The Carrick Piper.

The sue has hid his rosy face behind old Sliav.na men.
And from the dim Walsh Mountain slopes the night is creeping on.
Il sling the pipes upon my back and though the heavens frown.
With Mary's aid it is speed hie on the way to Carrick Town.

I met callin there below. God bless her sumy face.
"Cead millin falla guth," says she,
"you're welcome "t the place:
"The Own Donnell's welding ove, he'll thank you to go down
And play the boys that merry to o,
"The Homes o' Carrick Town."

"Mo called false, tis glad I do another time to stay, to time to stay, to the to the time to stay. But Moral false must hasten to a cotta of far away.

Bocause my head they say is red—a trill me 'loxy Mechul' on the way to Carrick Town.

"Sure an I weren't home to night 'tis Sheele that d peut, And latth Receda "Moonbeam Hair," would cry her blue eyes out. They's sodd and too o till rost or case I never would be knowin' for piping at a wedding on the way to Carriek Town.

Troth, Silav-na-mon, you're rising there so mighty proud and high.
The angels quite conveniently can step from out the sky
To guard the peaceful Ormoade homes from Graupe to Ardna-gown.
When might's black wings are darkening the way to Carrick Town.

tin Mochul and his merry pipes are welcome where they go.
The very streams call out to me like neighbors as they flow,
and every man and vanishoe from Banelin to Fiddown
Are hike my own first cousins on the way to Carrick Town.

way to CATRICK TOWN.
Old Major Trant lived there beyant a landlord harsh and grim,
He wreeked a hundred happy homes till Satan came for him.
And when he died, with pomp and pride, they laid his bedy down,
While wailing widows cursed him, on the way to Carriek Town.

Och I Famine and oppression are more ame than shotted gus, ame than shotted gus, and "Gallant Tipperary's" homes bowdil her boldest sons; Yet still are fonde in those broad vales, my fondest hopes 'twould crewn: Their weapons sheen and banner green in arch te mCarrick Town.

You moon that rises big and sad full many a mem'ry brings
Of youth and hope that once were mue near Cashel of the Kungs;
Since then by Galtee's valloys and the slopes of Knock-mel-Dhown
My restless step 1 have wandered weary leagues from Carrick Town.

The gentle Suir flows ever pure by old Tybroughnoy's Tower,—
By many a meadow daisy-starred and a many a queenly bower.
And Congrov's Wood and Curragh-Mortho beauteous prospect crown,
Tis like a glimpse of theaven on the way to Carrick Town.

Now praise to Mary's holy Son, there shines the cottage light, Ah son I'll see my Breeda's eyes with welcome beaming birght. How sweet is home to them that roam, we may be succeed the subject of the state of the s

REV. J. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-r

thee_Little woman of the house ; landlade

SIR CAHIR THE PROUD.

PATRICK BARDEN IN CORK EXAMINER.

Parrior Barden in Corr Examiner.

On the margin of the River Shannon, not far from the historic city of Limerick, the mouldering ruins of an ancient castle continue to attract the attention of the antiquarian tourist, though all traces of its architecture have crumbled into dust. Tradition has it that it was once the palatial residence of a noble knight who was known to his contemporaries as Sir Cahir the Proud. In person he was tail and handsome, and his manners extremely courteous, but he was uncharitableaud inhospitable to a remark able degree, and he was often heard to assert that the lady who would become the bride of his only son and heir should be possessed of her own weight in gold, and be able to trace her pedigree back to fitlesius, King of Spain, who was the remote ancestor of all the kings and princes of Erin.

One day, as he was riding through the most impoverished quartor of the city, he happened to observe a poorly-lead, middle-aged man standing at the door of a wretched hovel folding a new born baby in his arms. The man appeared to be in great trouble, and Sir Cahir was curtous to know the reason, though he did not intend relieving his distress.

"Why art thou sad, worthy parent?" he called out, as he reined uphishorse near the door. "Alas, noble knight," reolied the man, "my wife has already given me six sons and now she presents me with a daughter! Providence was very unkind to me, for I cannot obtain food for so large a family, though if this infant had been a son, instead of a daughter, I might hope for some relief, as he would then be a gifted doctor, fit to heal incurable evils by the impression of his hand. Wee is me that it has been born into the world!"

