

RICK STOCK LIST

TO-DAY'S PRICES.

Government Funds.

Government Loan ... 106
 War Loan ... 121 1/2
 Loan ... 105 1/2 xd

Banks.

Irish Bank ... 180/-
 and Leinster Bank ... 180/-

Transport

Pair Eireann Com. ... 15/3
 Pair Eireann Deb. ... 105/-

Miscellaneous.

Tobacco ... 164/-
 ... 132/6
 ... 53/3
 ... 78/4
 Chemical ... 50/-
 ... 71/9
 & Co. ... 80/- bid
 Board, 10/- paid ...
 New ... 26/10 1/2
 New ... 31 prem.
 rd. ... 12/6
 ref. ... 24/9
 op New Pref. 3/3 prem.
 Deb. (£30 paid) 21 prem.

CO. LIMERICK GAEL

Drowned In U.S.A. NATIVE OF CAHERLINE

The following is taken from an American paper giving an account of how a Co. Limerick Gael, Mr. D. Connolly, a native of Caherline, was drowned recently in New York:—

"Denny 'Racer' Connolly, Captain of the Limerick hurling team and former track athlete, had his last race with death in the icy waters of the East River on Friday, February 28th, when he made a desperate attempt to swim to safety after the snow plough he was driving plunged into the icy waters at 145th Street, but was drowned when ice floes prevented his reaching safety.

"The tragic death of this grand Limerick Gael has caused universal mourning among the Irish people of the Greater City, for 'Racer' Connolly was a well known figure in both Irish and athletic circles, and his untimely death, under such tragic circumstances, has cast a deep gloom among his legion of friends.

"When Denny was a track member of the old Round Tower A.C. the writer tagged him with the name 'Racer.' The sobriquet seemed to suit the fleet-footed Garryowen boy for it remained with him down through the years **FOUGHT WITH U.S. ARMY.**

"A native of that great Limerick hurling centre, Caherline, Denny acquired the art of ash wielding at an early age and while still in his teens played for the honour of the little village. He was a veteran of the recent world war and saw severe service with the U.S. Army in many parts of Europe, but came through uninjured. While with the U.S. Army in Europe he visited Ireland on furlough, slept beneath the old roof-tree, played hurling with his native Caherline, witnessed some big hurling and football games and returned to army duty delighted with his trip.

"Since coming to New York he has been a prominent member of the Limerick senior hurling team and last year captained the newly organised Garryowen fifteen. He was a fast and fiery centre-field player whose speed and long aerial drives made him an outstanding player.

"He leaves behind him to mourn his untimely death a wife and two young children, a brother, the well-known Father Connolly, of Texas, and two brothers at home.

"To his bereaved wife and family, to Father Connolly, and to the rest of the family and relatives we tender deep sympathy.

THE OBSEQUIES.

"The remains of Denny 'Racer' Connolly were laid to rest amid scenes of deep mourning on Tuesday, March 4th, after a Solemn Requiem Mass at the Church of the Incarnation, Bronx, attended by crowds of relatives and friends of the deceased and family.

"The waking, held at Cooke's Funeral Home, 1 West 190th St., Bronx, brought overflow crowds with hurlers and footballers from all over the Greater City turning out to pay a last tribute to the famous Limerick athlete and pray for the repose of his soul.

"The casket was draped with the Stars and Stripes, the flag under which he fought so bravely in the recent war, and a Guard of Honour from the Catholic War Veterans stood to attention by the bier while comrades from his Post sounded the sad notes of 'Taps.'

His brother, Reverend John Connolly, of Houston, Texas, was present at the waking and funeral, receiving sympathy from friends everywhere, while the bereaved wife of the deceased, bravely trying to suppress her great grief, also accepted the expressions of regret from the throngs.

"Eternal peace to the soul of this fleet-footed Limerick Gael."

load at Banogue. In the County Gaol there were 103 prisoners awaiting trial, 14 of them for murder. The effect of all this violence was felt by Mr. Denis O'Connor, who

