

THE CITY OF THE TRIBES.

When a descendant of the O'Flaherties to-day approaches the City of Galway, he is no longer awed by the encircling walls, flanked with their frowning towers, and the strong gates with the remarkable inscription: "From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us"; and the porticoes through which appeared the yawning cannon which so often woke the echoes among the hills of Clare when thundering a salute in honor of some royal ambassador or haughty baron, or when carrying their missiles of destruction amongst the besiegers, who so often marched against the devoted city, says A. O'Gorman, in the Dublin Leader.

TO-DAY THE SCENE IS CHANGED.

To-day the scene is changed, and on a fair or market day, the streets are thronged by crowds who represent all phases of civilization, from the most primitive to the most advanced forms. There is heard Munster Irish spoken by visitors from the Burren of Clare, side by side with the Connacht Irish, spoken in its purist form by the natives from the fens of the Maam-Turk, and the defiles of the Twelve Bens; by the islanders from Inishmore, Inishman, and Inishdeer; from Gormanman, and Lettermore; from Deenish and Mweenish; from Inishkeel and Inishboffin—lands where the souging of the winds among the rocks tells of coming disaster.

The islanders are easily distinguished from the inhabitants of the mainland, for, unlike the latter, they are dressed in garments which are spun, woven and made up in their own homes. They wear knitted, tasseled caps, something in the shape of a Tam-o'-Shanter, and their feet are protected by a kind of sandals called pampooties, which are made from hides tanned and prepared on the islands. Their peculiar footwear is due to the rocky nature of the ground, as ordinary foot-wear would be too cumbersome, and, besides, it would not endure for any length of time. The islanders mostly possess tall, graceful figures, which is set off to advantage by the cut of their garments. Their brows are deeply furrowed from exposure to the Atlantic gales. Their manners and customs are of the most primitive kind, and are the same to-day as those which prevailed among their ancestors in remote ages.

THE "CITY OF THE FISHERMEN."

To the south-west of Galway, beyond the great West Bridge, lies the Cladagh, which, about sixty years ago, had a population of three thousand, but which is now only about six hundred. Many of them emigrated to Boston, where for several generations they have monopolized the great fishing industry of Massachusetts' capital. The streets are narrow and irregular, and the houses, which mostly face the sea, are roofed with thatch, were built by the fishermen themselves, so that they only pay a ground rent, which averages about six or seven shillings per year. There is an open space in front of the village, on which it is proposed to build a hall for recreation, but the Cladagh men are sceptical that any instructor can be found who will be able to show them anything new in the way of repairing nets, etc. This hall could also be used as a show room for exhibiting toy boats and other toys, which some of the fishermen are adepts at making, and which would command a high price in the proper market.

There are thirty-five boats in the village, each of which is manned by three men, and they complain that the fishing has been very much injured by the trawlers, of which there are seventeen in the bay owned by Galway traders, and which, with their long nets, destroy the small fry. The fishermen did their best to have the trawlers removed, but in vain, and, with desponding looks, they now speak of the days when they had only to go out as far as the lighthouse, about two miles or so, to get a catch of whatever fish might happen to be in season, and when they were able to pay for building their own houses, so flush was the money in Cladagh in those good old times.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE CLADAGH

The fishermen were formerly a distinct community, and did not inter-

marry with the townspeople. They were governed by their own magistrates or mayor, whom they styled the "King of the Cladagh," and who was annually elected on the Eve of St. John, when bonfires were lighted, and around them the villagers spent the greater part of the night in dancing and merry-making, and, though the election of the king no longer takes place, they still keep the festival.

The fishing season opens about August 25, and on that day, if it happens to be fine, all the fishing boats, in the trimmest condition, and fully manned, form one long line. One of the Friars from the neighboring Dominican Convent enters the leading boat, and in processional order they all sail out to the lighthouse, where the sails are lowered, and the priest recites the Rosary, and the responses are answered by over a hundred fishermen, while their boats are swung from side to side by the waves. When the prayers are finished, holy water is sprinkled on the sea, and then the boats return home again in the same order. This ceremony, which has been continued from time immemorial, they never fail to carry out, and if by any chance August 15 is too rough for the boats to go out, the ceremony is deferred till the following Sunday. The Dominican Fathers assist at the ceremony in their turn, and when a very good year follows, they never forget the priest who assisted at the ceremony at the opening of that particular season.

A bride's dowry never consists of money, as in other places, but is either a boat, or a share in a boat, according to the means of her parents. The marriage ring, known as the Cladagh ring, is an heirloom handed down from mother to daughter, and is of gold, decorated with a heart supported by two hands. On certain days which are considered as unlucky, they do not go out to fish, even though during those days the sea may be so calm that—

"On its noon-day couch, windless and waveless,
Old ocean sinks to sleep."

