

...was, truly, a fitting place in which to deliver that great oration, or it was here in this very cottage in Gaelic Rosmuc that Pearse wrote it. As soon as it was written, he travelled across Ireland to Dublin, and delivered it at Rossa's grave in Glasnevin. He never again returned to his cottage in his beloved Rosmuc. Before another summer came around he was lying in a quicklime grave in the corner of a Dublin jail yard, because he had followed in Rossa's footsteps, and gone out to fight and die for a free and Gaelic Ireland. The whole group then sang Pearse's well-known song, "Oro Se do Bheatha Abhaile," and concluded with the National Anthem. It was a very beautiful and inspiring little tribute to the memory of one of Ireland's best.

COLM O GAORA.

The man whom we had the honour to hear speak was none other than Colm O Gaora of Rosmuc, one of Pearse's closest friends. In 1903 Pearse paid his first visit to Rosmuc as an examiner for the Gaelic League, and during that visit he awarded Colm O Gaora an Irish teacher's certificate. They became fast friends, and were separated only when Pearse died before an English firing squad. True to the ideals of his dead friend and leader, Colm fought heroically against British might in his native Connemara in the years that followed Easter week. Two years ago his autobiography, "Mise," was published. It is one of the outstanding Irish books of our time. A number of us secured the author's autograph for our copies of the book on Sunday.

THE REAL IRELAND.

We had a wonderful al fresco meal in Turlach, with lakes, rocks and mountains all round us. Sean Direain, who lived nearby, boiled the kettles for us, and later we dined in his neat kitchen, where we heard Irish spoken by three generations. We set out on our long journey home, but stopped, here and there, to enjoy the thrill of hearing the music of our native language. At one point we met a group of people returning from a feis. They passed by in crowds, with a song on every lip. Somewhere else we met a group of ten or twelve lads, of ages ranging from about 18 to 30. They got off their bicycles and conversed in light-hearted fashion in Irish with our party for 10 or 15 minutes. Here was a living language, spoken by old and young, rich and poor, best and people. Here, surely, is the real Ireland. As we sped onward by Calway Bay, with the sun lighting up the great cliff face of Moher across the water, we all agreed that Gaelic Ireland was worth travelling a hundred miles to

FOCAL SCUIR.

...to give a stay, but in order to facilitate the defendant he would not sign the warrant until the next sitting of the Court.

WIDELY REGRETTED

DEATH OF MRS. AHERN, EX-N.T., RATHKEALE

Her many friends and relatives all over West Limerick learned with regret of the death of Mrs. John Ahern (nee Danaher), ex-N.T., which took place at her residence, Main Street, Rathkeale, on the 9th inst. Deceased, who was a very successful and popular member of the teaching profession, was principal of Monegay girls school for a number of years prior to her retirement; her husband being at the same time principal in the boys school.

Kindly and charitable, she was a lady of much natural refinement, who had the love and esteem of all who knew her, especially her past pupils, to whom she was an affectionate mother ever solicitous for their future welfare while under her charge. To her husband and family we extend our deepest sympathy in their hour of sorrow. The remains were removed to St. Mary's Church, Rathkeale, on Sunday evening and the funeral, one of the largest seen in Rathkeale for some time, took place to the adjoining Cemetery on Monday. It included many members of the teaching profession and friends from different parishes in West Limerick.

The officiating clergy were:—Rev. T. Costello, C.C., and Rev. G. Enright, C.C., Rathkeale; Rev. P. Lyons, P.P., Monagae; Rev. D. O'Callaghan, P.P., Knockaderry; Rev. M. O'Grady, P.P., Fedamore; Rev. M. Kelly, C.C., Newcastle West; Rev. W. Creed, C.C., St. John's, Limerick; Rev. D. Murphy, C.C., Tournafulla; Rev. W. O'Connell, C.C., Coolcappa; Rev. J. Connors, C.C., Glin; Rev. T. Hayes (U.S.A.).

Chief mourners—John Ahern, ex-N.T. (husband); Daniel, William, Frank (sons); Mrs. Sheehy, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Horan (daughters); William Danaher, ex-N.T. (brother); Miss A. Danaher, ex-N.T., Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. O'Grady, ex-N.T. (sisters); Mrs. Fleming (niece); Patrick O'Grady, Dr. J. Danaher, Dr. M. Danaher, Kevin Danaher, M.A., Coleman Danaher (nephews); James O'Grady, Maurice Aherne, N.T. brothers-in-law); Mrs. Dowling, Mrs. Flanagan (sisters-in-law); Peg Ahern (daughter-in-law); P. J. Sheehy, B. Farrell, Sean Horan (sons-in-law).

COWS

The Maigue or "Maag," as it is called locally, is one of the few rivers of my acquaintance with direct northerly flow. Some angling pundit once wrote that "when the wind is in the south, it blows the bait in the fishes' mouth." I would just love to see him try to cast a dry fly into the teeth of the kind of zephyr which blew down the Maigue around the beginning of June.

ALDERMANIC TROUT.

There is a pool just above Howardstown Bridge which harbours a number of aldermanic trout, all apparently university graduates. I was told that, even towards local experts, they employ the equivalent of thumbing their noses. They certainly did it to me—at least all except one, which wandered too far from the safety of the bulrushes, and suffered the consequences of staying out too late. In subsequent ventures I hooked several others, only to lose them in the weeds. But never did I cross that bridge without halting to cast an envious glance at those tantalising "rings" in the pool.

I tried the "Morning Star" several times without success. It has a big reputation locally, but, at the time of my visit, was extremely low. I forgot to ask how it came to acquire such a glamorous title which, to my mind, might be more appropriately applied to a certain well-known hostelry not a hundred miles from Athlaca. Any-

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