

CINEMAS

CENTRAL—The Hollywood is the "Holly in Springtime," musical comedy Grand Central on three days. The young starlets in "The Big Cast" Cooper, Walter and William Demaree, the famous "The Wild Wind," himself in certain film. Two new produced by Susanna, national star of "The Bert." This seven-opprano can ascend as C above high know their music, a miracle. The "Hold My Hand," comedy, studded stars, including Fred Emney, Sally and Syd Walker. the programme continental master-n Alone," starring Wilcox, Viola and the Ballet vsky. From be this film abounds beauty, thrills and

UM — Myrna Loy and Powell are teamed in the first "Thin Man" two years. "The Thin Man" opens at a Monday next. A big story is unfolded round of treachery, intrigue. On Wednesday programme changes to "Nobody," a delight. The cast includes Alan Hale, William John Litel. The film and appearance in seventeen years old lie, the star who after her appearance with Humphrey Bogart and "The Wagons Roll" St. Stephen's Day latest adventures of "The Boy" (William Boyd) "In Old Mexico," a or Western, which complete show-

—The much dis-length motion picture of the "Vatican," "The March of Time and Rev. Monsignor comes to the Lyric for four days only. Produced with the full co-operation of the authorities of the Papal "The Vatican" is a complete motion picture of the Vatican City, and

STRAY SCRAPS

Christmas Thoughts

(By RAMBLING THADY).

"Where is my wandering boy to-night." It is more at the festive season of Christmas than at any other time of the year that the sentiment, if not the words, of this old ballad will fill many a mother's heart. At Christmas the empty chair round the blazing Yule log will be more manifest, the vacant seat at the festive board, the missing voice at the fireside concert.

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Christmas, though traditionally associated with happiness and festivity, is for many a time when joy and sorrow are strangely intermingled, a period of retrospection, when the events of the past year, sad and happy, flash past the mind, not slowly as a picture across the screen, but with the speed of the lightning flash. The sad thoughts are uppermost. Someone who was with us last Christmas is no longer here. Death, the inevitable heritage of all of us, has claimed him, and the void in the soul, tempered by the passing months, is awakened anew.

A boy or girl, in the happiness of youth, buoyed up with the hopes which only the young can envisage, has left the home circle to seek a home and a living in the stranger's land. To these our thoughts will turn with recurring insistence at Christmastide.

And through the strange undefined force called telepathy the thoughts of the wanderer will turn to home. The strange surroundings will dissolve as in a mist and a picture of home, almost tangible in its realistic clearness, will be conjured up by the exile.

The country road, hardened by the frost or slushed by the thaw, but ever lovable because it was his own, winds its way to the country church. Horses, ponies, donkeys, bicycles, pedestrians, are hurrying to first Mass through the gloom of the early morning. In groups outside the gate the neighbours stand, interchanging greetings. He recognises every face and wonders that none have changed during his absence.

Back again along the winding road, on which the beads of frost have now changed to diamonds in the winter sun, he returns home. How clearly he sees it all with his mental eye. Nothing is changed. Time, which makes all things old, has left it untouched. The walls are as white as ever, the green paint on the gate is still fresh, the old tinted ash tree at the corner of the haggard, though gaunt with-

OBITUARY

MR. E. HARTIGAN, CASTLECONNELL.

(From a Correspondent).

The death of the above esteemed gentleman, which took place at Railway House, Castleconnell, on Saturday, 12th inst., removed yet another of the village's old brigade. Deceased, who had attained the fine age of 78 years, was well known and highly respected in Clare, Limerick and Tipperary, and his occupation as a highly skilled tradesman, brought him into contact with various people, who greatly admired him for his jocular manner, and the admirable traits of character engendered in him. His personality was personified by the exemplary life he led, and as a Protestant he lived on amicable and cordial relationship with his Catholic neighbours, who showed their respect in no uncertain manner at the interment of the remains, which took place in the local cemetery. Rev. Canon Fletcher, Killaloe, officiating. Castleconnell is the poorer for his passing, as he was ever and always ready and willing to assist in any scheme which had for its object the improvement of his old village. He was of a charitable disposition and a close friend of the poor and needy. He now sleeps beneath the deep abiding benison of the Creator, waiting for the Great Call, and as he sleeps the prayer of his numerous friends and neighbours is:—May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

Chief mourners were:—Mrs. Hartigan (widow), Eddie, Jim and Frank (sons), Rachael (daughter), Miss A. Hartigan (niece), Mr. and Mrs. Ruttle, Clarina (relatives).

Amongst the general public were—Capt. and Mrs. Murray, Castleconnell; J. Mackey, Co.C.; Sean Carroll, ex-T.D.; W.F. Lee, ex-N.T.; Mrs. Finch, Newport; C. Coughlan, B. Connors, Alfred W. Watters, Bridgetown; J. Keane, P.C.; Sergt. Kenneally, Garda Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. T. Keane, Bridgetown; P. J. O'Gorman, Crecora; O. Nash, P.C.; J. Murnane, Miss M. Hartigan, The Spa; T. Benn, D. O'Shea, Miss A. J. King, O'Brien's Bridge; A. Hastings and P. Aherne, do.; Mrs. D. Keane, The Hotel; J. Hogan, P. O'Connor, etc., etc.

Various messages of sympathy were received, and in this connection, the relatives desire to return their sincere thanks, and also to those who attended the funeral.

MRS. JOHANNA FENNELL.

On Tuesday, 8th December, at the residence of her daughter, the death occurred of Mrs. Johanna Fennell, Foynes, a member of a highly esteemed west Limerick family. She was the mother of Rev. J. Fennell, St. Joseph's Col-