

THE POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

"Well, Bridget," said Mrs. Cooke, of Kiltynan Hall, to one of her servants, perhaps the only Catholic in her service, "I have observed that whenever you have been to your priest on Sundays you have been happier and are afterwards more attentive to all your duties."

"How could it be otherwise, ma'am?" answered the girl. "On Sundays I receive Holy Communion, for which, of course I prepare by confession. Has not our blessed Lord said: He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me?"

Struck by this brief answer, Mrs. Cooke went on questioning her servant on various points of Catholic doctrine, particularly on confession and communion. The answers she received appeared to her so satisfactory, that she felt growing within her the desire of being more fully instructed in the Catholic religion. She even went so far as to conceive the idea of having a conversation on the subject with the minister of that faith.

"Bridget," said she one day, "Do you think that I could see your Rev. priest?" "Why not," answered the servant, "surely his reverence would be much pleased to see you; and if you wish to know more about our holy faith, he is the one to give you satisfaction." "I wonder," added Mrs. Cooke, "if he would come and dine with us?" "I dare say he would if you sent his reverence an invitation," rejoined Bridget. The invitation was sent and accepted.

The worthy priest was very pleased to have an opportunity of doing some good to those who had up to that time looked upon themselves as quite strangers to him as a minister of religion, but whom he himself considered as souls placed under his charge and for whom he had prayed much.

The Parish Priest of Fethard, to the wonder of many, went then to Kiltynan Hall to dine with the Lady of the Manor and Mr. Roger Cooke, her brother-in-law who had acquired some rights on the estate, and who, since the death of her lamented husband, Robert Cooke, assisted her in the management of it. With his hostess and Mr. Cooke the parish priest found the Protestant parson of Kiltynan. He had been invited to meet the Catholic pastor of Fethard.

The gentlemanly behaviour and perfectly correct conversation of the priest struck Mrs. Cooke very much. "I have never, in my life," she said, "met a clergyman whose ways and manners were so much in harmony with a churchman's position." This is the minister of religion, did she think within herself, who would inspire one with confidence. Would he, I wonder, allow me to open my heart to him, and lead me to that state of peace which makes my servant Bridget so happy and contented?

With some display of courage she asked him, before the evening was over, if she could hold conferences with him on religion.

The proposal was readily accepted. In due course the conference took place, and when she had been thoroughly instructed, the "catalane" of Kiltynan Hall, was privately received into the Church; a bold step in those days, when the word Catholic emancipation had not as yet been pronounced.

Not only did Mrs. Cooke share now in the happiness of her devoted servant, but when strengthened by the holy sacraments, she felt within her the heroic spirit of a true Christian mother.

Her happiness could not be complete as long as her two young sons who were at school in Clonmel (I believe) were still Protestants. How could she rescue them without encountering the opposition of her influential relations, particularly that of the Earl of Clonmel, the godfather of Robert, the eldest? A truly heroic parent, and she puts on the garb of a mendicant, makes her way unobserved to the school; stands not far from the playground; and at an opportune moment she calls them to herself. It is their mother's voice; how could they be scared away by the costume she has no doubt for a good motive, adopted? She bids them follow her. To Kiltynan Hall Mrs. Cooke repairs, to bid it a last farewell. The preparation for the departure thence is soon made. She takes refuge in the town of Dungarvan, where she opens a school for the purpose of supporting herself and her two sons. Their education as Catholics, was carefully attended to by their mother and by the parish priest of Dungarvan. In due time, Robert, the elder, married a Miss McGrath, the daughter of a medical gentleman, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. Robert, the elder of the two sons, devoted himself to the study of medicine. The medical profession was more in harmony, as he thought, with the desire he ever felt within him of being useful to his fellow men. He was actually entering into the practice of it in the town of Cashel, under an aged doctor, when the Rev. Mr. Power, a priest on the English mission, visited Cashel. Mr. Cooke was asked to meet him at dinner. In the course of conversation the reverend gentleman alluded to some members of a new society just arrived in England, who called themselves Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Pope, Leo XII., it was reported, had given them that name, with the injunction of being especially devoted to the immaculate Conception, and making known the teaching of the Church on that mystery. Our young doctor at once said within himself, this is the Order of me. While reflecting afterwards on that providential occurrence, a kind of dream or vision that he experienced one night after his grandmother's

