

The Carrick Piper.

AN IRISH BALLAD
The sun has hid his rosy face behind old Slava-na-moon.
And from the dim Wash-Mountain slopes the night is creeping on.

sovereign, and always carried his Book of Fate at his saddle bow.
At all events we may find out what will happen to her, and he commenced turning the pages of the great book.

The poor man was surprised to see him turn pale and crimson alternately as he scanned the mystic symbols contained in the Book of Fate; but when again he raised his head to address the peasant it was with a smiling countenance.

Many years afterwards, Sir Cahir, with several of his friends, came riding along the banks of the Shannon and halted at the fisherman's cabin to partake of luncheon.

Picture his surprise and trepidation when he discovered that this maiden was the very creature he had thrown into the broad river many years previously! Excusing himself to his friends, he hastened back to the cottage and asked the fisherman if he would permit his daughter to carry a message from him to his brother who resided near Killee.

stones around your neck and throw your lifeless body into the sea—so prepare!

The unfortunate maid renewed her entreaties, and promised upon oath that if he would spare her life she would never cross his path again.

"She is a strange girl, Sir Cahir," said the host apologetically. "She came begging to my door and I took her in on her own statement; pray do not condemn her too severely."

Scarcely able to conceal her emotions young Marguel, the cook, with the diamond ring glittering on her finger entered the hall. The assembled guests, when they saw the wondrous beauty, were about to break forth in a thunder of applause, when Sir Cahir started to his feet and drew forth his dagger.

Then the proud knight bent down his head, not in humiliation but in sorrow, for he saw that whatever God decrees must be fulfilled. A few days later on his brother, the Knight of Killee, paid a visit to Sir Cahir's mansion on the banks of the Shannon.

"I have hastened here," said the knight, "to pay my respects to my nephew and his lovely bride, whom I intend to crown with as much gold as she can balance with her own weight."

And this is all, gentle reader, that I can record of this ambitious but humbled knight, who was known as Sir Cahir the Proud.

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES OF ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOO-ENAY CURE. IT HAS A RECORD OF CURES UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF ANY REMEDY.

There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is one of the most intractable of diseases. Its symptoms are so severe and the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly give anything, do anything, get relief.

Physicians are often at their wit's end to know what to do with cases of this nature, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe for their patients Ryckman's Koo-enay Cure. So far we know of ten medical men who have either used it or recommended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 414 Park Ave., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is tormented by a grateful woman for having been cured by Koo-enay of an Eczema of five years' standing. The disease had spread all over her body and was a constant source of irritation, so much so that she was unable to obtain more than one hour's sleep at a time.

Nothing a bad man owns can be so useful as a good medicine.

FARM AND GARDEN

As a general rule, the smaller the seed the lighter should be the covering. We are very apt to cover too deeply. Onions, parsnips, cabbages and lima beans, especially, especially, as they push up through much depth of earth, after it is packed down by rains.

Drained land will become warm and ready for the plow a week or more sooner than undrained land, as drainage is not intended to flow the water off from the surface, but to allow it to pass downwards. As the water goes down the air follows, warms the soil and introduces free oxygen and nitro-gen, which assist in affecting chemical changes and also permit the utilization of free nitrogen by the roots of certain plants, through the agency of bacteria.

The xx-oye daisy is an exceedingly troublesome weed; in fact, a dangerous invader on the farm. It spreads quite rapidly and soon takes possession of a field. Flaming it under and planting that will require thorough cultivation is the only really efficient method of getting rid of the pest where it has established a foothold.

How best to keep the house cool in summer is a grave problem," writes Home Journal. During the hot months the house is much more livable if artificial heat can be cut down to the minimum. Use the stove early in the morning, prepare certain things that will keep well, and avoid the necessity of a bare fire during the rest of the day.

The conventional lightning-rods that one sees over houses and barns in the country and small towns afford but little protection to the buildings. Small as this security is it is wholly lost if the so-called conductors are improperly constructed, and not in perfect order, when they, in fact, become an absolute menace to the building they are reared to guard.

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The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, obviates all this, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sore injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

DOMESTIC READING.

Criticism must never be sharpened into animosity. The man who rides a hobby will not believe that the world is big. A flower garden is a great teacher; it is an emblem of purity and love. He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not—Seneca.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth. As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship. It is necessary in acting to conform to rules, and in judging to take exceptions into account.

Our own actions are the accidents of fortune that we sometimes place to the credit of luck or misfortune. There is an immense profundity of thought in commonplace phrases. They are holes dug by generations of ants.

A conscience apart, a morality apart, a religion apart! These things, by their very nature, cannot be private. One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is that it is not the tax on his memory that a lie would be.

The qualities of your friends will be those half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends. Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is satisfied; the shell without a kernel is not fit for store.

Moderate your desires, so that with little you may be content, remembering that contentment is in itself a great gain. Do not think that the Devil tempts only men of genius. He has contempt for fools, but he does not disdain their collaboration.

To think what one does not feel is to lie to oneself. All that one thinks should be thought with our whole being, soul and body. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name.

The goal is not always placed to be attained, but to serve as a point to be aimed at. Such is the precept of "Love your enemies." The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger—the most upright is he who does not hesitate to do that which is right.

Nobility and titles of honor, conferred upon such as have no personal merit to deserve them, are at best but the royal stamp set on base metal. For NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcers and sores on my legs; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic anæmia later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla together with plenty of wholesome food and out-door exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Grandmother: "Now, Minnie, what's the plural of penny?" Minnie: "Plural of penny, grandmas? Why, pence, of course."

Fond Father: "I want to tell you a funny thing my little girl said the other day." Grampy Old Bachelor: "Don't. Bury it in a magazine."

Conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?" Little Girl: "If the conductor doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

"I never saw anybody in my life as prejudiced and envious as Mrs. Vimberis." "That is true. Even the brooms she uses are always biased."

"Do you think I will run to night?" asked a citizen of the policeman. "I don't know, sir. I've only been on the force one week," replied the policeman.

"How to raise a boy" is the leading article in a magazine for family reading. The best way known is to show the boy a telegraph pole that overlooks a circus.

Askins: "How will it be when the New Woman reigns?" Grimshaw: "Oh, I suppose the only difference will be that 'trousseau' will be spelt 'trousers'."

Mrs. De Stoule: "Did you enjoy the opera?" Mrs. Ferguson: "Very much. We had a box, and the Bjornes sat right opposite us in the mezz. It was glorious."

Old Man: "That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night." Young Man: "Yes, father; I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

Hostess: "Now, dears, what would you like to eat?" The Dears: "Mother said we might eat anything you gave us—only we mustn't touch your nasty ices."

Hopkins: "There's no reform about these bloomers the women are wearing." Brown: "Why?" Hopkins: "I find it just as hard as ever to find my wife's pocket."

"Why, Mrs. Parvonn, this is unmistakably an old master," said the enthusiastic caller. "That's just what I told John. I'll send it back to have it repainted and a new frame put on."

"Don't you think the true principle of life is for all mankind to go hand in hand?" "I don't know about that. There are times and places when mankind has to have one hand on his pocketbook."

Aunt Dorothy: "How many Commandments are there, Johnny?" Johnny (glily): "Ten." Aunt Dorothy: "And now, suppose you were to break one them?" Johnny (tentatively): "Then there'd be nine."

Author: "I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night, hour after hour thinking about my literary work." His Friend: "How very foolish of you! Why don't you get up and read portions of it?"

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