

Thursday, Dec. 4th ... Killua
 Thursday, Dec. 11th ... Spencilhill
 Thursday, Dec. 18th ... Cragbrien
 St. Stephen's Day ... Newmarket
 New Year's Day ... Latoon
 Hour—1 p.m. (S.T.)

LIMERICK HARRIERS.

The Limerick Harriers will meet as under—

Thursday, 4th December—Mary-vile.

Hour: 12 o'clock.

STONEHALL HARRIERS.

Stonehall Harriers Hunt will meet as under—

Saturday, Dec. 6th, Hegarty's Cross
 Hour—12 o'clock (O.T.)

OBITUARY

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MRS. BRIDGET MEADE.

The death of Mrs. Bridget Meade at her residence, Shanballa, Kilcannon, Co. Limerick, removes from the district one of its oldest and most respected inhabitants. She belonged to a well-known West Limerick family and had reached the fine age of 80 years. She succumbed after a long illness borne with Christian fortitude. It could truly be said of her that she led a long and useful life, the chief characteristic of which was her goodness to the poor. During the Black and Tan period her house was always a haven of rest for the boys on the run, who were always welcome. Three of her sons, John Joseph, Patrick and Laurence, did terms of imprisonment during the fight for freedom and the family are still playing an active part in the national movement. The deceased lady was mother of Messrs. John J. and Laurence Meade, drapers and outfitters, 52 William St., Limerick; of Patrick Meade, Limerick County Council staff, and Thomas Meade, N.T., Pallaskenry. To her husband William, and her sons, John Joe, Patrick, Thomas, Laurence, William and Michael, the sympathy of all is extended.

There was a large attendance of the public and public representatives at the funeral, which took place to the family burial place at Castletown. Rev. D. Fitzgerald, P.P., Stonehall, officiated at the graveside. He was assisted by Rev. Father Wallace, P.P., Kildimo, and Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C.C., Pallaskenry.

The chief mourners were William Meade (husband); John Joe, Patrick, Thomas, Laurence, William and Michael (sons).

NATIVE OF GUIN

void of bush, tree and stake fencing but for the past two years it has gone past human endurance. Last year there were nights that I put as many as fifteen horses off my grassland, other nights three, eight, and eleven, and so on; this occurred on several occasions. One night, while clearing my land, myself and my son, aged fourteen years, were attacked by seven of these bullocks who defied us to put their animals off the land. I had to resort to the use of a shotgun to get it cleared. They beat this little boy on two occasions. This year it is worse; they enter my potato field at night and politely go along the drills, insert their hands under the potato stalks and take the potatoes out of the clay. On the 16th of August this year, I came across three young tinkers in my potato ground. I have sent for the Guards, but they refused even to come when my little boy was assaulted by a tinker on the public road coming from Mary-

STYLE THEMSELVES "DEALERS."

Now for the Board of Health Parties who frequent this road as a party who style themselves dealers, and make this road the headquarters; they travel miles, including East Galway, and buy beds, feathers and fibre that people died upon, maybe suffering from cancer, T.B. or other contagious diseases. These beds are brought to this old road and teased, the good feathers are taken away, but the dirty fibre, or feathers, together with the canvas and ticking sometimes with glazed corruption, is dumped into the fields for cows to chew. I will now take you to the animal cemetery, which is also the County Council property. This year there were four dumps to my knowledge, two horses, an ass, and goat; the ass was never buried, one horse was a kind of buried, but the last horse, he was left over the ground for six days, not saying that he was put far under the ground—the sod rests lightly over him. The goat's burial is this—he was what they style a puck-goat, but he died in the frosty weather last Christmas in the body of an old motor car. Kings and Queens, their bodies are in state for several days, but the goat got eighteen long days and nights before being taken for burial by some hook or crow, and the sod placed lightly over him. Now that self-same body of a motor car is the habitation of one of the wanderers. This may seem laughable to the Secretary of the County Council, but I can quote words