

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The first part of an athlete's training relates to the care of the stomach. The nourishing quality of his food is considered. The quantity he eats is carefully weighed and measured. It is curious and extraordinary thing only to be practiced in special circumstances.



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 in the race, it is neglect of the stomach.

Incessant dull headache aggravated by eating, flatulence, gnawing in the stomach, heartburn, acid eructations, 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.

Advertisement for 'CANNERT'S CARBOOL SOAP' with an illustration of a soap box and text describing its purity and emollient properties.

Advertisement for 'MENTHOL D&L PLASTER' with an illustration of a plaster box and text describing its relief for various pains.

Advertisement for 'The D. & L. EMULSION' with an illustration of a bottle and text describing it as a cod liver oil preparation.

Advertisement for 'O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt' with an illustration of a bottle and text describing its medicinal benefits.

Advertisement for 'Pyny-Pectoral' with an illustration of a bottle and text describing it as a cure for coughs and colds.

Advertisement for 'Home Cure For Drink' with text describing a healthful and safe treatment for alcoholism.

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE STATIONS.

The day of Conn's wedding came at last, and I shall not soon forget it. In the afternoon six cars were drawn up before the station to convey the wedding party proper all the way to Kieran-kill, and then back to the chapel where Father Moriarty was to perform the marriage ceremony about dusk.

It was 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 mounted the first as driver, and Conn as groom.

Shaking myself free of the unflattering 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 in the landscape had attracted his attention.

"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 peered down upon us for a minute, then vanished himself again, but he was not so easily 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.' 'The over a month since any one came this way; but because it happens to be the most inconceivable day of all others, as sure as I'm alive I'll have to attend to that gentleman to-night—and I best man, too!"

"Do you remember the fright you gave us, Conn? I think you tried to break your neck that day. Would you like to try again now?" But Conn only shook his head with a laugh, and continued his conversation.

It keeps us from feeling thirsty for the next four or twenty hours." "Is that supposed to prove any miracle, or quality in the water?" "Gad, I won't say that. But 'tis certain 'tis the well from which St. Kieran himself drank, and he was a blessed saint wedding it. We'll make room for you on one of the cars; my father'll put you up for the night."

"No, Conn, no. The wind's fair, the tide serves, the boat and tackle are ready, and Jean Connolly and Biddy Curran's boys have promised to be here at night. I shall be tossing on the sea all night. But I'll think of you, my boy."

They hurried down the hill together hand in hand. "What do you wish, my dear?" he said, after a little. His anger against Job had melted all away.

And everybody at the well was looking about and crying. "Where are they at all at all?" Presently some one whispered, "Whisht!" And almost at the same moment there was a rush on tiptoe to the other side of the great pile of stones whence Dan, that great plain man, the Benjamin of Conn's brethren, had detected the absence below, and was gently beckoning to those nearest him with one hand, and eagerly enjoining silence with the finger of the other pressed back by Dan, pressing one another, with breath bated and hearts beating in sympathy with the actors in the scene below.

"Oh, look at Conn, may be he's not happy long before he'll be a fine young man!" "She's a fine young woman!" "She's a fine young man!" "She's a fine young woman!" "She's a fine young man!"

"You have not taken your wish, sir," said the form, "I don't know how to do it." "Never fear, sir, we'll tell you how." "And I don't know what to wish for." "Do you hear that, boys?" cried Conn, triumphantly turning to where the two cases stood grinning.

soon report, with its myriad echoes, bore the fame of his miracle far and wide. The hermitage of Renan soon ceased to be an abode of solitude. Day after day increasing numbers of applicants came to disturb his retirement, some seeking instruction and spiritual consolation, but many others, craving to be healed of bodily ailments through the efficacy of his prayers.

Travel weary and faint with hunger as the night began to close, the Saint was attracted by the light which shone from the cottage of a peasant who lived close to the bridge path that led through the forest. Directing his footsteps towards the spot, he found he could no longer enjoy uninterrupted converse with God.

At this time Grallon, Count of Quimper, was sovereign of this part of Brittany. Notwithstanding the prejudice taken by the chance his abode and the manner of life led came to the knowledge of the Count. Grallon was a pious and estimable man, naturally desirous to understand the motives that induced a man who, as he learned, was of so noble extraction as himself, and highly gifted, to have chosen to live in a remote place so far from the world.

At a very early period of his life Saint Renan, as we learn from his biographer, was withdrawn from the world, and he was an honored courtier at Tara, and consequently he possessed a position and a large number of adherents.

Accompanied by a trusty guide, a few days later he set out for the place, which he found empty. He had set his heart on the spot afterwards became the site of the town of Rosan in Leun, or in the native dialect, Soe Renan-Ar-Fang.

Here Renan built a little oratory, and beside it a wicker cell, and entered on his lonely life. Re-joining in the sweets of solitude and in undisturbed communion with God, he fondly looked forward to spending a few hours daily devoted to contemplation and prayer. The reputation for sanctity of the Irish hermit and the austere practices he practised soon became known throughout the country.

FOOTPRINTS OF IRELAND'S SAINTS.

In the current issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD we commence the publication of a series of short sketches of Irish Missionary Saints of the early centuries. It is a fact that the labors and toils of those early carriers of the Faith to the heathen countries of Europe are but little known, even to Irish people and their descendants of these sketches as they appear in the RECORD—and they will appear as regularly as circumstances will permit—will do much, it is hoped, to dispel the lamentable ignorance on such subjects which is only too prevalent. They will carry the readers back to the days, when the land of their forefathers was—as it deserved to be—"the Island of Saints and Scholars and Missionaries of the Faith."

Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Brittany—old fashioned in everything—is, for the Catholic traveller, one of the most interesting parts of Europe. No other portion of the old world has preserved its antiquity to such an extent, presenting to us a country and a people which have retained the features of an antique past, heedless of the influences that have wrought so many changes elsewhere.

Among the Irish saints of the sixth century whose names find a place on the map of Brittany is Saint Kieran. The little town that bears his name and honors him with a parish or pilgrimage festival every year in the midst of a district rich in Celtic remains and monuments, and altogether bearing its characteristic a striking resemblance to the great event of the year in this primitive locality of Northern France, and his memory is preserved ever fresh in the grate-ful hearts of his spiritual children, the Saint is quite forgotten in the land of his birth.

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When she found her poor child cold in his further progress, Renan rested of his mother's wishes, and as a result in this instance the people were content with the progress of the Good Grallon and his courtiers influence the tribes with which the reaction that rose to questioning the progress of the Saint. Once that he was on the way to gain heaven, and to change his abode in the third heaven, his last resting place in the Forest of Not, for the remaining years of his life he was allowed to follow the path of a solitary hermit.

Oh! holy St. Kieran, humility and poverty sustained by the ings of our Divine Father, who is God derived from a bitter hours of Amen.

SOME FALSE WHO ME And an Object It gives the reproduce the from our est- value, but as in the methods of Catholic truth. It is neither to impute lev- levelled inter- our faith. O honesty and on the other side, of ad- versary to of- ficer suc- cessful in- fusing ch- arity. It is better article: The editor Witness is outspoken. "an ex- posed un- dependent in all the profes- sion of this country. Christianity witnessed Christ's its fair- ness. We have be- come pre- ciation; re- tute cer- tainly which the oc- casion.

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