

IAL DISCOVERY IN KERRY.

Kerry correspondent states that some is have been discovered in the ous districts between Castleisland and oshel, Co. Kerry. Some years ago a was operated in those districts and a f men employed, but the work was sub- suspended and the mine abandoned.

'H OF MRS. D. HORAN, BROSNA.

ath has occurred at this ripe old age of frs. D. Horan, Brosna, Co. Kerry, who was universally respected, was a f a popular and prominent Kerry family. ral cortege was very large and representa-

OK IN THE CURRANT JAR.

he time for the outdoor tea parties and lose at hand, will never do for you to ur stock of currants to run low. It is uch better to look ahead a bit, and lay reserve supply of this wholesome and s fruit, especially just now, when the being sold by grocers at the usual prices ricularly fine quality.

KERRY MYSTERY,

Farmer Missing.

idden and mysterious disappearance of table small farmer named Sullivan, in the Mountagle districts between and Castleisland, Co. Kerry, a few ago, has occasioned a great deal of a in these districts. From information it appears that he went to the mountain business, but has not been seen since. party was promptly organised, and the man's boots and a garment found, but more.

BBEYFEALE FAIR

thing seemed to indicate that the er fair, the largest and most important ar, would lead most fairs in the matter ; but though the supply in most depart- as up to anticipation and dealers kept ay all round prices were not remarkable improvement. Bulls held top figure at m £14 for first class beasts; those young ished were dull at £8 to £10. Springers observed to command more than £17 lves reached £6 from £2 10s.; strippers 0; fat cows £9 to £12; sheep scarce, 8jd. er lb. There were about 1,800 pigs of at 49s. to 59s. per cwt.; slips 22s. to 1.

A D.C.'S. EPIGRAM.

meeting of the Scariff District Council tion was received from the Town Association, Ennis, condemning the of taking houses which are left derelict air rents fixed; etc.

erk—What do you say to that?
Purcell—Mark it "read."

Boland—Oh, indeed we won't.

P. Purcell—My belief is that this to confiscation of property; a man his house to have the rent lowered

land—"Tis only like the farmers.

Purcell—"Tis not. God made the man made the house.

land—Adept it.

tion adopted accordingly.

FUNERAL OF COLONEL FINCH, J.P.

The remains of the late Colonel George Finch, J.P., were interred in the family burial place, Kilpeacon, yesterday, amid every manifestation of grief. At noon the funeral left Maryville, where a large number of mourners had assembled, and, was joined en route by many, who made up a representative and imposing cortege. At either side of the bier walked a military guard, consisting of four sergeants of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, the deceased's regiment. Arriving at the cemetery, the coffin was removed to Kilpeacon Church, where a short service was held, in the presence of a large congregation. As the coffin, which bore the inscription—

GEORGE W. FINCH,

Died 24th September, 1907.

Aged 70 years

—was being taken up the nave, Mrs. Atkinson, wife of the Rector, played the solemn hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er," on the organ, the congregation joining in subdued cadences. The first part of the service was read by the Rev. Canon Luther, after which the Rector, Rev. C. V. Atkinson, delivered a short address, dealing with the loss the parish had sustained by the death of Colonel Finch. He said he had known the deceased gentleman for the past nine years, since he came to the parish, and a mere kind-hearted gentleman one could not meet. He was a thorough Christian man, whose every act was marked with kindness and sympathy. He was a constant worshipper in that church, and only on last Sunday they saw him in the best of spirits worshipping in a neighbouring church. They all felt his death very much, and offered their condolences to his family in their sorrow. He asked them to join him in offering up their prayers for him, and trusted that the same good and noble qualities which characterised his life would be inherited by his sons.

The remains were then taken out and laid to rest in the south side of the sacred edifice. At the graveside the Rev. Mr. Atkinson read the concluding portion of the service.

The chief mourners were—Captain Hugh Finch, George Finch, Otho Finch and Frederick Finch (sons); Captain J. Finch (Newport), R. A. Blennerhassett, T. O'Brien, and J. McMahon (relatives).

The clergy present were—Rev. C. V. Atkinson, Canon Luther, and Archdeacon Gabbett.

