

Cupid I met by the path today, His eyes were sad, but his words were gay, A cap and bells he wore on his head For a man in love was a fool he said:

Cap and bells, Cap and bells, The bee to the wind-flower nonsense tells: The milk-maid's cheek with a blush is red And a man in love is a fool he said

His bow was broken, his arrows lost, But his smile was bright as the sun on frost, And the bells at his cap's edge tinkling rang
As low to himself he softly sang:

"Cap and bells, Cap and bells, The sea's lip kisses the ocean shells. The grass on the lope lies brown and dead And a man in love is a fool," he said.

His lips were curved with a beauty rare, I marvelled at a boy so fair, But he cried as he met my eager gaze, "Prithee, my Master, mend thy ways."

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

A shadow stretched from a shrunken tree And a wild wind whirled him far from me, But his parting message out of the blast Like a Parthian arrow flashing passed:

Cap and bells, Cap and bells, The spring's life dries in the deepest wells, A fool to his folly is doubly wed And a man in love is a fool," he said.

-Ernest McGaffey.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

It is generally recognized that among the more difficult problems with which the Union Government will sooner or later have to deal, is the condition and status of the native population. An interesting contribution to the discussion on this all-important question has lately been made by Mr. J. W. Shepstone, late Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, who naturally speaks from practical knowledge of the needs and wishes of the blacks. Mr. Shepstone's solution is segregation. Recalling that three of the colonies entering the Union are opposed to the native franchise, he expresses the opinion that this is the only way in which both parties, and especially the natives, can be satisfied. He urges this policy in order to avoid political entanglement, and in the interadvantage and benefit of both races, while their existing relations as co-partners and cooccupants of the country could be maintained would manage his own affairs under certain restrictions in his own permanent locations or reserves, where the franchise would not enter, and where he could live for generations in every way untrammelled by the white man's laws. No Europeon would be allowed under any circumstances to occupy or obtain any land in a native reserve. Mr. Shepstone is convinced that the natives cannot be kept in permanent subjection under present conditions. "There is a limit in all things. But the natives will not wait indefinitely for what we cannot in justice refuse them. But they are quite willing to be treated as a subject people, and to be indirectly ruled by the government in its capacity as the paramount power, under such reasonable conditions as may be fixed." He adds that from the outset the policy pursued towards the natives has been on the wrong tack, and that the sooner it is changed the better for all parties. Let justice be done to the black population, and it need never be regretted. The native is intelligent, and can take care of himself.

#### FACTS AND FANCIES

The Lapps never wash. The secret of popularity is; when asked for criticism to give praise.

An elephant works from the age of twelve till the age of eighty. He can haul fifteen tons, lift a ton in his trunk and carry four tons on his back.

When a poor young man suddenly stops calling on a millionaire's daughter, the reason is, as a rule, a parent.

The ship passing through the Suez canal pays a toll of \$4,000. What will the Panama

When a woman stops breaking hearts and takes to breaking windows, she calls herself a militant suffragette.

# About Irish Ghosts and Fairy Lore

takes the supernatural so seriously as Ireland, and there is no one who will be so disposed to resent disbelief in the existence of resent disbelief in the existence of apparitions, banshees, and fairy folk, good and bad, as an Irishman. There are Irishmen and Irishwomen who do not believe, but they are not worth counting; they are only what a Corkman would call "naygers that come over wud Crummle (Cromwell)—none o' the ould stock—an' a banshee would be ashamed of herself lookin' at them." The local traditions associated with nearly every part of Ireland are different, some refer to saints and holy women, and some to kings and heroes of the Tuatha de Danann period, but there are at least three or four current beliefs which are found in every part of Ireland, and they are the existence of the banshee, the phooka, the leprechaun, and the "good people."