holy death, came back vividly to his mind. "She," have I heard him say, "took me by the hand and led me into the presence of a beautiful lady, clad in a blue robe and crowned with stars. She desired me to kneel down at the feet of the lady. I did so, and the lady laid her hand on my head and blessed me." No unprejudiced mind could take exception to this statement when remembering the story of Mrs. Cooke's conversion. She who, for the sake of her faith and that of her sons, had made such generous sacrifices, would most likely be permitted, even from beyond the grave, to manifest to the eldest of her grandchildren, the loving care of a heroic parent. She, through him, under God, would impart to many a soul in these Islands the favors which came to herself in the first instance through the influence of the edifying example of her Catholic servant in Kiltynan Hall.

Whatever may be said of young Cooke's dream or vision, of this we are certain, that the happy results of Mrs. Cooke's heroism have been particularly manifested in Father Cooke's missionary labors, when like Fathers Gentili and Petherini, he inaugurated in these islands, the holy work of missions, giving them that stamp of serious and solemn earnestness, of self-denying apostolic zeal, which, as he well knew, had characterized the Missions given by Father de Mazenod and his disciples to the populations of the South of France.

Father Cooke's brother, to whom it belongs to carry out in these islands their lamented leader's missionary work, strive with manly effort to keep alive that characteristic zeal. Their name—Oblates of Mary Immaculate—bids them do so, even to the highest degree of perfection. Thus it is that the good work begun by the humble missionary, if I may so call Bridget of Kiltynan Hall, bears fruits and prospers.

To a venerable, elderly gentleman residing close to Kiltynan Hall, brother to the bosom friend of O'Connell, Father Cantwell, parish priest of Tramore, we are indebted for the substance of the above details. We had them corroborated by his son (Dean Cantwell, V.G. of Archbishop Leahy), and by his daughter (Miss Cantwell), when interviewed by us.

While penning the above, one of Mr. Gladstone's sayings on good example forcibly came to my mind—

"Example warns while precept freezes. Precept addresses us, while example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life, a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange which nothing can check, the exchange of high personal example."

No wonder he wrote thus, this model Englishman. Had he not declared to a young American inquirer: "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race."—J.F.A., in the Missionary Record, O.M.I.

RANDOM NOTES FOR BUSY HOUSEHOLDS.

It is said by some medical practitioners that anger is as injurious to the physical condition of man as a poison.

An English medical journal says that anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges it much as the habitual use of intoxicants does the inebriate, growing finally into a disease which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain is authority for saying that "he is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry." This is true remarks another writer. Every time a man becomes red or white with anger he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent—that is every now and then it drops a beat, much the same as is experienced by excessive smokers. This is a proof of the evil results of an ugly passion which it well becomes one to heed. It is probably more easily demonstrable to the generality of men than the converse of the proposition—that the kindly, the gentle, and the beautiful emotions are all beneficial to the human frame. A good thought carries a cure in itself.

I once knew a woman, long since dead, who had seven daughters. From babyhood she taught them that the greatest charm possible to children was to be affable and ladylike. As children, they were gentle and polite, and now they are gentlewomen everyone. I saw one of my dead friend's daughters in a store the other day, trying to straighten out some mistake in a Christmas order, and she showed her mother's teaching. She was considerate and ladylike, patient and gentle. After she went out, one clerk said to another, "I never saw a whole family so polite as that family." Everyone one of them is as ladylike as possible and as polite to us as if we were acquaintances.

