole weight on the end of the spine, and then commence that swaying to and fro that seems to her so soothing—or possibly she keeps up the endless swinging through mere force of habit. However that may be, she is laying up trouble for herself. Sitting incorrectly as she does is bad enough, but add to it this constant motion and you have a combination that is responsible for more aches and pains and discomforts than you have dreamed of. Sit erect in your chair, placing the weight of the body where nature intended. Keep your chest well forward, and the abdomen will be naturally repressed. Stand well, walk well, sit well; hold your head erect; and you, as well as your friends, will soon be conscious of an improvement in figure and carriage that is most gratifying.

We must not overlook the importance of the position that the mother of to-day occupies. Upon her strength and endurance, as well as upon her intellectual force, depends the future. If she will fortify herself by a physical upbuilding, a sturdy generation of coming men and women will be her reward.

To the business woman physical culture is a blessing indeed. Often when night comes she is wearied to the point of exhaustion, and only those who have tried it can appreciate the wonderful value in such a case of ten minutes' vigorous exercise, followed by the refreshing bath. Not only are the muscles made firm and full of strength again, but the nerves are steady and the eyes bright. That headache has disappeared as if by magic—and the erstwhile tired woman is alert and ready for a social evening or one spent in study.

Those who sit a great deal (and this includes ninety-nine out of one hundred women, regardless of station in life) are heir to a train of ills that result from the torpid condition induced thereby. The blood circulates but slowly, digestion and elimination are sluggish, and the lungs fail to expand as they should. The muscles become flabby, allowing organs to crowd and press. The eyes are dull and the skin sallow, if not actually disfigured by eruptions. But this condition is easily prevented and overcome when proper activity is provided.

The habit of daily exercise will work a transformation that is pleasing to the eye as well as a gratification to one's sense of well-being. A few minutes each day given to exercise will induce a pair of strong, healthy, well-filled lungs—and plenty of oxygen means pure blood, rosy cheeks and bright eyes; it also will bring about steady nerves, firm and symmetrical muscles, a splendid feeling of conscious health and vigor, and a happy disposition to look on the bright side of all things. A torpid liver has been responsible for many a tragedy; unstrung nerves have broken up happy homes.

Aside from the consideration of health and consequent happiness, is that of an erect, well-formed, well-poised figure. Exercise will cover bones with comely flesh, and replace angles with delightful curves. Exercise will also restore that shapeless mass of flesh to its old-time girlish

beauty of outline. It will reduce the abdomen and develop the chest, giving a figure both shapely and graceful.

Make for yourself a "corset" of firm muscles, interlacing to form a support that will far surpass any invention of man. The natural waist is round and slender. It may measure more in actual inches than the one for which tight lacing is responsible, but it will have the appearance of a more slender beauty because of its natural roundness, and there will be in addition an attractive suppleness that cannot be gained in any other way. This is not intended as an argument against the corset. But it is one in favor of the exercise of the muscles of the waist, that they may be firm and strong, adding to beauty as well as health.

Make your exercise a habit. It will only take a few minutes each day, in the privacy of your own room, and in a short time the work will become a pleasure—as much a part of your routine as eating and sleeping. But do not make the mistake of overdoing it in your enthusiasm. Exercise wisely and well, and you will be amply repaid by a rich store of health and strength; by an increased beauty and animation; by added years of useful living.—Rosary Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE VIATICUM BELL.—One evening in the year 1862, a tall, thin, but powerfully-built man might have been seen carefully picking his steps down a rugged path which led from one of the mountain peaks of the Tyrol down into the little valley. It was a work of some difficulty for it was growing dark and the path was little more than a channel which had been worn by some winter torrent among the rocks. Cautiously, as if he had been a smuggler, and yet with wonderful dexterity, did he make his way, and at last, trembling and almost breathless, he reached the little valley and hid himself in a thick clump of trees which skirted the road.

Antony was a fearless hunter; no mountain peak was too high, no precipice too steep for him to climb when tracking the chamois; but to-night his thoughts were gloomy, his heart unquiet, for the ball in his rifle was not destined to bring down any wild game of the mountain, but to kill a fellow-man. The Tyrolese, in general, are a brave and God-fearing people, but Antony had allowed the evil passion of avarice to creep into his soul; little by little it had drawn him away from Church and Sacraments, and to-night he was lying in wait for an innocent and unsuspecting victim. Andrew, the rich merchant who had gone to Salzburg to receive a large sum of money, was expected to return this evening, and the road to his home lay through this little valley.

