

they not done. How often the Altars of the Church had they red to God "a clean oblation" in the office of the Mass morning after morning, thereby sanctifying the very stone on which I stood. How often they not break the stillness of the night with the praises of the Lord in the Office, when all the world was sleeping? How many a troubled conscience was comforted and went away with the peace of heaven poured into its soul through prayer, and fortified with the Bread of Life in Holy Communion. How many a soul was fed and directed with the word of God from that pulpit, now silent. How many a knock was answered at the door for a Friar to come and minister to the dying in their last agony.

THOUGHTS FOR PRIDE.

Even those sad and cruel days of persecution now offered me lessons for pride. I gazed at that path leading to the Abbey, and thought down that same pathway how did not the soldiers of Henry VIII., Cromwell, William, Mary, and again they rushed down that laneway with fiendish hate during the long dark days of the penal wars. What was the result? Unconquered they gave many of those friars the mortal martyr's crown in heaven. Since, the crowns of their persecutors have grown dim and crumbled to dust, but the crowns of the martyrs still shining refulgently on their heads in heaven. Many of those Franciscans shed their blood for the Faith on the very ground on which I stood. At the top of that present tower they were hanged or hurled to their death. If those moss-covered stones of that abbey could speak—but they seem to be dumbly guarding their many secrets of a time that day of general reckoning. Often too the enemies of the Faith had partially burned that abbey and drove its inhabitants to the mountains. But the persecutors scarcely passed on their way, when the Friars emerged from their hiding-places to come back once more to their old Abbey, and to minister to the needs of the beloved by them.

What was the final result? Through the labours, the sacrifices, the life's blood of those Friars, the life of our fathers is living still in the dungeon, fire, and sword.

How long could I not have allowed my mind to wander on such reminiscences as I gazed on those ruins of Muckross Abbey?

But suddenly I was awakened from my reverie; the stillness of the night was broken by human voices.

In that moment I was startled with wild thoughts as I looked down that path leading to the abbey. Were these twenty or thirty of old, with their sandalled feet, in those brown habits, and tonsured heads, returning from "the other world" to their ancient dwelling place?

Were they the Franciscans coming to rebuild the new Muckcross Abbey in Killiney, or the new Muckcross Abbey in Killiney, or visiting a home that once was

the home of the glorious past.

ASH OF THE GLORIOUS PAST. Sunday next a flash of Muckross Abbey's glorious past will be renewed.

The sixteenth centenary of its foundation will be celebrated with becoming solemnity. Once again the Franciscans will stand at the same altar as their ancestors to celebrate Holy Mass.

Present at the Mass will be Most Rev. Dr. John D.D., Bishop of Kerry, surrounded by his priests. A Dominican will preach to the thousands of pilgrims.

Will not this be a repetition of the glorious past, when our Bishops, Priests, both secular and regular, died for the Catholic Faith?

A large number of Tertiaries is expected to be present.

Can be had at the Third Order Room, Bedford Row, and in several city shops at 6/6 return. Children travel for half-

OBITUARY

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MR. P. O'SULLIVAN, NICHOLAS ST.

Another link with the historic old Parish of St. Mary has been snapped by the death of Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan, Nicholas Street. The deceased had been failing in health for some time past, and during his period of suffering he bore his illness with true Christian patience and resignation. Only those who attended at his bedside during his last moments knew how well he was prepared for his heavenly home. "Paddy" O'Sullivan, as he was affectionately addressed by everyone who knew him, was a most ardent and consistent Nationalist. He was never found wanting in any movement that tended for the good of his native land, and he died, as he lived, a splendid type of Irishman. A kind and loving father, his loss will be sorely missed by his sorrowing family. He was a staunch trade-unionist, and always displayed a keen interest in the upliftment of his fellow-workers. For a number of years he was a delegate to the Trades Council and Board of Management of the Mechanics' Institute, and proved himself an energetic worker. As an old member of the Limerick Bakers' Society he won the admiration of every member of that body, for always having the courage of his convictions and his straightforwardness. He was also one of the founders of the Athlunkard Boat Club. He was one of the finest type of characters, one could wish to come in contact with—decent, gentle and upright. He had all the qualities of a true friend and boon companion. The announcement of his demise, which took place at Barrington's Hospital on Saturday last, will be read by everyone who knew him with feelings of painful surprise mingled with genuine sorrow. The remarkable funeral cortege, which wended its way from St. Mary's Church on Monday last to Mount St. Lawrence Cemetery, testified in every way to the great esteem in which the deceased was held.

The chief mourners were:—George O'Sullivan and Gerard O'Sullivan (sons); Mrs. T. Sheehan (daughter); Timothy O'Sullivan (brother); Thomas Sheehan (son-in-law); Mrs. G. O'Sullivan (daughter-in-law); Patrick, Michael, Joseph, Thomas, Paddy and Michael (nephews); Liam, Joseph, Donal, Dominic, Maria and Noreen Sheehan and Maureen O'Sullivan (grand-children); Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Mr. Stephen Gleeson and Mrs. Gleeson (relatives).

The general public included:—His Worship the Mayor, Ald. D. Bourke, T.D.; Alderman J. Redy, T.D.; Councillor M. J. Keyes, T.D.; Councillor J. Casey, Mr. James McQuane, President, Trades Council; Mr. T. Cusack, Secretary, Delegate Board, Mechanics' Institute; Mr. Frank Kiely, proprietor Imperial Bakery; Thomas Dinneen, Bro. M. Dinneen, S.J.; Edward Browne, Irish Transport and General Workers Union; Mr. Patrick O'Halloran, President, Bakers' Society; Mr. James Dick, Secretary, do.; Mr. Charles Keane, Mr. Dan O'Leary, Messrs. Tubridy's Bakery; Sean O'Ryan, painter; members of the Limerick Bakers' Society and Trades and Labour Bodies.

The clergy present were:—

The Rev. Father Harty, P.P., St. Mary's; Rev. Father Costello, C.C., do.; Rev. Father Kennedy, C.C., do.; Rev. Father Didacus, O.F.M. Father Harty officiated at the graveside.

Numerous Mass Cards were laid on the grave.

Cablegrams were sent from daughters and sons living in America.

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