

Hupid eyes were the path today, but his words were gay,
cap and belt sat
to
A cap and bellis he wore on his hea
For a man in love was a fool he
Cap and bells, Cap and bells,
The bee tothe wind-flower nonsense tells,
The mike-maids cheek with a blust is ris red
And a man in love is a fool, he said. The milk-maid's cheek with a blush is
And a man in love is a fool, he said. His bow was broken his arrows lost,
But his smile was brisht st the sun on frost
And the bells hat his's.get tikking rang
As low to himself he softly sang: "Cap and bells, Cap and bells, The sea's lip kisses the ocean shells,
And eass on the lope lies brown and dead
And man in love is a fool," he said. His lips were curved with a beauty rare
I marvelled at a boy so fair,

"Cap and bells, Cap and bells,
Hast lent thyself to $a$ woman The leaf on the rose is quickly shed
And a man in love is a fool," he said.

And a wild wind whirled a him far from free
Ame,
Aut his parting message out of the bast
Like a Parthian arrow flashing passed:
Cap and bells, Cap and bells,
The spring's life dries in the
The spring's sife dries in the deepest wells,
fool to his solyt is doubly wed
fol
And a man in love is a fool," he said.
-Ernest McGafey.


## About Irish Ghosts and Fairy Lore



TwoShips Sailed Into a Harbor 5 -




 Tattered her saised, and battered,
And she slowly crept to the bind And she slowly crept to her landing,
Like h hunted thing, forlorn,
Like a creature torn and wounded Wike a creature torn an ears
Which till has in its
The woodland cry of the hunter. The woodaand cry of the hinter,
As on mard his hounds he thers.
Yet one had but sailed round the harbor,
Knew nothing of storm and stress, Knew nothing oo storm and stress,
Nor the ongry leap of the biltows.
As they battter a ship in in distress. The other, frar out on the ocean,
On the gray, old waste of the sea,
Had sailed to the Poles, to the T
 Knew well of each port and harbor,
The hewtwell of this orld
The earth, and its girdling sea waste, The earth, and its girdling sea waste,
Had come within her ken; Had weathered the dangerous coast line,
Had grazed on the hidden rock,
Had sweltered in torrid calm zones
Been tossed by the tempest's shock. Two souls sailed into a harbor,
The last reat port of rest,
Ended for them Life's voyage,
 Done, with the stress of the fight,
Faiting the fina jugment
From the lips of the Giver of Lig One, calm and quiet and peaceful,
Showed ilttl of tifes hard run,
Few shadows across his pathway, And he felt with a calm assurance
Thet his work had been well done.
 Scared with sin's deadly blisht
He frad fought the foes within him
Baffled the foos without; Struck down in the confict often,
And still in his mind a doubts,
A fear of the final judgment
 What think you was the judgment given What the measure meted above?
For one was there condem nation
For one was, there words. of ? love
From He the , For one was, there words of love,
From He who ruleth with justice
On the great White Throne above?

POLITE PARTNER Life tells of an old fellow, a member of
whist club in Brooklyn, who enjoyed the re
putation of being a great crank. His animat versions against his partners were so sever
and his. manners.
rare inerally so bad that it wed that One night, however, a man happened in
from the West and the avoided one promptly
assailed him with a request to "sit

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lay. S. - Any farmer owning dome
that vicinity is warned to put tags.
as that hunter thinksed that pot torker
back some day to the same place, an
he sees there from now on that 1 lo

By the way, if that hunter had be
more experienced he would have knt
though nusual it tos sometimes ha
the comes across a single wild goo

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counted so many points. Two o
ants had been on tong hunt
having scored any substantial

