

school. Jimmy is the boy's name. We went to Queenstown for our holidays. I have no more news, so I think I will close with much love from your new friend, Molly Enright, Bush Siding.

(Thank you for stamps, Molly dear, but I won't send your badge till I'm sure of your address. Is "Bush Siding" quite a full address?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I was pleased to see my last letter in print. I received a letter from Moira O'Neill. I enclose sixpence in stamps for a badge. I received a prize at school and the name of it is *Stories from Tennyson*. Here is a riddle Anne, "what is it that has fingers yet no flesh nor bones?" We have no garden in this year but hope to get one in. Well dear Anne, as news is so scarce I will close. Yours faithfully, Eileen Keane, Clyde.

(Thank you for the riddle Eileen, and do you like your badge?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am sending you 1/1 worth of stamps for two badges and postage—one for Betty and myself. Betty forgot to enclose the money in her last letter. From Patty Phelan, Macraes.

(Hope you and Betty liked your badges, and that you are all quite well.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Enclosed you will find sixpence in stamps for my badge. Your loving friend, Jessie Fleming, Riversdale.

(Thank you for stamps, did you get your badge safely?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am enclosing 7d in stamps—6d for a badge, and 1d for postage. I was away in Queenstown for nearly two months and I had a good time. I had my birthday while there, and my aunt gave me a fine treat. We had lots of nice things to eat, and a big iced cake, round which Mona had put nine candles—one for each year, as I was nine that day. I have a little black and white calf. As it was born on my birthday we call it E.P. My uncle in England sent me a book of Limericks. I wish you could see it Anne, some of them are very funny. We have two dear little kittens—a grey one called "Tiger" (he is my pet) and a black-and-yellow one called "Spitfire," which is Tom's pet. Yours truly, Edmund P. Lynch, Woodside, West Taieri.

(You did have a beautiful birthday, Edmund P., fancy the little calf and all coming to greet you. Do you like your badge?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to ask you how you are getting on. I am sending you sixpence for a badge. I have only one sister. I hope to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I always read the Little People's page. I am twelve and I am in Std. IV. My sister is writing to you for a badge. We are all very sorry about this sickness because it is keeping us from school. We have two little kittens; would you please give me a name for them.

I was out at Greenfield for my holiday but I am at home now. I am learning to milk the cows now. I will close now dear Anne. From your old friend, Margaret O'Gorman, Lawrence.

I hope you like your badge Margaret. I think "Jack" and "Jill" would be nice names for your kittens.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is the first time I have written to you. My name is Joan Kyne. I live in the Albion Club Hotel, Gisborne. I will be in Std. 3 when I go back to school. I have a big brother. He is ten years old. I am eight years old. My birthday is 13th May. I am sick of the holidays now. I started music on the 27th of February. From your loving friend, Joan Kyne, Gisborne.

Dear Anne,

I would like to join the L.P.L.C. I am sending 6 penny stamps. It is a grand idea to have a badge. I got a celluloid doll for Christmas and mother bought me a pram. My brother got a book of Chums and a draught board. I have now no more news to tell you. From Joan Kyne, Gisborne.

(I got your letters in the same post bag Joan, and here they are. Hope you like your badge, we are pleased to have you with us.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

It is a long time since I last wrote to you. I am sending sixpence in stamps to you for a badge, and sixpence for postage. My address is, Master Jack Rodgers, 88 Clyde Street, Island Bay, Wellington. My birthday is on October the 9th. At Christmas I went down to stay with my auntie, in the Pelorus Sounds. It was great fun trying to milk the cows. My Uncle has forty cows in milking and about fifty-three young ones. He has a very fierce old bull. We do not go back to school till about the sixteenth of March on account of this sickness. Well, good-bye. From your little friend, Jack Rodgers.

(So glad to hear from you again Jack, what a nice holiday you had. Have you got your badge safely.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Please may I be a member of the L.P.L.C. I enclose the money for 1 badge. My birthday is on the 26th September, and I am thirteen years old. It is a long time since I wrote to you Anne, but I didn't forget you. I obtained my proficiency last year. We are not able to go back to school till after Easter on account of the infantile paralysis which is gradually increasing. Please would you ask some girl of my own age to write to me. From your friend, Mona Hannan, Winuie Street, Greymouth.

(Welcome Mona; I hope you like your badge. I'm sure some girl will write but I'm sorry dear that you have no birthday mate yet.—Anne.)

Dear "A.M.F.,"

Thank you so much for your gift. When the books are judged I will write telling you all about it, and will address the letter to the *Tablet* Office.—Anne.

OBITUARY

MR. MICHAEL O'NEILL, BLENHEIM.
(From our own correspondent.)

Death has removed an old Blenheim resident in the person of Mr. Michael O'Neill, who passed away at his residence in Weld Street on Sunday, March 1, after a lengthy illness. The late Mr. O'Neill, who was a very well-known figure, had not enjoyed the best of health for the last two years and had been totally invalided during the past three months. His parents left their home in the County of Cork, to seek their fortune in London in about the year 1855, and it was shortly after their arrival in the great city that Michael O'Neill first saw the light of day. He was but nine years old when he was left parentless. He joined the mercantile marine training ship Chichester, with a view to preparing for a sea-faring life, and having served his apprenticeship, he joined an ocean-going vessel. He voyaged twice to New Zealand and was struck with the appearance of the country. Then, in the year 1876, he made a third visit in the ship Fern-glen, upon which he held the position of quarter-master. The lure of the new land was too strong to resist, and Mr. O'Neill decided to throw in his lot with the immigrants his ship had brought, and finally made his way to Blenheim. One of the earliest occupations the deceased took up was the position of ferryman at the Opawa River. This ferry was then the only means of communication between the rail-head and Blenheim. Mr. O'Neill relinquished this position to join the painting trade, and he was with Mr. S. Clinch for some years. He later entered into business as a painter on his own account. The deceased was an enthusiastic member of the Fire Brigade in days gone by, while like most sailormen, he was an amateur boxer of no mean skill and as a clog dancer he had no equal. Through his death the local Hibernian Society loses one of its oldest members, for he joined the society over 40 years ago and for a long period was extremely active in promoting its progress and success. He took a leading part in the conduct of the sports gatherings and acted as handicapper for the meetings. With the Rev. Father Lane and others, the late Mr. O'Neill took a leading part in founding the Hibernian Band, an organisation which, in its hey-day was one of the town's chief musical institutions. He married in 1878 Johanna, second daughter of the late John and Bridget Hunter of Tua Marina. He leaves a widow and a family of twelve, all of whom are grown up. There are five sons—Messrs. Patrick O'Neill, of Wellington, and W. J., E. D., G. G., and R. P. O'Neill, all of Blenheim. The daughters, seven in number, are: Mrs. S. Forbes, Taumarunui; Mrs. T. Hynes, Wellington; Miss Evelyn O'Neill, Sydney; Mrs. Roy Thompson, Grovetown; Miss Mary O'Neill, Blenheim; and Misses Eileen and Patricia, both of Wellington. The late Mr. O'Neill was predeceased by two children—Mr. Jack O'Neill and Miss R. O'Neill.—R.I.P.

He who receives the mystery of unity, and does not hold the bond of peace, receives the mystery, not for himself, but against himself.—St. Augustine.

J. O'Rourke

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