A RARE BIRD

It Came From Arctic Regions

STORY OF THE WAXWING

A friend was telling me lately of a flock of pied thrushes that visited his garden in the recent Arctic spell of weather, and asked if I could place them, but, indeed I could not. A white blackbird I had seen, but pied thrushes were beyond me. We were both interested and puzzled. He gave further particulars. The visitors were handsome birds, with contrasting plumage markings, bold and lively, and kept up a continuous chattering as they fed greedily on a dump of apples that had failed to keep. I puzzled over the matter for a few days, but could only conclude the visitors were rare exotics driven from their habitat by the exceptional winter. Then coincidence took a hand. I was looking over a bundle of English journals sent by a friend when I came upon an article in the science page of the "Illustrated London News" of last December, by Mr. E. D. MacDonald. It was headed:—"The Waxwing: A Welcome Invader." The very name waxwing awoke vague memories and my neighbour's tale occurred to me at once. I read the article attentively; it was interesting anyway, especially as the writer said the waxwing was in the news again, that reports of its appearance in England were turning up in the Press. He said that this bird was looked on with the greatest interest by ornithologists and bird lovers generally, because of its charming appearance, its rare visitations, and the mystery that surrounded it until fairly recently. He then gave a particular description of it, of its habits, and other distinctive items, with the result that I felt no reasonable doubt remained but that we had been entertaining aerial visitors of the rarest kind here in West Limerick. I remember then an old reference book I had with an article in it on the waxwing. I read that carefully and found it identical in substance with Mr. MacDonald's article, and further, having read it long ago my apparently subconscious knowledge of the waxwing was explained. I must say my impression was confirmed of the identity of my friend's orchard visitors.

BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

Perhaps some readers would like to get an idea of this beautiful bird, and perhaps some of them may be lucky—or unlucky—enough to see it in a future visit to our country. The waxwing was always known as a sub-Arctic bird, but its breeding place remaining undiscovered lent an element of mystery, and this was heightened by the rarity and irregularity of its visitations. Nearly a century ago now an eminent ornithologist devoted some seasons to the task of discovering the breeding place, and at last one of his watchers found a waxwing's nest with eggs in it, in North Finland. The nest with eggs was brought to London, and there was great excitement in literary and scientific circles, for there were no world wars then. The bird itself is about the size of a starling. It is covered with silky and glossy plumage, mostly brown above and grey beneath. The face and throat are black, and there is a grey tuft or crest on the head. Near the tail there are white and yellow bars, the primaries are black and the secondaries grey. But the most curious of its markings are those that give its name. The ends of the secondary quills are horny, flat, and scarlet, and have just the appearance of dabs of sealing wax.

D. M. O'LEARY.

In the long annals of human perversity, is there any chapter the equal of this?

BLAME FOR MURDER OF A NATION.

Michael Davitt indicts the whole nation for what he regards

Yesterday, between two and three o'clock, while a basket of bread was being carried by a lad from one of the bakeries to another bread-shop in Broad Street, just at the door he was being followed by a few hungry boys, who, with the basket of its contents worth 14/- worth. A mob which, no doubt, influenced by the strong incentive of hunger, had followed with success in their attempt, seemed bent on profit from the work of plunder, raiding the bread-shops, for the people almost inflamed to see the needs but a small spark would have turned the flame into irrefragable. But the faithful clergy, ever true to their duty, on the spot in a moment, ordered the people to keep the peace, and observed the Rev. Mr. Quinn, and the Rev. Mr. Quinn, addressing the excited multitude consisted as much of ranting women, and pale, ragged children, as of men, evidently dying by slow starvation. The result was they desisted from further

OPS TURNED OUT

At the same instant, a party of police, under Mr. Cripps, J.P., and Mr. Williams, made their appearance at the scene of the riot. The Mayor, with his staff of police, who addressed the people, loudly cheered. When all was over, our Magistrate, Col. Mansell, being sent for by the Mayor, is entrusted with the duty of the city, or even condescend to wait on or consult that turns out the troops of horse, foot, and horse, as if they were in a state of siege. Dragoons with fury in their countenances, might be seen marching through the quiet streets, and their business was to shed the large body were placed at the disposal of the Mayor, who were ordered to the opposite side of the street, demanding the thorough-stationed another party. On Bridge there was a party of police while detachments of both cavalry and infantry, marching and counter-marching in all directions.

Col. Mansell saw there was no military business to be done, tired of waiting for an hour, he called off his men from the deserted field, and the best spreading panic and confusion through the city, and in turn an object for the ragged little boys help jeering at the fanatics of this official a little brief authority. The melancholy incident which seemed to throw an air of ridicule over this wanton As the mounted troops marched over Baal's Bridge, a cart, going to the bridge, believe, appropriately to be near, and the people to not the grouping and in it by ironical cheers. or military magistrates.

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