The family which does not possess a banshee is obviously not of very great antiquity. Banshees must be described as a mixed blessing, for their appearance, while it proclaims the antiquity of the family it visits, cannot be described as conducive to equanimity. Literally translated the word means "woman of the fairies," the "sidhe," or "shee," being a generic term for fairies of all kinds. The banshee is sometimes represented as old and shrivelled, and sometimes as young and beautiful, with long golden hair, which she combs while pour-ing forth strains of weird melodies. She is generally regarded as the ghost of some person who suffered violence at the hands of a farnily progenitor, and her wail, which is supposed to have a vengeful note, announces the death of one of his descendants. She appears by preference in the neighborhood of a lake or spring, but if these are not available she floats n the night air near the castle or house where the family she is attached to lives. She does not appear to the person whose death she foretells, but to his nearest relative, or, in the old days, to his clansmen. Three times she repeats her warning, which is sometimes regarded as a hint to prepare for death, but the warning will never prevent the victim from meet-

A Lough-side Incident

One of the best-known stories of the banshee's warning is that of O'Carroll of Terry glass Castle, a great chief, who dwelt with many retainers on the upper waters of Lough Dearg. O'Carroll announced his intention one morning of crossing to the lower shore of Thomond to see a friendly chieftain of the O'Brien clan. He set out with the sun shining brightly, and everything portending a pleasant day. To-wards nightfall, when he should have returned with his small retinue, a feeling of uneasiness spread through his clansmen, and they came out on the battlements to watch for his return. A strange, low wail, piercing and unearthly, came from the far side of Lough Dearg, and O'Carroll's men, hearing it, shivered and drew near to one another. The sound came nearer, and with the third shrill cry a long, white phantom, resembling a beautiful woman, passed slowly over the waters, wringing her hands, and melted into the shadows on the other side of the lough. "It is O'Carroll's banshee," cried the warder on the tower, "and some evil has befallen him." When morning came O'Carroll's men crossed over to the friendly O'Brien's country, and there found that O'Carroll had taken offence the night before at something an O'Brien had said at table, and had called him to single combat, The chieftains had met in the early morning on ests, morally and socially, of both peoples. O'Brien's lawn, and the O'Brien proved the Segregation he maintains, would be to the better swordsman in a fair fight, and O'Carroll's clansmen carried the body of their chief back to Terryglass. The story does not say if the O'Carroll clan waged war subsequently on as regards labor and markets. The native the O'Briens. They very probably did, and gave further occasion for the banshee's dismal song. And sometimes on far-off encounters such as this were founded many of the faction fights which have only recently died out, and in which the banshee was only distantly interested, inasmuch as a bad bruising and a damaged cranium was the worst result. ever you see a head, hit it," was the factionist motto for dealing with their foes, but the hardest whacks were seldom homicidal.

When the banshee appears in these latter times, she often has to take long journeys to give her warnings, for many of the "good old stock" have left the country owing to the land war, and have gone abroad. Some time ago an Irishman of a very old family was studying in a scholastic college at Louvaine. He was lighting his lamp one evening, when he heard a strange wailing outside. His window was on the second floor, and yet it sounded directly opposite him. He was petrified with horror then it was repeated twice again, and a hand beat three times against his window with long, bony fingers. He buried his face in his hands and prayed, for he knew that the soul of his mother was passing, though he had had no word that she was ill, and when he had last heard from her she was in perfect health. The family banshee had from time immemorial given warning of the death of elder members of the house, and three days later he learned that his mother had died at the moment that he heard the banshee's last wail.