But still, on these days, the fishermen will not trust themselves to the sea, even though word be brought that shoals of fish are swimming around.

There is one peculiarity of Galway trade which is worth mentioning, namely—its trade with the inhabitants dwelling on the seaboard between Spiddal and Clifden, with a coast-line of about one hundred miles. The inhabitants of the interior of Connemara have only the land to depend where the population is densest, have, in addition, the fishing, kelp, and turf industries, and, besides these there is another valuable asset, namely, the Gorteen or Irish moss which is brought into Galway in boat-loads, and is thence exported to England, where it is utilized for dyeing.

IN THE MIDST OF NATURE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

There is no peat to be had in the islands of Aran, or the north coast of Clare, and, consequently, large quantities of it are imported to those districts from the Connemara coast during the months of August, September, and October. Most of the shopkeepers who dwell on the coast of Cashla Bay, Great Bay, Camus Bay, Kilkieran Bay, Mweenish Bay, Bertraghboy Bay, Cashel Bay, and Roundstone Bay, by means of which they carry home cod from Galway, and in most cases they bring into that port a cargo of turf, or Irish moss. In the fore part of these boats is a little cabin, which serves as a bedroom and kitchen, and this arrangement is very economical for them, as sometimes, especially in the winter season, it happens that they are detained three or four days or a week in Galway harbor through stress of weather, and, as they bring their own food with them, they are not under much expense as they otherwise would be. It is no unusual thing in Galway at the same time, and the boatmen seem able to make the time pass pleasantly enough, as they have a lot of news to exchange when they meet. Others may be full of care, and may have to make the pace of their existence at feverish speed, but the Connemara boatman, whatever else he may lack, at all events, can afford to take the world easy amid healthy surroundings, and in the midst of nature's most beautiful scenery.

Health Talks.

POWER THROUGH REPOSE.

THE BODY'S GUIDANCE.

The literature relating to the care of the human body is already very extensive. Much has been written about the body's proper food, the air it should breathe, the clothing by which it should be protected, and the best methods of its development. That literature needs but little addition to it, until we, as rational beings, come nearer to obeying the laws which it discloses, and to feeling daily the help which comes from that obedience.

It is of the better use, the truer guidance, of this machine that I wish especially to write. Although attention is constantly called to the fact of its misuse, as in neglected rest and in over-strain, in all the unlimited variety which the perverted ingenuity of a clever people has devised, it seems never to have come to any one's mind that this strain in all things, small and great, is something that can be and should be studiously abandoned, with as regular a process of training, from the first simple steps to those more complex, as is required in the work for the development of muscular strength. When a perversion of Nature's laws has continued from generation to generation, we, of the ninth or tenth generation, can by no possibility jump back into the place where the laws can work normally through us, even though our eyes have been opened to a full recognition of such perversion. We must climb back to an orderly life, step by step, and the compensation is large in the constantly growing realization of the greatness of the laws we have been obeying. The appreciation of the power of a natural law, as it works through us, is one of the keenest pleasures that can come to man in this life.

The general impression seems to be that common-sense should lead us to a better use of our machines at once. Whereas, common-sense will not bring a true power of guiding the muscles, any more than it will cause the muscles' development, unless having the common-sense to see the need, we realize with the necessity for cutting a path and walking in it. For the muscles' development, several paths have been cut, and many are following them. For the muscles' best guidance, the way is still to be opened to the average man. The only training now in use is followed by sleight-of-hand performers, acrobats, or other jugglers, and that is limited to the professional needs of its followers.

Again, as the muscles are guided by means of the nerves, a training for the guidance of the muscles means, so far as the physique is concerned, first, a training for the better use of the nervous force. The nervous system is so wonderful in its present power for good or ill, so wonderful in its possible power, and so much more wonderful as we realize what we do not know about it, that it is not surprising that it is looked upon with awe. Neither is it strange that it seems to many, especially the ignorant, a subject to be shunned. It is not uncommon for a mother, whose daughter is suffering, and may be on the verge of nervous prostration because of her misused nerves, to say, "I do not want my daughter to know that she has nerves. The poor child knows it already in the wrong way. It is certainly better that she should know her nerves by learning a mother's remark is common with many men and women when speaking of themselves, common with pupils. It is, of course, quite natural that it should be a prevailing idea, because hitherto the mention of nerves by man or woman has generally meant perverted nerves, and to dwell on our perversions, except long enough to shun them, is certainly unwholesome in the extreme.

II.

PERVERSIONS OF THE BODY'S GUIDANCE.

So evident are the various, the numberless perversions of our powers in the misuse of the machine, that it seems almost unnecessary to write of them. And yet, from another point of view, it is very necessary:

"Beauty wanders every where,
But here home is surely there,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!"