Amongst the general public who attended or sent carriages were—W. Lloyd, E. D. Hunt, solr., R. Hunt, Captain Leyland, Colonel Gloster, J.P., Montiford Gavin, J.P., A. McNamara, T. B. Bennett, W. Leahy, C.S., A. Blood-Smyth, solr., A. White, T. Lloyd, W. J. Farren (Galway), J. Spillane, Robert Twiss (Birdhill), J. Fosberry, J.P., T. W. Sandes, J.P., Captain Nixon, J. Shine, Cecil Bennett, J. Bennett, T. L. Bennett, J. S. Bennett, G. Ievers (Ballinsgarra), D. Lyons, E. Parker, F. Parker, R. Ievers (Tullavine), J. Greene, J.P., W. Parker, W. Meloney, P. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Captain Furnell, Percy Furgell, M. Power, T. D. Clifford, J.P.; T. J. Harding, J.P.; Mrs. Hunt, Friarstown; R. Furnell, Captain Bennett, D. Ryan, D.C.; Dr. Hartigan, R. Keating, W. M. W. Gape, J. Hannan, G. Furnell, E. Shine, Ballymaeese; P. McDonagh; Mrs. O'Brien, South Hill;—Clarke, Ballynolan; F. St. Clair Hobson, E. S. Travers, T. McCarthy, D.C.; M. J. Hartigan, D.C.; W. B. Fitts, T. O'Sullivan, Captain Gubbins, J. P. Power, etc.

Wreaths were sent by the following—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Finch, his sons, Otto, George and Frederick, Rev. C. V. Atkinson, R. A. Blennerhassett, Mr. and Mrs. Sandes, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Adda Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lloyd, Captain and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Furnell, Ballynough; Mr. T. Westropp-Bennett, Miss Nixon, Mrs. T. B. Bennett, and Mr. and Mrs. F. St. Clair Robson.

OUR SUNDAY BOOK

Doing one's best is finding something t sing in one's own life. Doing one's best finest thing in life, because it introduces the noblest fellowships and lifts one's life the highest aspirations and the grandest tions. Doing well, as well as one can world, enlists all the powers of one's life, are multitudes of people in the world wh never pulled out all the stops upon the organ and let its music swell out in all it dear. Multitudes of people have never their best, never used all the faculties of all the chances that God has given them, haven't begun to live; you are in a semi tose condition, unless you can honestly loe your soul and confess before your God th are trying to do your best; that you are every chance that you have, that you are every tithe into the storehouse, that in way you are developing the powers which has given you, using them, not in selfishness for His honour and glory.

Most men live a life of going to do a with nothing done.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or ened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at own private pace, like a clock during a th storm.

It is possible for Christians to disagree out being disagreeable Christians.

"Be assured," says St. Augustine, "oc happens that is not first either commend permitted in the visible court of the Su Monarch. God is the only Father of this household, who arranges, moves, and reg all that happens in the whole world; to all. And He takes as great care with the ar creature as with the greatest."

Daily prayers are the best remedy for daily

It is quite easy to perform our duties they are pleasant and imply no self-sacr the test of principles is to perform them equal readiness when they are onerous disagreeable.

Who hath God hath all; who hath Him hath nothing.

Every business brings with it certain o tunities of helpfulness and service, and it i business of our religion to teach us ho realise these opportunities for God and our lowmen. After all, our religion has no b task than to shew us how to leave this wo little better than we found it. Certainly, rel has no more Christ-like service than to teach how to sweeten life for those to whom sin or row, suffering or disappointment, has embi it. It is a terrible record for any business to leave behind him, that he passed through world without ever having stretched out a ing hand to some struggling soul, or imp some gift of intelligent self-sacrifice to worthy cause.

God has made us, that as a flower develop the sun, so we develop most rapidly when ing in the light of the truest spiritual effort.

Christianity comes to us, all, in all po in all interests, and in all our undertak with this one great question: You are li your life; every act you do bears the stam some image or superscription. Whose image, superscription is it? Unless it bears the ir and superscription of the Christ it is not image and superscription which God has t to expect. And, therefore, Christ comes t each one and universally and continually the question, "Whose image and superscrip is this?"

What a blessing a day's prayer might bel you cannot get as much as that, how muc newing may be gained in an hour's prayer!

Manifest in every man is his origin.

True dignity abides with him alone Who, in the silent hour of inward thoug