"Perhaps you may be wrong," said the knight, who was an adept in

orld !"
"Perhaps you may be wrong," said | W
knight, who was an adept in yo

sorcery, and always carried his Book of Fate at his saddle bow." At all lowents 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 crumon 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. "Be not disheartened, old man," he said, "for though your child not attain to distunction, still her path in life will be smooth and her highest aspirations will be satisfied. As I have no daughter I will adopt your child on the cole condition that you will not claim her again or seek to inquire after her welfare."

The poor man was only too glad to get rid of his shild on such advantage.

again or seek to inquire after her welfaro."

The poor man was only too glad to get rid of his child en such advantage-ous terms; he thanked the knight from his heart and placed the baby in his arms. The latter threw him a ft w pieces of silver and rode away with all sp. 4ts the banks of the Shannon. Here he dismounted, and having wrap pd. the infant in his riding cloak threw it far into the river. Then he remounted his steed and galloped away rejoining, for he thought that he had ball did the crool design of Fate.

But the great Ruler of the universe ordained that the child should not persely income the face of the universe ordained that the child should not be shown in the poposite shore, where a fisherman discovered it and carried it home to his cottage.

ins cottage.

Many years afterwards, Sir Gahr, with soveral of his friends. came riding along the banks of the Shannon and halted at the fisherman's cabin to partake of luncheon. A young girl of surpassing beauty waited upon them, and when they had taken their de parture one of Sir Gahir's companions praised her grace and lovelness to such a degree that the knight felt an irresistible desire to consult his great power as to her future destiny.

Proture his surprise and trepidation when he discovered that this maiden was the very creature he had thrown into the broad river many years proviously! Excusing himself to his frends, 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 Kilkee. The unsuspecting fisherman gave a willing assent, and the girl was immediately dispated with a sealed letter, which for greater safety she carried in her purse. When night came on she took up her lodging in a little wayside inn, and having been shown to a private bedroom she divested herself of her clothes and soon sank into a peaceful alumber. That very night a thief (fiected an entrance to the inn and found his way to the maiden's room. Observing her purse lying on the table he instantly secured it, but discovering it contained nothing except a letter, he carefully removed the seal and road it. It contained but one senter ce, and it was this:

Dran Brother—Part the bearer to death immediately.

The thief gazed upon the innocent face of the sleeper for a few moments, his heart filled with compassion, and taking out a pencil he forged a note in the handwriting of the knight, to the following effect:

Dran Brother—Marry the bearer to death immediately.

The thief gazed upon the innocent face of the sleeper for a few moments, his heart filled with compassion, and taking out a pencil he forged a note in the handwriting of the knight, to the following effect:

Dran Brother—Marry the bearer to death immediately.

The their gazed promise of t

stone around your neck and throw your lifeless body into the sea-so

At length nor tears and implorations softomed the adamantine heart of
Sir Cahir a little, so that he sheathed
his dagger and taking a diamond ring
from his finger he flung it into the
ea. "Swear to me," he cried, "that
you will not come into my presence or
that of my son until that ring is on
your finger, and I will saffer you to
depart unmolested." She swore accordingly to his dictation, and then
fled away in wild terror as long as her
limbs were able to bear her. At last
she found herself in a strange part of
the country where she was oblight to
beg for food. A wealthy nobleman
having noticed her bearty and grace
ful bearing took compa-sion on her
miserable state and admitted her into
his service as cook. One day a number
of guests arrived for dinner and as it
happened to be a fast day the cook was
ordered to preparesome fish. In clean
in; one of the fishes sheaw something
glutter inside it, and on locking closer
she found it to be Sir Cahir s damond
ring! "Would to God," she cried,
as she drew it on her finger, "that
they beloved 0 sear and his cruef father
were here to behold this miracle! At
last my prayers have been heard!"
Notwithstanding her agitation she
succeeded in cooking the dinner to
perfection, and while the guests were
discussing the meal one of the noblemen inquired-the name of the cock.

