THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1899.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS. (An Irlsh Ballad.) By Rev. J. B. Dollard, in D. Magazine for May.

Magazine for May. I m leavin' of Kiironan, An' I'm goin' ten mile away, To the back of Nephin mountal Where the gonite rivers play I miast have the wicked ocean That has caused my weo of w Por its cryin' waves they rack When the weat wind blows. 008

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the

"I have not forgotten," said Eibhlin, "I have not forgotten," said Eibhlin, "one word that you told me: nor the old book that you brought me from Dublin and that I read to you aloud, Doet thou remember?" "How should I?" said Brian. "I looked on your mee all the while; why should I think of the book?" Eibhlin sighed, 'I had theuses

Should a timik of the book?" Elbhin sighed. 'I had thought this would be remembered; it was a sweet tale of true love, from which, Brian, you mikul Live tearned something that would have warned you of your fate to-night." "What book was it ?" said Brian, wonderbre

"The the forture of a mother When her trensured ones are lost, An' she see tho bitter water to lost, An' she see tho bitter water to lost of Where their could limbs are tossed ! Oh, black the hour they sailed awy The ansry clouds areas An' their bed is damp and troubled Where the weets wind blows !

I heard the Bansheo walln', An' woko in heavy fright; I cald, "My Nell and Moran, For I heard the banshee cryin' Where the haunted hazel grows, An' the will cound, her keenin' When the weet wind holves!"

Wy gold-hinded Morau kirsed me, (On 1 bleeding heart so sere l): "The back well be at moraln', "Why hear the brinning boat galore; "The hone well come at moraln', When the full tide fews," An i, his vords are with me ever When the west wind blows.

I'm leavin' of Kilronan. An' the ocean's wicked waves, My keenest wee hat never I may kneel oer their graves; But 71 pray to God, our Father, Ke will grant their souls repose; He will ease my bitter sorrow, While the west wind blows!

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

to gape upon the moon. Why h thou then come here ?" His head suck upon his chest. " say fate sell, Eibhlin, to one I shall Why hast us, ind speak highly to her sav fare veel, Eibhilt, to one I shull see no .not ' "Then you love me no more, Brian, "Then you love me no more, Brian, since this meeting is the hast. You love me no more as you swote you did that day when you came home wound-ed from Owen's great battle in the north, when you lot me battle and blind the great scar upon your right arra where the Puritan soldier hacked it." "It is you have forgotten since you gave your white hand to an English chart to hold."

Fadnat us, and speak highly to her pleading of that landless roome, B fan Council. It was midnight ere Elibhlin was sought and her was an unveil. In the dim light of the Christman dawing the black steed came at lost to the door all of a cloug fait hous, over the Consaught b rder, between a moun-tion and the mooi. All through the coil night of snow that brack steed had galloped onward. All through the coil night of snow that brack steed had galloped onward. Horan and the mooi. All through the coil night of snow that brack steed had galloped onward, her and an mountain, and the brood had and mountain, and the brood had and mountain, and the brood had, and mountain, and the brood had, and mountain, is the the brood had and mountain, and the brood had, and mountain, and the brood had and mountain, and the brood house the rin his hady mother's widdle, and. Hiting fibhin in his arme, bore her straight into the fire-light, and set her in his hady mother's had gono an a dventure of danger, yet were all these utter had then an won-der at this strange home-comise. All though the night watch and ward had been 'kept,' for the latter had then had gono an a dventure of danger, yet were all these utterly astonlabed to see the lovely lady, straing pale and specchies, with their young naster's widdwed mother lenning over her, while finan knett and clasped and they to him so bravely through all that long wide ride. The mother shook the snow from her hair, and heaped great wolfskins round her, and made her partick of "quantin vine, ill at her black of appunith vine. Ill at her black to happy ille. She blached, as she looked upon blan, till the face that had been raile as like a lovely use. "Cane there were a blick to thy clan as I have some by my own pleading ?" "Niver wet. Elibhlin, nor ever an-

cess Grania, who ited with Diarmid the Knight of Finn, sorely against his will." Brian larghed softly. "I remember now, and how we disputed, you deen-lor that Grania was bold and unmail-enly, and that she would as lief have married any other of Finn's comrades, and I maintained she loved him all the time, and he loved deet, too, and that she knew it well though he never spoke a word out of loyalty to his king, but that he was well content when she constrained him to ald her night." "And you, Bina, would you be fit-content or well if three should plead with you one as loving as Grania." On Brian, there is a willor come to avek my hand, and he's not like King Finn, a firkhum, hor agal at all; but a great ferce English captain, with eyes blue as the sea, and hafr like the lint. Young he is, and handonn, teo." the hadd-d, daring to rouss in hito some thome of fealoing that would make him inore urgent to demand her flight. "He cans no house to bring a bride to "sold Brian, grinthy." I burned it iding by." indn an bride to carry Withter, for I must fity away to-night.