For an hour Antony waited behind the clump of trees; the night grew darker, but that mattered little to him; he was only wondering whether his victim would still come, or whether he had slept somewhere on the road and would not pass till morning. Come he certainly would for no other road led to his house. At last Antony's quick ear caught the sound of steps; he seized his rifle and raised it, listening breathlessly. But another sound now reached him—not the step of the wayfarer, but the sound of a little bell. Too well did he know it. In the days of his innocent boyhood it had been his delight to accompany the priest when taking the Blessed Sacrament to the dying and to carry the lantern in one hand and the Viaticum bell in the other across the fields and mountains to the sick man's house, as is still the custom in the Tyrol.

Again the tinkle fell upon his ear. Antony began to tremble, a cold sweat stood in great beads on his forehead, and the words burst from his pale lips: "Jesus and Mary! It is the Viaticum bell."

And so it was; soon the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man, came into sight; a few steps before him walked a stout Tyrolese lad, bearing in one hand a lantern and in the other a bell which he rang from time to time. In the dark night the warning tones of the Viaticum bell drove the evil spirit of murder from the sinner's heart.

Trembling and confused he came out from his hiding place, threw himself at the feet of the startled priests, stammering out, "Pardon." The priest drew back for a moment in fear, but soon recognizing Antony, aver whose wild ways he had often sorrowed and for whose conversion he had offered many prayers and penances, he gave the lad a sign to withdraw to some little distance, and Antony confessed his murderous intent. Awe-struck, the priest listened to his confession; but soon seeing in him the signs of true repentance, he spoke words of comfort to the trembling sinner.

Full of gratitude and humble joy that he had been warned by the Viaticum bell before it was too late, Antony took the lantern and accompanied the priest to the end of his journey, which was still at some distance. On the road they met Andrew, who also joined them and accompanied his God, then returned in peace to his home, little dreaming of the danger which threatened his life.

From this time Antony's life was quite changed. The warning of the Viaticum bell seemed ever sounding in his ears; his gratitude to God was unbounded, and he lived as a Christian ought to do.

Once only did he again take up his rifle to turn it against his fellow-man. That was in 1866 when the Garibaldians invaded the Tyrol. He fought bravely and died the honorable death of a soldier.

After his death a packet was found marked: "In God's name I beg whoever finds this, after my death to open it and send the letters it contains to their rightful address."

There was a letter to Andrew and one to his own brother telling them of what he had one purposed, of the warning of the Viaticum bell, and of his deep repentance. There was also a letter to the good priest begging to be often remembered in his prayers as no doubt he was.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

A Family Event That Does Not Always Bring Unmixed Joy

Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a Tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Church in Germany

The imperial census bureau has just published the official result of the census of 1900, arranged according to religious denominations. We copy some figures that will interest Catholic readers. On December 1, 1901, the population of the empire counted 56,367,178. There are 35,231,104 Protestants; 20,321,441 Catholics. The Catholics, therefore, counted 36.05 per cent. of the population, whereas at the census of 1890 they counted only 35.75 per cent. In other words, in 1890 there were 570 Catholics to 1,000 Protestants; in 1900, 577 Catholics to 1,000 Protestants.

The official census consequently affords a slightly greater relative growth of the Catholic population than of Protestant. In the kingdom of Prussia the Catholic population rose to 12,113,670. During the ten years, from 1890-1900, the Protestant increase in Prussia was 7.7 per cent., the Catholic 10 per cent. It is consoling that by the showing of the official census the Church in Germany more than holds its own. And this is chiefly owing to the Catholic population in North Germany, notably in Prussia.

Were it not for the great and deplorable losses caused by the Church in Germany by the scourge of mixed marriages, the Catholics would gain upon the Protestants by leaps and bounds. In three states of the empire the Catholics are in majority. In Bavaria there are 4,362,563 Catholics to 1,749,206 Protestants. In Baden, 1,131,413 Catholics to 704,058 Protestants. In Alsace-Lorraine, 1,310,391 Catholics to 372,078 Protestants.

ROMAN NOTES.