Solitary Fairles

Of the solitary fairies there is no need to be specially afraid. They have a power of doing good and evil, but the evil is generally only mischief of the "gamin" type. The best known of these is the Leprechaun, or, as he is called in Ulster, the Logheryman, who will be renembered to have made his appearance in Mullingar recently. He knows where hidden treasures lie, and if a lucky peasant, going through a field, hears a faint sound of hammer-

making fairy shoes. Then is the time to hold him to ransom. If his captor takes his eyes off him for a moment the leprechaun becomes invisible. He does not think much of women, because he finds it very easy to divert their attention by pretending to see their sweetheart coming in the distance. "There's your Micky," or "your Paddy," as the case may be, and the foolish woman will look away for a moment, and then the little man is off in a twinkling. But the Cluricaune is a sprite of a more mis-chievous nature; he has little to give, and for what he does give he takes his reward in making a fool of the recipient. There is a story that once his impish fancy

took him to a peasant's cabin in Tullamore, where a poor man, called Jimmy O'Rourke, lived with his wife, Moll, and her old mother, Biddy. Jimmy was a "slieveen," and did as little work as he could, and he was sitting grumbling over the fire one Sunday evening. "An' it's meself," said he, "as wishes I could have what I want, an' there'd be lashins and lavins for all of us without puttin' a hand's turn lavins for all of us without puttin' a hand's turn to anything." "And Jimmy, me son," said a voice at his elbow, "ye've spoke in good time, for I've just dropped in to see ye all, and I'll give a wish each to the three of ye, so make up your minds what ye'll have." Jimmy and Moll and Biddy looked up, and there was the Cluricaune, dressed in scarlet, sitting on the dresser-shelf, grinning away, and a pair of fairy bag-pipes under his little arm. Moll looked at him wistfully, and said, without thinking, "Och, I wish t' goodness me I had the fine hog's puddin' I saw yestherday at the market in Micky Reardan's shop." Hardly had she said the word when the hog's pudding was frizzling in the pan on the fire before her. A wild and terrible rage seized Jimmy when he saw one of the golden opportunities wasted. "Ye fool, ye omadhaun, ye scraoilleog, that's a nice thing to wish for," he screamed at her, "when we might have had a gould crown and a bag o' money. Ye're nothing but an eejut, an' I wish one end of the hog's pudding was stuck on to your nose." Immediately the hog's pudding took a flying leap out of the pan, and attached itself to the end of Moll's nose. She attached itself to the end of Moll's nose. One yelled and roared, to the great delight of the Cluricaune, who was just beginning to enjoy himself. Blisters were rising on Moll's nose, and old Biddy, enraged at her daughter's plight, turned on Jimmy: "Ye vagabond, we misfortunate slieveen, I wish t' goodness ye had the other and of that her's puddin' stickhad the other end of that hog's puddin' stick-in' on your own ugly nose." Instantly the hog's pudding became attached to Jimmy's hasal organ, and the Cluricaune rocked with laughter at Jimmy's screams and yells and Moll's attempts to dange round the hovel to get rid of her pain. Out came the little man's bagpipes, and he started "The Wind that Shakes the Barley." Whether they liked it or no, the unfortunate couple had to dance to his piping, howling with agony and and ready to murder each other. He kept on playing until a moonbeam crept through the little window and touched him, and then he skirled away into the night air. Hardly had he gone than old Biddy thought of getting out a knife and severing the hog's pudding at each end, setting the unfortunate wretches free. And there was one little family at least who did not care if there was never another fairy, good or

bad, seen in Ireland.

The Fate of Changelings That the fairies are jealous of the beauty of new-born children and steal them, leaving an ugly imp in their stead, is a very popular beamong the peasant women, and has had some unpleasant results. If a child which has been born healthy pines and grows thin and pale, the mother will take an aversion to it, believing it to be a changeling, and if she does not subject it to the traditional methods of bringing back the original child, the poor little creature will have much to be thankful for. The changeling is removed on a shovel to a dung-heap, a peasant, known as a "fairy man" or "fairy woman," presiding over the observances, and the parents retiring to an adjacent cottage. Verses are sung by the fairyman to

> Fairy men and women all. List! it is your baby's call; For on the dung-hill's top he lies, A pallid imp, a child of scorn. A monstrous brat, of fairies born. Restore the child you took instead. When, like a thief, the other day, You robbed my cradle-bed.