 HOW TIM DENBY
 Werth and these utergy and pand charged and thread the little forerae hands that has even charged and thread the little forerae hands that has the last harged and thread the little forerae hands that has the last harged and harged the last harged harge <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



THE FIRST OF MAY The mutrauiting waters flow on, through the vale cleave, Where breas on awaying sprays While their source of palage, to solubly subduced and low, part of her's boatties glow, and they come and go-the Mattine's boatties glow, and they are an away of the flow of the source of the cleave state of the source of the cleave state of the source of the flow shifts with roces glow, and this sure as snow, and this sure as snow, and this sure as snow, are watthen in the source of the the shifts of the source of the come of the source o

THE FIRST OF MAY

Are Nature's thousand gay. Oh, mother fair and bright, Phom Hewer's strong of light, thousand the strong fairs of the thousand the strong fairs the strong fairs of the str

Algonia April, 1894.

HOW TIM DENBY WENT A-COURTING.

throat." "Quite right, father."

throat." "Quite right, father." "Autio right, father." "And Tom Danks thinks it's quite time he let of cutting mine." "I'm very glad of that too, father," "Don't be a fool, Tim. Can't you sse I'm talking metaphorically, as you call it in your fine college way? Now, Tim, You set: my mind upon a coalescence of our two big works , which shall be Denby, Danks and Company. You shall be Company. So go over and see Fan-y Danks it ell her you're going to mar-ry her, and the rest will follow." "But, father----" "Don't be a fool, sir. Do you want young Tomins to get her? He's hang-ing about there always. Go and cut him out." "When, father?"

Ing about there always. Go and cut him out." "When, father?" "Now, at once. Dress yourself up smart and come back in an hour and Jtell me it's all settled. Now, be off." Tim's mouth opened to any some-thing, but old Denby had turned his back to infimate that the interview had come to an end, so the young man went to his own room to get ready for his visit. "That'll soon be done," he said to himsôft. "I don't want Fanny Danks, and Fanny Danks doesn't want me. Dress up, moat I?"

CHAPEL UKGAIN Byte 437. THE CHAPEL SHOULD BE AS WELL Well and the characteristic and we replay the should put on, and etided by the should put on, and etided by the should put on, and etided by sering the should put on any sering the should be silk handkershiet under his brown houses in his pockets, and walk-ing over, whistling a tune, to Danks' Park. Danks' Park, four miles outside charmingham, was not at its best. It

looked too new and the works would cover it with soot and shade it with clouds but the soot and smoke left a residuum of gold and people did not

Frankmann and Standard Tim, as he walked "Hello" laughed Tim, as he walked slowly up the drive and noted a very snart degerrt with a groom in next livery and with a chestnut horse at the deer. "Tomlins is first! Twenty to one on Tomline "Tomlins one and Tim Denby powhere" " Nis Danks in" arked Tim of the tall toutman.

It in Droby powher" " " to the state of the other oth

as he said to himself:---"Now, if this were some old man-sion and it were midnight, what a glor-ious ghostly adventure this would make, only the hand sught to becken

her, and then, unable to control her-self, she burst into tears. And then—. Tim Denby went home, but not di-rectly. He stayed some time. In fact, he stayed to dinner, and did not enter his fathers ilbrary till the old gentleman was haying his nightly one glass of today. "Well rither, irve been." "Oh, I think it's all right, but you can't play a love match in one innings; it takes time." Then he fave a full, true, and par-ticular account of his visit, the old man chuckling about the first"sight of the hand. "Tasted the sample, then, Tim, and now want to try the bulk." "Yes, father."

maine, only one inner ourse to secrete me." But the hand did not beckon; it remained perfectly still, and insteady of being ghostly and pale, and giving out an odor of cold earth and decay, was nice and soft, and deliclous looking, and smell pleasanity of scented scen, What ince pink little nails they seem ed i. How regular the fingers were i What delightful little dimples appeared at every joint 1. Then there were others of a delicate violet wandering beneath the transparent skin, and all adding to the beauly of the charming member attached to the arm, which was white and soft as that of a babe. This Denby was a fool; his father side science in the object which of a spine of the science of the science of the arm of the science "Yeë, father." "Ah, well, that'll be all right. You're not such a fool as I thought" It was all right, for dinally Tim had the hand to keep. The two fathers ceased the unpleasant throat-sawing business, and a double partnership was the result. Trade mark, Hand in Hand. See cards.-George Manville Fenn.

