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## SOLDIER'S TRAGIC END

### AT NEW BARRACKS.

Michael Hassett, a private in the 2nd Bate, Royal Munster Fusiliers, met with a tragic death at the New Barracks on Thursday morning. From the evidence given at the inquest yesterday, before Mr. A. J. Eakin and Mr. E. J. Daly, J.P.'s, it appears that the deceased, who was 24 years of age and a native of County Clare, returned to barracks at 11.45. He retired to rest in his fatigue jacket and trousers, and some short time later rose and went in the direction of the latrine. At four o'clock Private Patrick Parcell visited the latrine, where he found Hassett lying at full length on his back. He endeavoured to rouse him, and failing to get an answer, reported the matter to the sergeant of the guard, who came to the conclusion that the man was dead. The body was removed to the hospital, where, later, Lieut. Surgeon Butler-O'Brien made a superficial examination, followed by a post mortem, which went to show that death was due to a fracture of the second cervical vertebra.

Lieutenant E. Drake, at present commanding E Company of the battalion, to which deceased belonged, deposed that Hassett was a well-conducted man, except that he was addicted to drink. The witness had enquired into the occurrence, and was satisfied, as the officer responsible for the company, that no interference had taken place by anybody with the deceased.

The jury found that the deceased died of a broken neck caused by falling accidentally.

## WELL KNOWN SPORTING JOURNALIST DEAD.

The death took place on Thursday in Dublin of Mr. Denis J. Downing, socially and popularly known as "Doctor Dick." Mr. Downing had been in failing health for some time, and during the last few days had grown rapidly worse. The news, though not altogether unexpected, will cause a painful shock to the wide circle of Mr. Downing's friends. His unflinching fund of good humour, the geniality of his character, and his gifts as a raconteur had made him a popular favourite. At every Irish racecourse "Doctor Dick" was a familiar figure. An able journalist, his contributions on sporting matters were written in a vein peculiarly his own. He frequently appeared on the boards of the local theatres, and his songs and sketches were an attractive feature at pantomime benefits and on kindred occasions, whilst at social functions "Doctor Dick" was always sure of a hearty call. His colleagues will mourn the loss of a kindly, genial, upright friend. Mr. Downing was son of the late Mr. Downing, of Ashfield, Fermoy. During his illness, Dr. F. Cox and Surgeon McArdle were unremitting in their attentions, and all that medical and surgical skill could suggest was done.

"Doctor Dick" was well and popularly known in Limerick, where the news of his demise has been heard of with much regret.

WE EAT IT.

## OLD LOVE AND

BY

MABEL QUILLER-COUL

(Author of "The Recovery of Jane")

"How odd and how interesting!" The fair haired girl brought him from the boundless moorland which from the opposite side of the walk at her companion for explanation planation apparently lay in the distance the older woman's eyes were taking the girl following them, saw the figure toiling up the steep side of the cliff.

"What is odd? Is it someone she asked, feeling something was her.

"Someone I know! By all the heavens it is Arnold Swift himself—y old Swift, at least you have heard him," she talked fast and excited big bold eyes gleamed, "he is the you of who was in such a state before him over, he gave up his appointment told me, and went abroad, just went to the dogs, as far as I care. She drew herself up as proudly facts related were so many feathers and stood tall, erect, and dignified head thrown back, an amused smile, red, thick lips. Her eyes, resting on the vanishing figure, were big with expectation. She looked fully to the moment when the man's first fall on her, and the girl began to see her power.

Muriel Conway looked at her with her heart, and almost on her lips kept the words back, and her eyes resting on the unconscious man.

"They were standing on a large pathway he would presently walk looking down over that part of the now on. Muriel made a movement could not endure to stand there the moment of his embarrassment, companion grasped her by the wrist. "Come to meet him alone," she said in tones, and Muriel divined that she had heard all the story, and that Arnold had been treated badly. She wished that he would turn back now, before that he might not have come to the place, that—that. Before she could her confusion of wishes the dreaded came. Pausing in his walk to look his sweeping glance fell on the man, and on the two figures on the path. The first glance he evidently took them for the second, assisted by a friend's hand, he recognised one of them, that.

Muriel could not read the expression, it perplexed Ruth too, and she grew less elated. She could not account for his slowness in joining them. She was again though by the time he reached was holding out her hand to him of laughing coquetry, allurements. But Arnold Swift's glance did not pass quickly to the softer, the fair-haired, grey-eyed girl but rested there with a sense of quiet pleasure.

At Ruth's invitation he sat down on one of the big boulders which were on the side of the Cleeve, but her street