The door is then opened, and the parents are told to come out, that their child has been restored. The amaciated infant, which had been neglected while it was supposed to be a fairy, is then given extra attention, which it occasionally survives. Some years ago this custom was brought prominently into notice by a prosecution of some peasants, who firmly believed that their child had been spirited away and an unpleasant imp left in its stead, and consequently subjected the unfortunate child to great hardship.

The phooka is the devil in the form of ghostly dark horse, which goes prowling about at night, spitting fire from his mouth and striking sparks from his hoofs. If he can get a rider seated on his back he will bear him off, and he will never be seen any more. He resembles a spectre known in Brittany as the "Loup Garou," and he is equally feared. Sometimes a mere mortal, like the famous O'Kennedy, of Tipperary, will get the better of him. O'Kennedy, who was attacked by him near a graveyard one night, managed to get his sword re

belt round and swung him away, kicking and spitting fire, on to the back of his own charger to the Castle of Lackeen, where the Kennedys held high revels before the Normans appeared. At the castle gate he let the beast go as he threatened to burn the castle from turret to cellar, and send "every mother's son to blazes" if he was not set free. But before he loosened his sword-belt, O'Kennedy made him swear that he would never touch or meddle with an O'Kennedy of that or any generation. The devil promised, but as the promise was wrung from him under "peinte forte et dure," he may have collected an O'Kennedy since then without feeling any great scruples. Phooka stories are not pleasant hearing at night, particularly in a country where his satanic majesty has his name to so much property, though as a countryman once said, "he's an absentee landlord."

#### The Ghostly Hurlers

Anyone who fears ghosts should never pass an Irish graveyard at night lest he see the dead hurlers at play, and be kept as goal-keeper. For at midnight the dead of one graveyard arise and play against the dead of the next parish, and they have a living man from each parish as goal-keeper. If the man so chosen should refuse to act he may be the next to go feet first into the graveyard; if he agrees he will have to come night after night for seven years, at the end of which time he will be released from his duties, and have the power of healing certain diseases granted to him. It is not a pleasant post, as during that long seven years he is for-bidden to tell how he spends his night, and con-sequently he is debarred from the joys of matrimony. The person who is buried last in the cemetery has to perform all the menial duties required by the others, and this fact accounts for the frequency with which one can see two funerals racing each other along Irish country roads to the graveyard, the relatives of both corpses being equally anxious that a member of their family shall have to fetch and carry for every deceased Mickey and Paddy in the par-

Just at this season of the year a dying man has the chance of escaping purgatory, and going straight to heaven. This happens if he dies as the clock strikes midnight on Christmas Eve. A devoted daughter and mother have been known to hurl themselves on their dying loved one as the clock throbbed for twelve on December 24, and with heartrending cries smother him with pillows that he might escape the penetrating tortures of purgatory and enter a clean soul into heaven on Christmas morning. The man had but a short time to live, and though the methods used of providing him with eternal salvation may be open to question, they were inspired by the best in-

#### PARISIAN BEGGARS.

If one keeps one's eyes open, writes a Paris correspondent, one sees strange things at times in various corners of this city. Twice recently my curiosity was aroused by the sight of a camel trotting smartly through the streets, with a culde-jatte on his back. I asked one or two people the meaning of the strange combination. But no one could tell me. A day or two ago I saw in the newspapers that the culde-jatte had been arrested for absorbing an overdose of wine, but that on the way to the station he whipped up his camel and the pair showed the police a clean pair of heels. They are still running. The incident reminds me of another cripple who may be met with any day in the district surrounding the Faubourg and his manners generally so bad that it was Montmarte. He makes a living by begging, and the sight of the legless mendicant piloting his way along the busy thoroughfares, at the risk of meeting with an accident which will still further deform him, is one which charms the sous from the pockets of many a passerby. Though he is a beggar, and a cripple, the culde-jatte has evidently come to the conclusion that there is no reason why he should banish the ordinary comforts of life, and every evening, between eleven o'clock and midnight, he makes his way to his favorite cafe and has a drink like "tout le monde." But it is not served at the same table as other people's cafes and bocks. As soon as the mendicant pushes his little chariot through the door, a waiter runs to a corner of the establishment and fetches a little table, which stands about two feet from the ground, and when the man minus the legs has given his order, the glass is placed where he has no difficulty in reaching it. Whatever he may look like during the day, there is no reason to bestow pity on the culde-jatte when he is in the cafe. He looks the picture of health and contentment. At midnight, a cabman who "uses" the same house as the beggar, comes in for his nightly grog, and when he has finished, he and his friend, the cul-de-jatte, go off together, the latter clinging to the rear axle of the cab and the mendicant's chariot rattling along over the stones behind it.

