THE CATHOLIG RECORD

The first part of an athelete's training re-lates to the care of the stomach. The nour-ishing quality of his food is considered. The quantity he eats is carefully weighed and measured. It is curious that this care of the stom-tach is looked upon as an ex-traordinary thing only to be practiced in special circum-stances. GLENCOONOGE. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE STATIONS.

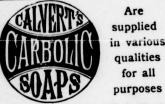
AT THE STATIONS. The day of Conn's wedding came at last, and i shall not soon forget it. Early in the afternoon six cars were drawn up before "The Harp" to convey the wed-ding party proper all the way to Kieran-kil, and then back to the chapel where Father Moriarty was to perform the mar-riage ceremony about dusk. It was a very pretty turn-out, and there were a good many lookers-on. Three of the cars belonged to the inn ; Conn's Father had lent his, and the other two were borrowed from neighboring farmers. Dan mount-ed the first as driver, and Conn and the bride, in her plain white dress and white bonnet and veil, got up on one side, and Norah Hoolaban and I on the other. The rest of the party consisted of a num-bod farmen and women, or boys It should be every one's care. Life is a struggle for the prize of success. The man who wins must take care of his stomach. It is not lack of energy or exercise that has caused so many a break-down in the race.

who wins must take care or his sumach. It is not lack of energy or exercise that has caused so many a break-down in the race. It is neglect of the stomach. Increasant dull headache aggravated by eating, flatulence, gnaving in the stomach, heartburn, acid erucitations, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, mental depression, sleeplessness, these are only a few of the symptoms of a weak stomach and an enfeebled condition of the digestive and nutritive functions. Not all these symptoms will be experienced at once, but, any one of them means danger. "It has made a new man of me," is the constant testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This remarkable remedy has such a perfect control of the stomach, digestive and assim-ilative organs and blood making glands that it speedily corrects the derangements which weaken them, re-establishes them in healthy working order, so that once more the whole mourished, and built up into rugged health. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Its protracted use does not create a craving for The dealer's after the dollar and the cusbonnet and veil, got up on one side, and Norah Hoolahan and I on the other. The rest of the party consisted of a num-ber of young men and women, or boys and girls as they are locally termed, viz, Conn's brothers, Mary Maloney, Tessie Kearney, and Bridget Flanagan, and a number of others; and as they were all only too eager to scramble into their seats, the cortege was soon ready to start. There was quite a chorus of whips crack-ing, and of drivers' voices urging the horses, as we set off. Mrs. Ennis stood on the doorsteps, and behind her such of the servants as were left to complete under her directions the arrangements for the evening. Their looks rested chiefly on the prettily-dressed girl, who when they next saw her would be a wife. But from our point of view, the mistress of the inn was the central figure at that moment, as all eyes, in passing, turned to where she stood beaming and waving her handkerchief, while from the depart-ing cars hands were waved, hats were doffed or whips reised hy way of gaintie

? I think you tried to break that day. Would you like to

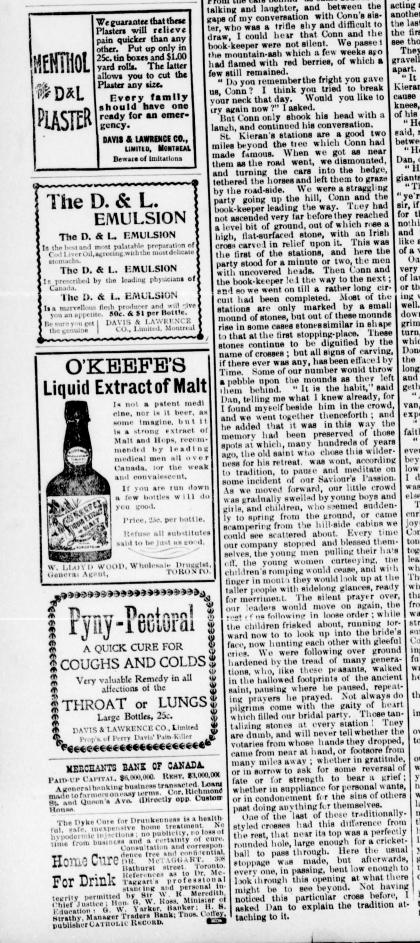
protracted use does not create a craving for stimulants. The dealer's after the dollar and the cus-tomer's after the cure. Its the dealer with his eye on the dollar who proposes substi-tution. Let the customer keep his eye on the cure and insist on "Golden Medical Discourty".