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II. Fanny Davks was all that a pretty, natural, sweet-tempered English girl should be. That is the modern way of saying that Fanny was exceedingly charming and lovable, and so a great many young men thought, notably young Tomilins, who, after screwing himself up very fightly and spending two hours on his dress, drove over to pro-pose.

. C. M. B. A. On the evening of April 7th, 1599, the members of Branch No. 51, C.M.B.A., Barrie, held a very successful social in their hall. The following programmo was present:--Instrumental solo, Mias Lena Dalton; Instrumental duett, Misses Mary Mouan ar. Ella Mahoney; Vocal solo, Misse Clara Byrne, instru-mental solo, Misse Silas Mahoney; vocal solo, Misse Ella Mahoney; vocal solo, Misse Ella Mahoney; chotus, Maple Leat and God Save tho Queen, by Mr. T. F. O'Meara. The programme was evidently much colloy-ed by the hearty encores which follow-wer then induged in until about 11.30, when all departed for home pleased beyond all comprehension with the so-clal evening

up very lightly and appendix hours on his dress, drove over to pro-pose. Daniel Danks know what the young man had come about, and said that he should leave it to Fanny. Mrs. Daniel Danks felt all of a twit-ter as she thought of her former years. "Oh, my Fanny !" she exclaimed, "what will you say ?" "I don't know, mamma, dear. I suppose I must go and see him." "But marriago is such a serious thing, my dear." "Is it, mamma ?" said Fanny, quiet-ly, as she looked picasantiy out of her nice oves in a way that was so in-nocent and astonished that it argued hadly for the suit of fromlins junior waiting in No. 2 of the suite of five crawing-rooms at the Park. "Don't keep the young man wait-

ing," said Danks, sprakhor as if Tom-lins junior had come for orders or with

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Ing." sold Danks, spraking as if Com-ling junic, had come for - driver or with some thing to sell. "It divit to him, and if you don't like him say so-nice-it, mind."
Then, altering his manner, he ross, patted Fanny's check, took her hand, kissed it, and opening the door to let her pass, followed her out.
The next minute Fanny'swiss in No.
2 with Tomins junice, ethy 78% as in No.
3 with Tomins junice, ethy 78% as in No.
3 with Tomins junice, ethy 78% as in No.
3 with Tomins junice, ethy 78% and the sight of Fanny's wheet face, and then made a declaration in a dash, growing so mild and so patterine at Last that while wishing to soften her refusal as pleasantity as possible, the lady felt quite upset and bound to provide an erasy refraet.
This she did by stunding near the door leading into No. 1, and at inst, just as she was framing a final No, she opponed it, and passed her hand through to keep it ajar.
With the refereat opon Fanny grew composed, and able in a perfectiv calm way to reason with her suitor. She toid him ruthfully that what he proposed was impossible, and that she quite hatted him, and it there was not another man left on the face of the searth she would not have him, and the to know it was that; in fact, nothing could have been sweeter than Tom-lins hope-crushing. It was so nice that he due here in this force. That would come later on, when the sugar was all aucked away.
"How stupid of pa to play such tricks," said Fanny to hersolf, as she fat her hand taken. 'It's to give mean canked away.
"How stupid of pa to play such tricks," said Fanny to hersolf, as she ded the lext. minute, and then: ---"What a coward Mr. Tomlins must think meel, whish I hadn't opened the door."
"No, I don't," she said quickly, as

think me. I wish I hadn't opened the door." "No, I don't," she said quickly, as after feeling crushed for a few mo-ments, Tomlins junior grew bold, "No," he said, "I can't go away like this, Miss Danks, I do not, I will not believe you love another. You cannot," "But I do," said Brann said."

not believe you love another. You cannot." "But I do," said Fanny, excitedly, for he had scited her left hand, which she could not drag away. "Who is it, then, you love ?" said Tomlins junior: "let me see the man who possesses your heart." "You shall," cried Fanny, mischlev-ously, as she rather enjoyed her would-be suitor's surprise. "Behold !" She sratched her left hand away now by a vigcouts tuy, and drew the door open as she tightened her hold on the loose collar of Tim Denby's coat.

on the loose collar of Tim Denby's coat. There was a lableau. Fanny started back to Tim's left; Tomilns junior made a step to his right, and Tim stood smilling and con-tented, framed in the doorway-frame and figure being well worth a second

, C. M. B. A.

STILL ANOTHER TRUMPH.-Mr. Tho-man S. Bulko, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afficited with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years are I was cured by using DR. Thousa' Ecutorato OIL. I have also been subj et to Quinny for over forsy yeass, but Ecleotifo OI cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both caser, as perither the Piles nor Quinay have troubled me since."

glance. "Mr. Denby !" gried Fanny. "Oh !" ejaculated Tomlins junior, who turned upon his heel and walked