



(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

for a moment upon the shaggy muzzle with a caressing touch. The man's eyes were dark and friendly and he smiled at Michael pleasantly, as the lad came slowly up the great hall until he stood at the foot of the thrones.

"Who are you and whence come you, lad?" he said in a great voice. "Tis long since a mortal has visited the Halls of the Sidhe."

As he spoke the music ceased suddenly, and through all the throng who moved to and fro within the lighted room went a murmur as of the wind that whispers across the face of the waters.

"Hush! Cuchullin speaks," it said, and Michael knew that he was looking upon that great Cuchullin, who in his lifetime men had called the Hound of Ulster, so brave and wise and faithful had he shown himself, and who now dwelt forever, a prince among the deathless hosts of the Sidhe.

The boy looked up at him with awed and wondering eyes, and something in his look seemed to please Cuchullin, for he laughed a deep note of laughter and stretching forth his hand laid it on Michael's shoulder.

At the touch the boy's heart leaped within him and looking bravely up into the strong dark face he told his tale—of how, despite all his efforts, he had failed in earning a living and how, if no help came, he and his mother must leave the old home that had sheltered him from his childhood, and he must go forth into the wide world, away from the mountains and the sea that he had known and loved so long, and bearing with him the exile's aching heart. He told of the leprechaun's promise, made so long ago, and of how he had come to ask fulfillment of that offer of assistance, as the last hope that was left to him.

Cuchullin's face grew wistful as he listened, for indeed, great Prince as he was, he would have given all the splendours of the Dun of the Sidhe for one hour upon his own Ulster hills, with the salt sea-wind upon his cheek, and well he knew the sorrows of exile and loneliness, far away from home.

When Michael had come to the end of his tale, it was a very kindly voice that answered the appeal. "Go home, lad," Cuchullin said, "and dig beneath the hazel from which you cut the wand that opened the hills to you. There you will find the Good People's promised help. Nay, no thanks are needed; 'the people of the Hills do not forget.' 'Who helps one helps all,' from the greatest to the least of us. Only this boon the Prince of the Sidhe craves of a mortal." His face changed, so that Michael hid his eyes for fear of seeing the sorrow that lay upon it, as the thunder cloud lies upon the top of some tall mountain. "If ever you set foot upon my Ulster hills, seek out the green glade of Muirthemne and whisper to its larches that Cuchullin has never forgotten though never may he

see them waving in the wind again. But now you must go, lad, and the luck of the Sidhe go with you."

The deep voice ceased and Cuchullin sat silent upon his throne of gold and ivory, his eyes grown misty with dreams of the past, while the haughty Queen by his side never stirred or spoke, but gazed upon him with cold, proud eyes, from beneath her gleaming hair, and Michael went stumbling down through the great hall, through the host of the Sidhe, dancing once again to the sound of flute and pipe and violin. He passed along the dark passage; the stone swung open at his coming; and he was out upon the mountain-side once more with the first rays of the morning sun shining round about him.

He hastened down to the little cottage, where his mother, who had just waked, was standing in the doorway, looking down upon the roofs of Dublin that lay so far below. When she saw him, she cried aloud with wonder at the brightness that was upon his face and then came running towards him with many eager questions upon her lips. But he left them all unanswered, only took his spade from where it stood leaning against the wall and began to dig vigorously at the roots of the hazel, as he had been bidden by Cuchullin.

It was not long that he was digging before his spade struck against something that gave forth a dull sound as of metal under the blow, and in another few minutes of work he had unearthed a small copper vessel of antique shape, the lid of which was firmly soldered down.

Lifting it from its resting-place, Michael carried it inside the cottage and there, with some difficulty, managed to remove the lid. The pot was full to the brim with ancient coins of gold and silver, tarnished and battered, it is true, but still glittering feebly from its depths.

"Sure, Michael, lad," his mother said joyfully, "there's enough there to make us rich for life."

And so it proved, for when Michael took the coins down to a jeweller in Dublin, he was offered such a sum for them that he was able not only to buy all that was wanted for their present needs, but also to replace pig, cow and hens, and to add comfort to their lives for many a long day.

From that time everything prospered with him. His crops were the envy of all the farmers around, his cattle and poultry increased and before long he was known as one of the richest men in the countryside. But he never forgot Cuchullin's request, and when many years later he journeyed to the far away Ulster hills he sought out the larches of Muirthemne and whispered their Prince's message to them. And the larches sighed and murmured in the salt, sweet sea-breeze, as though to say, "We also remember."

## Boy Scouts and the Victory Loan

BOY Scouts to the rescue! The Victory Loan must be floated. This was the S.O.S. call sent out at least in one district on November 10th. In Toronto and surrounding country the Boy Scouts were granted a three weeks' absence from school in order to distribute publicity material and in other ways help float the Loan.

This is only one of the many channels in which the Boy Scouts are doing more than their bit to win the war. Especially in England, their services have been invaluable.

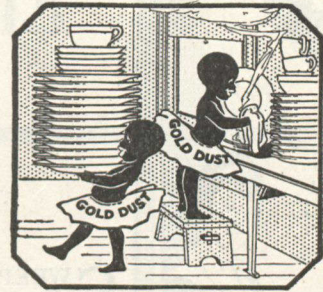
Mr. H. G. Hammond, Secretary of the Ontario Provincial Boy Scouts on his return from his last visit to the Canadian Boy Scouts overseas, related several incidents wherein the boys had proven themselves indeed heroes. For instance, it was a Boy Scout who gave the warning at Scarborough that German battleships were off the coast. At the Admiralty, in all branches of the War Office, in the hospital Boy Scouts will be found on duty.



A Hero In The Making

Even here in Canada, Mr. Hammond pointed out recently, the Scouts have carried out efficient, though not spectacular work. They have aided materially in production. In the city of Chatham they undertook to cultivate five acres, and succeeded exceptionally well.

There should be a bright future for the movement in Canada. The military spirit of the times has done much to accentuate within the hearts of the boys the desire for proper training. Although not a military unit the Scouts are the only organization wherein this training is properly carried out. In addition, there are instilled into the boys the precepts of the fraternity, to which they are counselled to adhere: manhood and good citizenship, self-reliance, discipline, obedience, neatness and order. The attention to these virtues demanded of the Scouts will make for a decidedly better manhood in the next half century.



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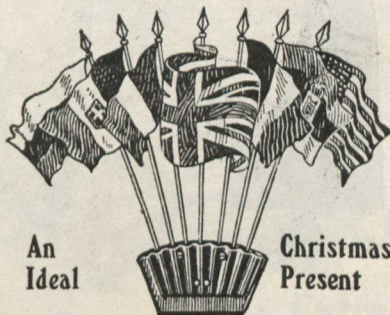
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