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not gripe. They effectually cleanse the system of accu-mulated impurities



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your Dealer to obtain full particula

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.



it keeps us from feeling thirsty for the next four and twenty hours." "Is that supposed to prove any miracul-ous quality in the water?" "Gad, I won't say that. But 'tis cer-tain 'tis the well from which St. Kieran himself drank, and he was a bleesed saint on earth as he is this day in Heaven, so I lave it to your understanding. This mound of stones beside it has been brought by the pilgrims. It has grown a great size these last few years." "Yes, I remember you telling me so. It makes quite a wall, and shuts out the view from where we stand, which is a pity." "They say," said Dan, " that when St. Kieran looked through that hole, he saw into Heaven." I nearly screamed with laughter ; but

I nearly screamed with imagner; but Dan appeared so unconscious that there was anything indicrous in the idea, that I suppressed my mirth, feeling, on second thoughts, that even if it were possible to deprive him of his innocent belief, he would not be any the better cff. So, bit-ing my line to keep my countenance. I fol-

deprive him of his innocent belief, he would not be any the better cff. So, bit-ing my lip to keep my countenance, I fol-lowed his example, bending down and looked through the hole in the upright stone. Certainly, in looking through you can see nothing of earth; neither hill, nor tree, nor ground; from that view all mun-dane things are shutout. Could a man for-get himself as well, his thoughts might gradually grow clear, his judgment become unwarped, his instincts true, his mind calm. He might even become more fit to comprehend the Infinite. "How or-dinary a person are you!" said some small voice, as I stood looking through; " how little do you know, how narrow is your experience! and what folly is it in you to mock, or to pretend to say how little or how much is given to saintly minds to perceive !"

become of Conn ?" he asked. "And of Miss Johnson?" cried several, looking about. "Yees, indeed, what had become of them? No one but Conn had noticed that the book-keeper had lagged behind when we were moving towards the well, and had turned away from our course. Jeb Donovan had no idea how much his light-hearted words had moved the bride. By their light she saw Conn standing on the stone in the middle of that will shore, owning his love in presence of the sea and sky, and crying out to Heaven for hers. And she remembered with pain that at that time she had hardened her-self against him, and had made him feel that he was immeasurably beneath her. How patien the had beed! How unseltish was the love which made him uncom-plaining and satisfied if only he could live in her sight! With heaving breast and full of thankfulness she moved away glad to be alone for a little, for her voice if she spoke would be unsteady again, and the tears that had eprung into her eyes if seen might be misunderstood. She moved away, while Conn, angry with his friend who had seen too much and Shaking myself free of the unflattering Shaking myself free of the unilattering reflection, and remembering that Dan was waiting, I stood upright again and turned towards him; but Dan's eyes were directed uphill, where some object seemed to have caught his attention. Following his look, I saw a car creeping along the high ground at that point where for a short distance the road commands the walley. Presently the car stopped. the valley. Presently the car stopped, the driver pointed downward in our direc-tion, and seemed to hold parley with his

"I expect," said Dan, "he's telling him

"I expect," said Dan, "he's telling him of the short cut. I wonder who it is." While Dan was speaking, the passenger stood upon the footboard of the car, and peared down upon us for a minute, then, seating himself again, he re-arranged his rug; the horse moved on, and presenty an inward turn of the road took the car and its occupants out of sight. "I'll wager, now," said Dan, "that car is making for "The Harp." Tis over a tomoth since any one came this way; but because it happens to be the most incon-venient day of all others, as sure as I'm delare 'tis too bad. I wonder who it can i decare 'tis too bad. I wonder who it can the of them's due this fortnight yet." "They hurried down the hill together the adding the out of the sub the out to move the man to-night—and I best man, too! I the horse moved on that gentle-ter of them's due this fortnight yet." "They hurried down the hill together the adding the out to move the adding the out to the sub the sub the sub the sub the sub the the sub the fortnight yet." where and kerchief, while from the depart-ing cars hands were waved, hats were doffed, or whips raised by way of saluta-tion. Our route lay along the familiar Ballyford road—over the new bridge, past the crumbling remains of the old one, along the river bank where the water flowed calm and silently; past the churchyard opposite, where Conn could see, half-way up on the rising ground, the mound above his mother's grave, and thought, as he lifted his hat, that she too had had her joyfal wedding-day, and that she looked down now and was glad be-cause of his happiness. Conn was not singular in his thought of the dead; all the young men's hats went off in an in-

