

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS.

(An Irish Ballad.)
By Rev. J. B. Dollard, in Donahoe's Magazine for May.
I'm leavin' of Kilronan,
An' I'm goin' ten mile away,

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

(After Milligan, in the Irish Emerald.)
"She is as fit to be my bride as this sword is for my side,
Said the Rapparee rover, dashing
Brian Connell."

to rape upon the moon. Why hast thou then come here?
The head sunk upon his chest. "To save fate's wrath, Eibhlín, to one I shall see no more."

THE FIRST OF MAY
The murmuring waters flow
On through the vale below
Where birds are awaying plays
With their notes of praise,

HOW TIM DENBY WENT A-COURTING.
"Vous're a fool, Tim!"
"An' I, father? Well, if ever I marry and have a son who is a fool, I'll hold my tongue about it."

looked too new and the works would cover it with snow and shroud it with clouds but the foot and ankle let it a rostrum of gold and people did not mind.
"Hallo!" laughed Tim, as he walked slowly up the drive and noted a very smart dog with a groom in neat livery and with a chestnut horse at the head.

ing," said Danks, speaking as if Tomlin's Junior had come for a check or with something to sell. "Be civil to him, and if you don't like him say so nicely, mind."

THE LATE FATHER ELENA.

The Berlin News-Record of April 27 has the following:
Our readers will be grieved to hear of the death of Rev. L. Elena, LL.D., V.G., for many years one of the most prominent figures in the Roman Catholic ranks of our province, which took place at 4.30 yesterday afternoon, at St. Jerome's College, due to the frailty of old age.

THE DECEASED.

The deceased was born in Tyrol, Austria, in September, 1817, of an illustrious family, and studied at the Universities of Padua, Italy. He graduated there as a Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, and practiced his profession for a number of years, and was also a member of the Landtag of Tyrol.

THE DECEASED.

Tim Denby's nose was not soft and little, but of the opposite, and what he was not a stupid fool, strong and generally sturdy manly look as he sat there in his easy suit of white flannel, he was not a man of whom a father need be ashamed even if he did call him a fool.

THE DECEASED.

There was a tableau.
Fanny started back to Tim's left; Tomlin's Junior made a step to his right, and Tim stood smiling and contented, framed in the doorway-frame and figure being well worth a second glance.

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On the evening of April 7th, 1899, the members of Branch No. 51, M.C.B.A., Barrie, held a very successful social in their hall. The following programme was presented to the satisfaction of all present: Instrumental solo, Miss Lena Dalton; Instrumental duet, Misses Mary Moran and Ella Mahoney; vocal solo, Miss Clara Byrne, instrumental solo, Misses Mary Moran and Ella Mahoney; vocal solo, Miss Alice Lohan; vocal solo, Miss Ella Mahoney; chorus, Maple Leaf and Girl. Save the Queen, by Mr. T. F. O'Meara. The programme was evidently much enjoyed by the hearty encores which followed each number, after which lunch was provided by the ladies. Cards were then indulged in until about 11.30, when all departed for home pleased beyond all comprehension with the social evening.