And I thought of the blunder so many women make in their intercourse with strangers, and how scornfully they treat everybody not in their "set," not only those who serve them in business, but casual acquaintances. The wheel of fortune is turning surely, surely, and those on top are going down, while those below are coming up to take their places. Good manners are possible to all and are invaluable. The place to learn politeness is at home, and it cannot be learned without practice.—Orphans' Report.

Sir Walter Besant writes in a London magazine that it is reported that a woman lecturer in New York has been advancing a new doctrine of rebellion. She claims, among the sacred rights of women, nothing less than the right—with a capital R—to be ugly—with a capital

The Staying Qualities of a Singer Sewing-Machine

SIMPLICITY—Easily adjusted, and won't get out of order.

SPEED—Does the most work with least effort.

STABILITY—Wears longest, with least repairs.

STYLE—Is an ornament to any home.

SOLD ONLY THROUGH THE COMPANY'S OFFICES, IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.

The Sewing-Machine bearing this mark best knites these qualities.



tal U—if they please. "We old-fashioned folk, who find nothing so delightful in the world as the woman who is not ugly, the woman who pleases and attracts by her loveliness of face and form, or by the ready sympathy of her mind, or by the grace with which she presents herself, so to speak, in a careful setting of dress, need not be moved in the least by this new doctrine. The woman lecturer cannot, try as hard and as long as she pleases, put off her womanhood and become a man. The course of the world has firmly established two strong points in the human mind, even the most savage. First, that the man must always have in him something of the warrior. He must be quick to fight, strong to defend, inventive and courageous, a hunter after good and a slayer of the evil. It is a law of his nature, his right—always with a capital—to be a cur and a coward, but there never has been a man who openly, deliberately and without shame has taken up the rule. It is, on the other hand, understood to be the special duty of the woman to look after the home, to make that home pleasing to man and to the children, and she this and always will be the chief duty and lifework of the woman, a whole group of virtues has grown up for her exclusive use. Among them the most conspicuous is the virtue of attractiveness. "What!" cried the advanced one, "deek myself out in fine clothes to please mere men? Never!" Madame, you are doubtless within your right. Dress as you please. But if you refuse to obey this law of your being you will fail to persuade women, as you will succeed in making yourself disgusting to men. Do not reply that there are women who are plain by nature. No woman need remain unattractive if she cultivates graciousness, sympathy and becoming dress."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, writing in the Woman's Home Companion of "Building Love-cells," explains that "the human brain is one vast aggregation of cells; and science informs us just where the cells of sight, sound, feeling, love, anger, and, in fact all the mental and physical qualities are located.

"All over the land to-day in this enlightened age mothers and nurses are sitting and telling excitable children the bloodthirsty tales of 'Red Riding Hood' and 'The Babes in the Woods,' and a score as unwholesome. The brain-cells of fear, revenge, destruction and many other of the baser thoughts are all fed and nurtured by these tales. A wise parent would be talking to her child of the wonderful work of the bee or the ant. She would talk of the wonderful similarity in the nature and habits of all things God has made, from flowers and trees up to men. And the child who listened to daily talks like these from infancy to youth would not develop into a murderer and a vagabond. He would not doubt God or hate his kind, no matter what unfortunate inheritance was his. If his affections are appealed to every day he is building up that part of his nature as surely as he is breathing air in his lungs. Once let women learn what the profession of motherhood means and go about its fulfillment with the devotion they show in the other professions and we would in the course of a century find small need of prisons, insane asylums or poorhouses."

Here's the first law of health—Keep your feet dry. We all know it. We all know that pneumonia and consumption always start with a cold, and that the shortest cut to a cold is a pair of wet feet. But it's so important a matter that we can't be reminded too often, especially when the reminder carries the weight of authority.

Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, one of the most distinguished physicians in New York, was recently giving a lecture on "Colds, and how to prevent them." It was a rainy night, and he began: "How many persons here wore rubbers to-night? Hands up." "Not half of you. Now, that is what I thought. Every one of you should have rubbers on a night like this. To go without them is to invite colds, bronchial trouble, catarrh

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course.

Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

50c and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

and pneumonia. It is astonishing how many people neglect their feet. Rubbers cost fifty cents. You can save a lot of money on the investment—perhaps a ten days' doctor bill, to say nothing of medicine."

The doctor might have made it still stronger and said that a fifty-cent pair of rubbers would not only save doctor bills and medicine bills, but often life itself. Don't try to save on rubbers; it's the most expensive economy in the world, especially just now, when everybody is getting the grip.

The two-meal a day craze has seized the inhabitants of various towns of the interior, notably Elgin, Ill., whose inhabitants are jubilant over the benefits accruing from the new gospel of health. Two Universalist ministers, a superintendent of the water company, a lady librarian and others have adopted the two-meal system, and are proselyting with zeal.

There is much to be said for and against the plan, says a writer in the New York World. There is no earthly reason why the greater number of civilized people should eat as much as they do, in quantity or quality. They take as little physical exertion as possible, and their minds move in an automatic way, along the grooves of opinion held by their forebears for generations. Their brains secrete mucus instead of thought, and all their diets, mental and physical, are clogged with it. The principal exertions their systems are called to perform is that of digestion, and of digesting half as much again as they need. If any of them are obliged to really exert themselves—say a mother with a nursery of children, or a teacher with a school, a pastor with a church or a business man with the responsibility of an establishment—the nervous force at once finds itself unequal to the double strain, and is unable to digest.

If one wakes in the morning with a taste in the mouth as of many bad words, and no particular desire for food, common judgment tells him to wait until he keenly hungers before eating.

A hearty lunch about noon and dinner after business at night, in the opinion of this writer, is ample to supply the demands of the mature body and brain.

It is next to impossible for the average man to understand the antipathy of woman to warm clothing. She hates flannel and nine times out of ten no matter what the weather, refuses to wear heat-riving under-wear. Women shiver and declare they are hardening themselves.

"Half the women who harden themselves by refusing to wear a proper amount of clothing harden themselves into another world," said a doctor whose practice is entirely among the very rich and the very poor. "The other half suffer permanently in growth or constitution. Clothing is of great importance. Women realize this more keenly than men, but they look at its importance from a wrong viewpoint. Dress to them means decoration and not an equivalent for food. Leibig says: 'Our clothing is in reference to the temperature of the body merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food.' If this great man was right half the women in the world are starving themselves to death, and what is more, they are dressing their children at the expense of fat, muscle or growth and in some cases at the expense of all, merely to gratify fashion's whims. Just why women are so opposed to dressing themselves warmly I could never comprehend, and I suppose I will go to the grave without understanding it, but I haven't twenty-five rich patients who will wear proper under-clothing in the winter, and among my poor patients there aren't that many who can afford to do so.

The woman operator, remarks a writer in an American newspaper, is gradually rising higher and higher in the telegraph service. When she first came to the fore the man operator wanted to oust her from the field. He resented her encroachment, and said frankly that his main grievance against her was that she cut prices in salaries and thus secured places which he might have had. He even went so far as to declare that she was taking the very bread out of his mouth.

The woman operator made a mistake when she consented to work for next to nothing, a mistake that she is slow to acknowledge after a dozen years or more. Men often estimate a man by the value he sets on himself, provided he does not over-estimate his importance; then they are likely to give him less than his just dues. They judge woman in the same way.

In this field of work, as in every other field where women have entered their inferior physical strength gives them the advantage.

A. E. Sink has more than twelve hundred telegraphers under his supervision in the Western Union Building. Of these 250 are women engaged in operating, clerical and messenger work. When asked about the work of these women operators, generally and of their chances for rising to high places and high salaries, Mr. Sink said: "I have nothing to say about women operators outside of this division before you, but of them I speak will-

ingly. There are poor, medium and good operators in both sexes, and their advancement depends entirely upon their ability and opportunity. Women, however, do not have the same opportunity for advancement, and neither do they get the salaries as a rule that men do who make telegraphy a life work. Here a woman does not rise to a higher place than that of chief operator, and we now have six.