Warm weather and the usual receptions and audiences granted by the Venerable Pontiff constitute the main reliable pieces of information from Rome that the past week has furnished. One Catholic correspondent says:—

Although it is again very hot weather in Rome, the pilgrimages have recommenced, and the Holy Father, not considering his own personal comfort, has received several thousand persons during the past week. On last Sunday about midday 300 persons were received by His Holiness in the Hall of Geographical Maps, the second pilgrimage from Sardinia, and also some strangers in Rome who received tickets from the Maestro di Camera to be present on this occasion and receive the blessing of the Holy Father. His Holiness was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was borne through the Hall on the portatina. Each person was permitted to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, who also spoke a few words to each, and then from the centre of the hall imparted the Apostolic benediction.

On Monday, in private and separate audience, the Holy Father received His Grace Mgr. Macchi, titular Archbishop of Tesselonica, Apostolic Nuncio to Bavaria, and the Most Rev. Father Renato Maria Herbault, Procurator-General of the Certosian Monks. On Wednesday another large audience took place in the Sistine Chapel, where about one thousand pilgrims from the diocese of Treviso were received. The pilgrimage was directed by the Rev. Canon Pellizzari, D.D., rector of the Diocesan Seminary. The students of this seminary and of the Seminary of Ceneda were among the pilgrims,

also a great number of young members of several societies and associations, the banners and standards of which were placed near the altar. The presidents of the societies were received by the Holy Father, and presented the good wishes and offerings of the pilgrims. His Holiness made a short address.

President Roosevelt

Undergoes an Operation.

There is to be a lull in President Roosevelt's strenuousness. His tour of speechmaking came to an untimely end in Indianapolis on Tuesday last. He was found to be suffering from a swelling in the leg, between the knee and ankle, which required immediate surgical attention, and instead of being taken to the train to continue his journey to Fort Wayne and Milwaukee, he was conveyed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was operated on. The operation occurred at 3.45 o'clock and lasted only a short time. Then he was taken to a private room in the hospital to rest. After taking a light luncheon at 7.30 p.m., he was conveyed on a stretcher to his train, which was backed up near the hospital, and at 7.50 o'clock the train left for Washington. The President's injury is believed to have resulted from the accident in which he figured, recently, at Pittsfield, this State. It is mentioned as an interesting incident of the operation that the President's nurse in the operating room was Sister Mary Joseph, but in his private room he was attended by Sister Regina, whom he got acquainted with at Montauk Point. Sister Regina was one of the nurses who went to that great camp of soldier invalids at the close of the campaign in Cuba, and there performed much heroic work in attending to the fever-stricken men, among whom were a number of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders.—Sacred Heart Review.

TIMELY ADVICE.

Madame Baker astonished and delighted the members of the National Dressmakers' Association when, at their recent convention, she uttered this advice:—

Get married. Get married early. Don't wait until you are old and withered before you allow some man to know you well enough to call you by your first name. If you are going into business for yourself marry a man who is employed in such a way that he can materially aid you in building up your patronage. Avoid the man who expects to make his living by becoming your errand boy, if he does anything at all. Keep yourself young. Go to church. Don't think that because you are a dressmaker you cannot be a Christian.

NEW LEADER OF TAMMANY.

Charles F. Murphy, the new leader of Tammany Hall, New York, has come up from the bottom, Tammany wanted a leader who was a product of itself, who was the outgrowth of a natural development. Mr. Murphy fulfills this condition. He is the result of evolution. He was first an athlete, then a street car driver, then a ward politician, then a district leader, then a city official, and now the head of the organization. He is a typical Tammany man. He represents its ideas, its principles, its aspirations. Whether he will develop the same ability and power that his predecessors possessed, time will only disclose.

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NOTES

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INACCURACIES OF
In the Cosmopolitan Magazine a short story—"Star" of Saturday last—entitled "The Canon," "A story of old Quebec," E. Macfarlane. Our purving attention to this stative bit of fiction is no any criticism upon its merits. We simply wish to some glaring inaccuracies do so, because they are in an author who lays c much general information Catholic institutions. say that, to any Catholic the whole story is an abfiction of the current tim absurd. What we desire out is the fact that r writers display more an their works a consummat knowledge, an entire abs formation, in regard to stitutions, Catholic cus Catholic discipline.

The scene is in Quebec principal theatre of the l is the organ loft of a Church; there are two of one of these a young New sical student plays, upon a young lady, a Protesti bec—who has long been i of practising in the Chu ates symphonies to corre the young man's improviv young man is awaiting t the Superior of the Sulp has gone on a visit to M order to get his permis amine some of the old ments conserved in the S brary. He is anxious to