"She is a strange girl, Sir Cahir,"
said the host apologetically. "She Sir Cahir a little, so that he sheathed

men inquired the name of the cook.

"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."

not condemn her too severely."

"By heaven I commend her instead of finding fault with her, for a better cooked dish I have never caten—just let us see what she is like." The young cook was ordered to make a hasty toilet and appeared in the dining hall where, as the butler gallantly put it, Sir Cahir the Peoud and his gloomy son, Oscar, were waiting to receive her!

Sir Cahir the Froud and his gloomy son, Oscar, were waiting to receive her!

Scarcely able to conceal her emotions young Murgeal, the cock, with the diamond rung 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. But Murgeal only smiled and held up her hand on which he saw his costly ring. Oscar, too, her young and loving husband, sprang from his east and clasped his long lost bride in his arms.

Then the proud knight bent down his head, not in humiliation but in serrow, for he saw that whatever God decrees must be fulfilled. A few days later on his brother, the Knight of Kilkee, paid a visit to Sir Cahir's mansion on the banks of the Shannon. He was secompanied by a poorly-nabited old man, who earried a parch-

Kilkee, paid a visit to Sir Canir's mansion on the banks of the Shaunon. He was secompanied by a poorly-habited old man, who carried a parchment roll under his arm.

"I have hastened here," said the hnight, "to pay my respects to my nephew and his lovely bride, whom I intend to cower with as much gold as she can balance with her own weight. This poor man is Donagh O'Brien, her worthy parent, and if you have any taste for such things, Sir Cahir, you can trace his pedigree back to Milesius, King of Spain, in this old parchment roll."

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

THIM I PADIUMAND TAIM
TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES OF
ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. IT HAS A
RECORD OF CURES UNEQUALLED IN THE
HISTORY OF ANY REMEDY

There is no escaping the fact that forema is one of the most intractable of

There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is noe 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, to get relic.

Physicians are of get relic.

Physicians are of which cases of this arms, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe for their patients Ryckman's Kootenny Cure. So far we know of ten medical men who have either used it or recommended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 440 Park Avc., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is the day a grateful woman for having been cured by Kooten To die as barding the cured by Kooten To die as barding when the control of the contro

ddress. One bottle lasts over a month.

Nothing a bad man owns can

FARM AND GARDEN

As a general culo, the smaller the seed the lighter should be the cover-ing. We are very apt to cover too deeply. Onions, parsnips, tq-asshes and lima beans, cool plants, especially, as until up the shells of the as push up the shells of the seed itself, and it difficult to force their seed itself, and it difficult to force their way up through much depth of earth, after it is packed down by rains. A quarter, or half an inch at most, is quite sufficient for these seeds. Oare should be taken that no lumps of earth should be let over them. We like long rows of teats, carrots, parsnips, etc., and don't believe in wasting half the land in usedess paths and walks with short rows running crosswise. Long rows are more casily worked and kept clean than short ones, and the labor for the same number of plants in long rows is less than in short ones.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Drained land wiii 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 ritro 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. Although such has not been fully demonstrated, it is believed to be a fact. Drained land produces larger yields than undrained and can provide a much larger proportion of plant food to crops. There seems to be a general acknowledgment among farmers that shredded corn fodder, ton for ton, is more valuable than the fact, there are many farmers who declare that cattle that are freely fed with shredded cornstalks will get sore mouths, and if left to their own choice will soon go back to the whole fodder in preference. Drained land will become warm an

fodder in preference.

The xx-oye daisy is an exceedingly troublesome weed; in fao, a dangerous invader on the farm. It spreads both by seed and roots, and will soon take quite complete possession of a field. Plowing it under and planting crops that will require thorough cultivation is the only really efficient, metical of getting rid of the pest where it has established a foothold. The only thing you could do with the daisy-infested fields this season is to cut does with the mower, and when dry enough burn them on the fields. Then it fields can be plowed and gotten r. ady for buckwheat, which should be planted about the tenth of July. You can also, if the soil is good, plow now and sow millet or corn for fodder, either of which will bring a better crop than infested daisy fields. There should be a united effort among farmers to exterminste this greatly uning farmers to exterminate this greatly increasing pest, for it is really ruining many farm fields.

moreasing pest, for it is ready running many larm fields.