When the feet are tired and tender after much walking; or standing during the day, there is nothing that will afford them so much relief as a warm footbath. Take as warm water as can be borne, and throw into it a handful of sea salt. Bathe the feet and legs with this for from five to eight minutes, and then rub them briskly with a dry towel. The effect is most refreshing. It is a useful thing to know too, that bathing the feet in this way just before retiring is an excellent remedy for insomnia. Brothers meet.

A woman never really knows the meaning of happiness and content until she is the mother of a healthy, happy child. The health of the child depends on the health of the mother, both before and after birth. Most of all woman's weakness and particularly the weakness that most strongly influences the health of the children, comes from derangement or disease of the distinctly feminine organs. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure troubles of this nature. It should be taken regularly by every woman during the entire period of gestation. It gives strength to all the organs involved, lessens the pains of childbirth and insures the health of both mother and child.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive free a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE HOME.

(By Thomas Swift, in 'The Monitor'.)

In these days of quick movement, keen competition and the wide diffusion of knowledge that pertain to every department of human existence, it is the duty of intelligent men and good citizenship to watch the trend of public sentiment, of the national activities, whether social, political or religious. It is a duty every thinking man owes to religion, to the state and to the family. The family is the unit of the state; the aggregation of all the families domiciled in the country. Whatever influence bears on the family will have its due results in the state. The house is the bare abode of the family; the family makes the home and is the home. These statements are so obviously true as to require neither explanation nor proof.

It is becoming a widely prevailing opinion that the conditions of modern existence are making serious and harmful inroads on home life in Canada. Influences are at work which tend to invade the privacy and sanctity of the home, to weaken the bond of relationship and destroy the community of interest to such an extent, that the home is in danger of becoming degraded into a mere meeting-place for those who should be bound together by the nearest and dearest ties. Even rural life, which is most favorable to the home, is not free from this spirit of unrest and disruption. No sooner is manhood or womanhood reached than the young begin to yearn for fresh scenes, and for the new life that cannot be found around the old homestead. At the first opportunity they take wing and crowd into the already crowded cities, apparently content with the precarious subsistence which is the result of the keen competition for every available position. Every profession in town and city is over-crowded, but there is no denying the fact that farming, the leading industry of the Province of Ontario, is not popular among the present generation, nor does it promise to be so among that which may be called the rising generation.

But it is in the larger cities that true home life is in the greatest danger of destruction from a variety of causes. Whilst it would be false to state that there are no homes intact, it would be within the mark to say that the majority of city homes are operated upon by some one or more of these causes which are insidiously undermining the social structure.

Apart from the ordinary social observances and occasional entertainments theatrical or otherwise, clubs, societies, lodge-rooms and other meeting places make large demands on the family circle. The frequent and prolonged absence of a head of a family from the family circle naturally weakens the respect and affection of wife and children for the home. The father who, when his daily work is done, is not satisfied to remain at home, publishes to his children, to his wife, to the world, that his home is not good enough for him. How can he, having so little care and affection himself for his fireside, impress his family with the beauty, the content, the sacredness of home life! It is most unfair to the mother of his children; a grave neglect of duty to those children; a deliberate slight upon the home itself, which he is bound to respect, to elevate, to establish as a shrine consecrated to peace and love, and of which he should be the guiding spirit. The best and surest way to teach his sons to appreciate home life is to show his own thorough appreciation of it.

It may be stated that the scope of this article is general, that it is directed at no special section of the community; and in the next consideration, for a variety of reasons that need not here be mentioned, is less applicable to Catholics than to others. Concluded on Page Seven.

ONE WOMAN'S ADROITNESS.