#### THEY WERE REALLY-KISSES

"Amelia," said a stern father, holding up a letter his daughter had accidentally dropped. 'I found this on the stairs. Who wrote and sent it?"

"It's-it's from Mr. Johnson," answered he girl in embarrassment. "Indeed! And what are all these things at "Oh, those-er-are stars, father! Mr.

No man can be wholly free as long as he

inson is teaching me astronomy!"

## Two Ships Sailed Into a Harbor

At eve, on the shores of a harbor, I stood and gazed to the west, As the sun doffed his golden glories And left the world to its rest; When into the slanting sunbeams, That streamed up the quiet bay, Two vessels came sailing, sailing, Till close to the beach they lay, One gay with snowy pinions, Her white wings widely spread, And the flutter and wave of a banner That flew from her tall masthead. The lines of her hull were noble, Graceful her curves, and free, Yet strong with the strength of a master O'er the gnashing wolves of the sea. The other, all bruised and battered, Tattered her sails, and torn; And she slowly crept to her landing, Like a hunted thing, forlorn, Like a creature torn and wounded,

Which still has in its ears

The woodland cry of the hunter, As onward his hounds he cheers. Yet one had but sailed round the harbor, Knew nothing of storm and stress, Nor the angry leap of the billows, As they batter a ship in distress. The other, far out on the ocean, On the gray, cold waste of the sea, Had sailed to the Poles, to the Tropics, Like a rover, bold and free; Knew well of each port and harbor, Knew well of this world of men, 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 great port of rest, Ended for them Life's voyage, Finished for them Life's quest; Done, with the joy and the sorrow, Done, with the stress of the fight; Waiting the final judgment From the lips of the Giver of Light. One, calm and quiet and peaceful, Showed little of Life's hard run, Few shadows across his pathway, Few days without a sun; And he felt with a calm assurance That his work had been well done. The other, downcast and weary, On his face the shadows of night Marked with the scars of Life's battle, Scared with sin's deadly blight. He had fought the foes within him, Baffled the foes without; Struck down in the conflict often, And still in his mind a doubt, A fear of the final judgment, Of the words from the Master of Life, That would greet him, poor craven soldier-

A weakling in the strife. What think you was the judgment given? What the measure meted above? For one was there condemnation? For one was there words of love. From He who ruleth with justice On the great White Throne above?

Victoria, B. C.

### A POLITE PARTNER

J. NIXON.

Life tells of an old fellow, a member of a whist club in Brooklyn, who enjoyed the reputation of being a great crank. His animadversions against his partners were so severe rare indeed that he could get any one to play

One night, however, a man happened in from the West and the avoided one promptly assailed him with a request to "sit in." The Western man was about to comply when he was taken aside by one of the members of the club who told him the reputation of the crank. "I don't care," he said. 'I can stand it, I

At the end of the evening he was approached once more by the curious member. "Well," said the member, "how did you manage?"

"Didn't he insult you?" "Why, no."

"Didn't he browbeat you?" "Not at all."

"Didn't he say anything?" "Nothing special. He only spoke once during the whole course of the game." "What did he say then?"

"Why, I didn't get the cards out right, and he looked over very pleasantly and said: "Why you can't even deal, can you?"