But those who have cycled along by the shore of Killarney Bay, and through the valleys of the Twelve Bens, and who have explored Kilmaree, Ballynahinch, Lough Inagh, and Gorman, would, I am inclined to think, take objection to the poet's contention that beauty's home is in Killarney.

About sixty years ago Galway was the capital of Connacht in the real sense of the word, for at that time the shopkeepers of the towns in the West had their eyes turned towards Galway, as they now have them turned towards Dublin. In those days Galway distributed through the West the products of her own factories, but after the advent of free trade the Dublin merchants came along with foreign-made goods and gradually captured the markets.

for superabundant as they are, thrusting their evil results upon us every day in painful ways, still we have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, and for want of a fuller realization of these most grievous mistakes, we are in danger of plunging more and more deeply into the snarls to which they bring us. From nervous prostration to melancholia, or other forms of insanity, is not a long step. It is of course a natural sequence that the decadence of an entire country must follow the waning powers of the individual citizen. Although it cannot be too much when we consider even briefly the results that have already come to us through this very misuse of our own voluntary powers. The advertisements of nerve medicines alone speak loudly to one who studies in the least degree the physical tendencies of the nation. Nothing proves better the artificial state of man, than the artificial means he uses to try to adjust himself to Nature's laws, means which in most cases, serve to assist him to keep up a little longer the appearance of natural life. For any simulation of that which is natural must sooner or later lead to nothing, or worse than nothing. Even the rest cures, the most simple and harmless of the nerve restorers, serve a nervous end. Patients go with nerves tired and worn out with misuse, commonly called overwork. Through rest, Nature, with the warm, motherly help she is ever ready to bring us, restores the worn body to a normal state; but its owner has not learned to work the machine any more naturally, or with a gentler hand. He knows he must take life more easily, but even with a passably good realization of that necessity, he can practice it only to a certain extent, and most occupants of rest cures find themselves driven back more than once for another "rest."

Nervous disorders, resulting from over-work, are all about us. Extreme nervous prostration is most prevalent. A thoughtful study of the faces around us, and a better understanding of their lives, brings might almost say, in a chronic state of nervous prostration, which lasts for years before the break comes. And because of the want of thought, the want of study for a better, more natural use of the machine, few of us appreciate our own possible powers. When with study the appreciation grows, it is a daily surprise, a constantly increasing delight.

Extreme nervous tension seems to be so peculiarly American, that a German physician confining to this country to practice became puzzled by the variety of nervous disorders he was called upon to help, and finally announced his discovery of a new disease which he chose to call "Americanitis." And now we suffer from "Americanitis" in all its unlimited varieties. Doctors study it; nerve medicines are sold on every street; and rest-cures establish themselves; and rest-cures innumerable spring up in all directions—but the root of the matter is so comparatively simple that in general it is overlooked entirely.

When illnesses are caused by disobedience to the perfect laws of Nature, a steady, careful obedience to these laws will bring us to a healthy state again.

Nature is so wonderfully kind that if we go one-tenth of the way, she will help us the other nine-tenths. In hoping for a place to get in, so quickly does she take possession of us, if we do but turn towards her ever so little. But instead of adopting her simple laws and following quietly her perfect way, we try by every artificial means to gain a rapid transit back to her dominion, and succeed only in getting farther away from her. Where is the use of taking medicines to give us new strength, while at the same time we are steadily disobeying the very laws from the observance of which alone the strength can come? No medicine can work in a man's body while the man's habits are constantly counteracting it. More harm than good is done in the end. Where is the use of all the quieting medicines if we only quiet our nerves in order that we may continue to misuse them without their crying out? They will cry out sooner or later; for Nature, who is so quick to help us to the true way of living, loses patience at last, and her punishments are justly severe. Or we might better say, a law is fixed and immovable, and if we disobey and continue to disobey it, we suffer the consequences.

III.

REST IN SLEEP.

How do we misuse our nervous force? First, let us consider when should the body be completely at rest? The longest and most perfect rest should be during sleep at night. In sleep we can accomplish nothing in the way of voluntary activity either of mind or body. Any nervous or muscular effort during sleep is not only useless but worse—it is pure waste of fuel, and results in direct and irreparable harm. Realizing fully that sleep is meant for rest, that the only gain is rest, and that new powers for use come as a consequence—how absurd it seems that we do not abandon our selfish completely to gaining all that Nature would give us through sleep. Suppose, instead of eating our dinner, we should throw the food out

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On Friday afternoon last fire destroyed the splendid new church at Newport, Gaspé Co. The cure, Rev. Father St. Laurent, gave the alarm by the ringing of the church bell, and in a few moments the whole settlement was at work, and that they did good work is testified by the saving of the presbytery and other buildings, some of which were, however, greatly damaged. The church was built in 1892, and the interior was still unfinished. The loss will be heavy; there was no insurance on the decorations, on which the loss amounted to about \$1500 and the loss of the church is only partly covered by insurance.

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