On an uptown Broadway car the other day an elderly, spinster-looking woman vehemently protested to the conductor against receiving five one-cent pieces in change.

"That's United States money, madam," replied the conductor, "and I wish you to take it," and the "unfeeling brute" passed on through the car raking in nickels. The woman was nonplussed for the moment, but presently she saw her chance for revenge as another woman entered, quickly changing her seat she addressed the new comer.

"You haven't paid your fare yet, have you? No? Will, will you kindly oblige me by giving me a nickel for these five cents and then give them to the conductor? He insisted on my taking them, and I appeal to your sympathy to help me out."

The second woman promptly grasped the situation and acquiesced. The conductor was stumped and unable to conceal his discomfiture. He finally grabbed the five coins when they were tendered and, stamping back to the rear platform, rang up five fares by mistake.—New York Sun.

A GREAT MAN AND HIS MOTHER.

Many touching anecdotes are told in the artistic circles of London and Paris concerning Gustave Dore, the eminent painter, and his mother, Madame Dore was, it appears, a plain, quiet woman, who did not shine in society; but she had a keen sympathy with her famous son, and showed infinite tact in dealing with him. After her husband's death she lived with Gustave. He never married, because, he said, he "always compared all women with his mother, and they fell short of her." She made herself his companion in every way; studied art that she might understand his work; read the books and newspapers that he liked, and made his friends her friends. When he was tired he would jump up from his work and call to her, and they would take long rambles, often through the rain, or night. "No, I will have none of you!" he often said to his friends. "My mother is the best comrade I have!"

So strong was this comradeship between them that when she died Dore insisted that she had not left him; that she was still in the house, and unseen by others, bore him company.

He remained but a few years after her, and his belief in her presence strengthened as he drew nearer to the end. There was no morbid grief at her loss. She was always there, cheerful and loving, his best friend and comrade.—Donahoe's Magazine.

DR. FRIS. DE SALES PREVOST, SPECIALIST.

Disease of the Eyes, Ears and Nose. CONSULTATIONS—9:30 a.m. to 12 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m., at 2439 Notre Dame street. 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., at 402 Sherbrooke street.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY.

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, Corner Bagot and Johnson Streets, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

For terms, etc., apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR.

INTERNATIONAL Business College

PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL. One of the best organized Commercial Institutions in America. The course comprises—Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing in both languages, Commercial Law, Short-hand, and both languages, Typewriting, English, French, preparation for Bank Service, etc. A thorough drill is given in Banking and Actual Business Practice. Experienced teachers every department. Separate rooms for ladies. Classes will be resumed August 22nd. Call, write, or telephone, Main 309, for prospectus. CAZA & LORD, Principals.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

During the coming School Term of 1898-99 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other Text Books, both in English and French; also, School Stationery and School requisites.

SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES.

Sadler's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of Colours mounted on 12-boards, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Sadler's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part II. Sadler's Dominion Second Reader. Sadler's Dominion Third Reader. Sadler's Dominion Fourth Reader. Sadler's Outline of Canadian History. Sadler's Grande Lignes de l'histoire du Canada. Sadler's Outlines of English History. Sadler's School History of England, with 5 colored maps. Sadler's Ancient and Modern History, with Illustrations and 25 colored maps. Sadler's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament Part I. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament Part I. Sadler's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition. Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated. Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises. Sadler's Edition of Grammar Elementary part B. Sadler's Edition of Nungton's French and English and English and French Dictionary, with pronunciation. Sadler's (D. & S.) Copy Books, A and B, with tracing.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., Catholic Educational Publishers and Stationers.

1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Quebec. 123 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Patents Help" and show you are awarded. We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo for free advice. PATRICK & MALLON, Exporters, New York City building, main floor, Atlantic Building, Washington, D.C.

The best service that Irish men and Irish women can render to the True Witness is to patronize our advertisers and to mention the name of the True Witness when making a purchase.