for." They hurried down the hill together hand in hand. "What do you wish, my dear?" he said, after a little. His anger against Jeb had melted all away. "I'd give any-thing if there were something I could do for you. I feel as I could break the wish-ing-stone to bits to think it could do more for you than I. Tell me your wish," he said, softly." The book-keeper sighed as she stepped upon the stone. Conn was still holding singular in his thought of the dead; all the young men's hats went off in an in-stant, as we passed the churchyard lying on the other side of the river. But the sight of it had no saddening influence. From the cars behind us came sounds of talking and laughter, and between the gaps of my conversation with Conn's sis-ter, who was a trifle shy and difficult to draw, I could hear that Conn and the book keeper were not silent. We passe: We passed w weeks apo had flamed with red berries, of which a

Bat Conn only shook his head with a laugh, and continued his conversation. St. Kieran's stations are a good two miles beyond the tree which Conn had made famous. When we got as near them as the road went, we dismounted, and turning the cars into the hedge, tethered the horses and left them to graze be the road-side. We were a straggling

tethered the horses and let them to graze by the road-side. We were a straggling party going up the hill, Conn and the book-keeper leading the way. They had not ascended very far before they reached a level bit of ground, out of which rose a high, flat-surfaced stone, with an Irish cross carved in relief upon it. This was the first of the stations, and here the party stood for a minute or two, the men with uncovered heads. Then Conn and with uncovered heads. Then confi and the book-keeper led the way to the next; and so we went on till a rather long cir-cuit had been completed. Most of the stations are only marked by a small mound of stones, but out of these mounds

Jeb Donovan was not now attending to me, but was looking among the crowd for some face he could not see. "What has become of Conn ?" he asked. "And of Miss Johnson?" cried several, looking about

stretched, asked her whether she was vexed with him, and not to mind that stupid fellow Jeb Donovan. "Oh, Conn," she cried, impetuously, "I'm glad you are come. Take me to this stone they speak of. I must stand upon it, too. I have something to wish for."

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NOVEMBER

tude. When she re found her poor child cold in its dismal pri-that in further proof giveness, Renan rest of its mother's wicke Out of evil, as so sulted in this instar the people were cor grandow and his cour their influence the the tribes with whic The reaction that no rise to questioning? rise to questioning of the Saint. Once that he was not on t to gain heaven, and to change his abode The third hermit The third hermit his last resting plas-in the Forest of No for the remaining Y lowed to fulfil the i —that of a solitary spot he died at the His festival is obse brated in his honor terre and Cornou year. In the mid Renan were trans-oratory at Soc Rei subsequently a erected through Counts of Cornoua where the bitteres His relices are still here many favo where many favo through his interc towns which are c

> Oh ! holy St. R. humility and rest trials and contra-sustained by the ings of our Divi source whence the God derived stre bitter hours of

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stations are only marked by a small mound of stones, but out of these mounds rise in some cases stonessimilar in shape to that at the first stopping-place. These stones continue to be dignified by the name of crosses; but all signs of carving, if there ever was any, has been effacel by Time. Some of our number would throw a pabble upon the mounds as they left them behind. " It is the habit," said Dan, telling me what I knew already, for I found myself beside him in the crowd, and we went together thenceforth; and he added that it was in this way the memory had been preserved of those spots at which, many hundreds of years ago, the old saint who chose this wilder-ness for his retreat. was wont, according to tradition, to pause and meditate on some incident of our Saviour's Passion. As we moved forward, our little crowd was gradually sweilad by young boys and girls, and children, who seemed sudden-ly to spring from the ground, or came scampering from the silleside cabins we could see scattered about. Every time our company stopped and blessed them-selves, the young men pulling their hats off, the young women curtaeying, the children's romping would cease, and with finger in mouts they would look up at the taller people with sidelong glances, ready for merriment. The silent prayer over, our leaders would move on again, the rest of us following in loose order; while the children frisked about, running for-ward now to to look up into the bride's face, new hunting each other with gleeful cries. We were following over ground

the children instead of the bride's face, now hunting each other with gleeful cries. We were following over ground hardened by the tread of many genera-tions, who, like these peasants, walked in the hallowed footprints of the ancient saint, pausing where he pansed, repeat-ing prayers he prayed. Not always do pigrims come with the gaity of heart which filled our bridal party. Those tan-talizing stones at every station 1 Teey are dumb, and will never tell whether the votaries from whose hands they dropped, came from near at hand, or footsore from many miles away; whether in gratitude, or in sorrow to ask for some reversal of fate or for strength to bear a grief;

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