"How best to keep the house cool in summer is a grave problem," writes Mrs.-S. T. Rover in The July Ladies' 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 foods that will keep well, and avoid the necessity of a big fire during the rest of the day. Bare floors are very much more pleasant in summer than straw matting, although the latter is proferable to carpets or rugs. Where one can command a water supply the house is measurably cooled by reducing the temperature of the parement and grounds around by copious sprinklings. A goodly stream of new arr ahould be allowed to sweep through the entire house morning and evening. The hot air of midday will condense quickly on old walls and cause mould or dampness, consequently it should not be allowed to enter any portion of the house. All the comes in the house should be kept scrupulously clean and neat."

louse should be kept scrupulously clean and neat."

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. It is essential, if the conventional rod is to be set up, that the work be netrusted to reliable and capable persons, otherwise it may become a shining invitation to dangers. It is probable, therefore, all things considered, that a building is as well, if not better, protected without such conductors as are in general use as with them. It is safe to assert that the great majority of buildings damaged or destroyed by lightning were provided with lightning-rods, and in the majority of these cases the conductors invited the thunder-bolts, and for some cause, probably improper construction, could not lead the lightning harmlessly to the earth — J. E. Powell in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Counting and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchists or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Inches Eckernic On obvises all this entirely, safely and september of languages, sores injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

DOMESTIC READING.

Criticism must never be sharpened into anatomy.

The man who rides a hobby will not believe that the world is big

A flower gardon is a great teacher it is an embiend of purity and love. He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.—

encea. No pleasure is comparable to the tanding upon the vantage ground of

As frost to the bud, and blight to he blossom, even such is gelf-interest o friendship.

to friendship.

It is necessary in acting to conform to rules, and i.i judging to take exceptions into account.

Hast thou seen anyone wise in his own concert? There shall be more hope of a fool than of him.

Our own actions are the accidents of fortune that we sometimes place to the credit of luck or misfortune.

There is an imm nsc profoundors 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.

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 satis-fied; the shell without a kernel is not fit for store.

Make more use of your ears than your tongue. One often repents of laving spoken, but seldom of having kept silence.

Rudeness to your inferiors will never command their respect. Polite-ness will always blunt the venom of the vulgar. Moderate your desires, so that with

little you may be content, remember ing that contentment is in itself great gain.

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. 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 afford-ing 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, con-

Nobility and titles of honor, con-ferred 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, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of re saw recommended for such disease, but could get no reliof. I at last was recommended to give Dn. Thouas' Ecterate Ott a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally, in a complete cure. I believe its the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

PERFSTRE PER.

Grandmother "Now, M that's the plural of penny?" Mo Piaral of penny, grandma? Opponee, of course."

Indge (to prisoner): "Your statement does not agree with the evidence of the last witness." "I don't wonder. He's a bigger liar than I am."

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

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

statistics."

"I never saw anybody in my life as prejidiced and enesided as Mea. Vimbers is." "That is true. Even the brooms she uses are always bussed."

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

man.

"How to raise a boy is the leading atticle 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 Stoile. "Did you erjoy
the opers." Mrs. Fushion. "Very
much. We had a box, and the
Bjoneses at right opposite us in the
orcle. 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 musn'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."

my wife's pocket."
"Why, Mrs. Parvenu, this is un-mistakably an old master," said the enthusiactic caller. "Taat's just what I told Johu. I'll send it back to have it repainted and a new frame put on."

put on."

"Jim Scorcher has just returned from a bicycle ride around the world. He is going to write a book about it."

"What is he going to call it?"

"People I Have Run Up Against."

or 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 markind has to have one hand on its pocketbook." Auni Dorothy: "How many Com-

Aunt Dorothy: "How many Commandments are there, Johnny?"
Johnny (glibly): "Ten." Aunt
Dorothy: "And now, suppose you
were to break one them?" Johnny
(tentatively): "Then there'd be nine.'
Author: "I am troubled with insomnis. 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?"

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

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