#### HARD NUTS

Money may talk, but time tells. Temptation defeated is strength won. The race never goes to the discouraged. A good man cannot have too much money. This is a sour world for the man with a sour disposition.

Working for others is the best way of working for yourself.

One kind of charity always has a card attached to it. It is wise and commendable to be patient when it's the only way out.

By all means consider yourself important, but keep that opinion to yourself. Conscience is a correct compass, but it is not always easy to navigate by it.

When you have made your fortune it is time enough to think about spending it.

HITS AND MISSE

Richard L. Pocock It is a sure thing that the m sportsmen, here at any rate, w cense for residents. The letters week, made a strong case in fav there were none printed in opportunity proposal for the very simple reas were none received. In addition received and published many ances were received from sports in favor of a gun license for resi men, who, though keen and deep in protecting not only the game behanters, were too modest to go i seems perfectly clear that if there are against it they are of the cl man, who, when asked what his replied, whatever party might I

While on the subject of bette tection, it might once more be ur enthusiastic anglers would also we attempt to carry out the provision relating to fish protection. It is was put to the destruction of und from such rivers as the Cowicha allowed to, the trout grow to which make them worthy of the best of anglers. Those who was food can get all they want in the any difficulty, and without any fea ing the stock. The Cowichan is a reputation to sustain on two controls who doubts this has only to ke ful eye on the principal sporting he will soon doubt it no longer. Th tation which it is to the interests o to sustain, and with reasonable fish it will easily take care of itself.

The goose is a wily bird. Many he filled us with exasperation, and grudging admiration for his wiline in deluding and eluding us. There sportsman in town who has been k self at intervals ever since last Stran up against the willest of th honkers resident in British Columbup Deadman's river where he was also and sure in the hones of hager dog and gun in the hopes of bagg widgeon or mallard, and, as he suddenly round a bend, he found h in easy range of a wily old goose w joying a siesta on a nice grassy opposite bank of the stream.

The hunter was taken aback by

ness of the rencontre, which was s variance with his experience of tribe that he could hardly credit still there was the goose, big and able. Mr. Honker, on the other ashamed to be caught napping, but was awake, was very wide awake by no means rattled. Mr. Hunter's comparatively slow. He reasoned self that that honker should have ta wings the instant he made his round the corner; that was undouright thing for it to have done, if wild goose, and wouldn't he just ha it if it had. Mr. Honker knew enough, he knew that he had to d good sportsman, as, if it were oth would have been plugged sitting b he had had time to think. Havir escaped, he reasoned to himself that, tinued to sit, he would be safe for th ing, and must trust to luck to guide the scrape as developments took p Hunter was firmly convinced by this he must be a tame grey goose, and gratulating himself on not having co faux pas" and soaked some farme Still it riled him to see that goose sit so quietly and apparently unconcerndecided to move it. For this purpos the trusty weapon against a tree and for a stone or stick with which to ros Honker duly noted that Mr. Hunte took him some paces from the gun; ed for the missile and, as the aim was decided that the time had arrived creet retirement, which he effected the ungainly barnyard waddle exp Mr. Hunter, but with the strong, sw flight which the aeroplanists have ye tate. He knew to an inch the rang shotgun and he was well outside it b Hunter could reach his gun and brir

P. S.—Any farmer owning domes in that vicinity is warned to put tags as that hunter thinks that honker n back some day to the same place, and he sees there from now on that loo goose will be shot first and examined of domesticity afterwards.

By the way, if that hunter had bee more experienced he would have kno though unusual; it does sometimes har one comes across a single wild goos way, whether it is that it is wounded from a long flight, and thus separa the main body, or possibly suffering attack of acute appendicitis from over Old-time members of the old gun of probably recollection of a somewha incident in connection with one of t ing matches which they used to hold. long years ago, before the building bo the practice was for two teams to be and for the members to hunt for the and two, one from each team, so as tabs on each other. Each species counted so many points. Two of the ants had been on a long hunt without having scored any substantial nur