

OBITUARY

MRS. BRIDGET McCORMACK, CHRISTCHURCH.

It is with much regret the death is announced of Mrs. Bridget McCormack, who passed away on March 22, at her residence, Armagh Street, Linwood, Christchurch. Mrs. McCormack was born 84 years ago in Dainsforth, County Roscommon, Ireland, not far from the town of Carric-on-Shannon. She was married about 60 years ago to Mr. Owen McCormack, of the same county, and migrated to New Zealand in the ship Rangitikei, landing at Lyttelton on January 1, 1879. Although in those days there was free emigration to New Zealand, Mr. McCormack paid full passage for himself and family. Although a well-to-do farmer in his native land, he decided to come to New Zealand, as he could not see a prospect of settling his family in his own country owing to bad land laws, rack-renting, and Irish landlordism. Mrs. McCormack had a family of ten children of which are left to mourn their loss—Mrs. P. Drury (Dunedin), Mrs. J. Thornton (Christchurch), Mrs. D. Hanifin (Riccarton), Miss C. McCormack (Christchurch), Messrs. James ("Mostyn," Springston), Thomas (Christchurch Police Force), and Owen (Telegraph Department). Those dead are Misses Beatrice and Nora, and Constable P. McCormack, who met his death by accident at Palmerston North some years ago. On their landing at Lyttelton the McCormack family went direct to Christchurch, where they have resided ever since. In those days, when the young emigrants were coming to New Zealand, many of them found a home and a mother's care at the hands of the late Mrs. McCormack. Good advice was always given, and her hospitality was unbounded, and although scattered all over New Zealand, all of those so befriended who hear of her death will offer up a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul. In her last illness the deceased was attended by the Rev. Father Fogarty, and died fortified by the rites of Holy Church.—R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS KELLY, STAFFORD.

There passed away on March 22, at the advanced age of 82 years, a well-known resident of Auckland Beach, Stafford, Westland, in the person of Thomas Kelly. Born at Taghmon, County Wexford, Ireland, he came, while still a young man, to New Zealand. He followed the gold rush of Otago, worked at Gabriel's Gully, and eventually, about 1872, settled at Auckland Beach. Throughout his long life he has been a sterling worker. Feeling his end approaching, he came to reside in Hokitika, where he was visited almost daily by the priest and nuns. He leaves a family consisting of five sons and one daughter—John, Michael, and Lawrence (Awatuna), Joseph (Ruatapu), Patrick (Feilding), and Mrs. York (Ohakune). Fortified by all the rites of Holy Church he calmly passed away. His obsequies took place at Stafford. The Rev. Father O'Hare officiated in the presence of members of the family and many other mourners.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY HENLEY, LINCOLN.

Mrs. Mary Henley, relict of the late Patrick Henley—a Canterbury colonist of 57 years,—died at her residence at Lincoln some months ago at the advanced age of 87 years. Born at Tuam, County Galway, she, whilst a young woman, went to America, and was married in St. Louis in 1855. She came to New Zealand in 1860 with her husband and formed one of the noble band of pioneers whose labors helped to make Canterbury what it is to-day. In the early days of the Church in Christchurch she rendered great service to the priests, and for some years at Lincoln, Mass was celebrated in her house until the church was built. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated at the Lincoln church on December 7 by Rev. Father Leen, (who attended the deceased in her illness), assisted by Rev. Father Walshe. The funeral took place immediately after the Mass, and was followed by a

large gathering of people, many coming long distances to pay a last tribute of respect to one whose many acts of hospitality and charity will be long remembered. Mrs. Henley is survived by a family of two sons and three daughters.—R.I.P.

THE FAIR

(By THEODOSIA GARRISON.)

The pick o' seven counties, so they're tellin' me, was there,

Horses racin' on the track, and fiddles on the green,
Flyin' flags and blowin' horns and all that makes a fair,

I'm hearin' that the like of it was something never seen.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, it may be true—
I only know the bonnet strings
Beneath your chin were blue.

I'm hearin' that the cattle came that thick they stood in rows,

And Doolan's Timmy caught the pig and Terry climbed the pole,

They're tellin' me they showed the cream of every-thing that grows,

And never man had eyes enough for takin' in the whole.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, it may be so.
I only know your little gown
Was whiter than the snow.

They're tellin' me the gentry came from twenty miles about,

And him that came from Ballinsloe sang limpin' Jamesey down,

And 'twas Himself, no less, stood by to give the prizes out,

They're tellin' me you'd hear the noise from here to Dublin town.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, the same may be,
I only know that comin' home
You gave your word to me.

BOOK NOTICES

1. *Short History of England*, by G. K. Chesterton. (Whitcombe and Tombs, 6s 6d.)

The name is misleading. The book is really a long essay on the history of England. And it is an essay in Mr. Chesterton's best vein. A reviewer has said that from the book we can readily see that G.K.C. is a Catholic. As a matter of fact he is not. But he is always ready to break a lance in defence of truth, and this book contains many brilliant pages in defence of so much that was good in Catholic England, and many others exposing shams and shibboleths and catch-cries that had their origin in the Reformation. It is a book well worth studying.

Australia: A Review of the Month. (Australia Office, 20 Olderfleet, Little Collins Street, Melbourne, 3d.)

We welcome cordially the new Melbourne monthly review. The third number has just come to hand, and it is as vigorous and interesting as we expected it would be. There are articles by Fathers Boylan and Lord, S.J.; poems; book notes; historical sketches; and literary sketches. The editorials are after our own heart. *Ad multos annos!*

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