

Colonel Driscoll, D.S.O., Commandant of the famous Driscoll Scouts, also writes of him: 'Magnificent! O'Leary's exploit was thoroughly Irish in method and execution. This splendid Irish Guardsman deserves to rank as one of the greatest heroes of modern warfare.'

A representative of the *Cork Examiner*, who interviewed O'Leary's father and mother at Inchigeela, County Cork, writes: This gallant Irishman, O'Leary, comes from near Inchigeela, a little hillside district called Cooleen, in the celebrated barony of Ivleary. He may be said to be a child of the mountain and the flood, for the district is the hilly, boggy land that lends such a wild charm to that beautiful lake country. The first news his parents received of the greatness that he has achieved was a telegram from the *Examiner*, and it was not until our representative visited his home that they learned of the story. 'We had a letter,' said his mother, 'and it told of a big engagement, but he gave us none of the details now published.'

Though proud of his wonderful feat, her greatest concern was for his safety, and when she learned that evidently he had done this truly herculean feat without sustaining even a scratch, she gave God thanks for His mercy from her heart and prayed in our presence for his further safety. 'Perhaps they will let him home for a while, as he has done so well,' she said, and we could only hope sincerely that her wish would be granted.

In an interview she told us that when he was sixteen years of age he entered the Navy. At Malta his health broke down, and he got his discharge. He came home crippled with rheumatism, and was so bad that he had to use crutches. His mother's careful nursing restored his health, and soon after he joined the Irish Guards. He comes of a fine, healthy, vigorous stock. His father, Dan O'Leary, was one of the finest athletes in a parish that could match men with the pick of Ireland. His son is not of the father's physique, being only about 5ft 10in, and rather lightly built, but he has inherited his dash, courage, and vitality. His father stands to-day, though over 60 years, well over six feet. A spare, lean man, with massive bones, long, supple sinews that allow the arm to strike like a shot or the legs to be untirable. From Macroom to Rantry there are told tales of the strength of the father in his younger days as a hurler, a footballer, or particularly when a quarrel was forced on him. On our remarking that it was a good thing for the Germans that he was not amongst them with a rifle and bayonet, or his son's performance would likely suffer, he said: 'I think I could get back a bit off some of them for their murders at Louvain—God forgive them! I wish I was only twenty-four years of age—my son's.'

ANOTHER VICTORIA CROSS HERO.

Another Irishman got the Victoria Cross also for heroism, part of which had to do with machine guns. Lance-Corporal Kenny had rushed through a hedge of flying shot to rescue comrades that were wounded. He brought them to safety, and, hearing then that two maxims were in danger of falling to the enemy, he rushed back again to bring them away. Kenny was invalided home with a broken wrist. He is a native of Drogheda. His achievement, too, found no mention in official despatches. If these two Irishmen (says the *Freeman's Journal*) had not been awarded the Victoria Cross, and their deeds, in consequence, formally set out in the *Gazette*, the world would know nothing of them. It is not so when men of other nationalities do brave deeds.

A Drogheda correspondent, writing to the *Freeman's Journal*, says: In an interview which I had with the parents of Lance-Corporal William Kenny, of the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, who has been honored with a V.C. distinction 'for conspicuous bravery on the 23rd October, near Ypres, in rescuing wounded men on five occasions under very heavy fire, and in the most fearless manner, and for twice previously saving some machine guns by carrying them out of action,' I learned a few particulars about this fine young soldier, whose native modesty is an inheri-

tance of his worthy parents, who, though naturally proud of their gallant boy, are singularly reticent in regard to his exploits.

William Kenny's father, who served 23 years in the Bengal Tigers (1st Battalion of the Gordons), the old 75th, is still a hale man, while his mother, a magnificent type of Irish womanhood, is still also hale and hearty. This worthy pair saw a good deal of military life together, the old man's regimental experience lying amongst other places in Gibraltar, China, Egypt, and South Africa—Durban and Natal. Old Kenny, during his service, secured five good-conduct clasps, and sports the Khedive Star and Medal on account of his Egyptian experiences. His son William, who is one of thirteen children, joined the colors some seventeen years ago, saw war service during the Boer war, from which he brought three medals.

STILL ANOTHER IRISHMAN.

His Majesty the King on February 20 received at Buckingham Palace Sergeant John Hogan, 2nd Manchester Regiment, to whom the V.C. was awarded some time ago for special gallantry displayed on the 9th October near Festabert. The sergeant was passing through London, and, as in the case of a former recipient of the V.C., the King, on hearing of his presence in town, directed that he should be sent for in order that his Majesty might personally attach the coveted decoration.

Sergeant Hogan was conducted to the King's business room, where his Majesty pinned on the medal and chatted with him for some little time about the occasion in respect to which the award was made.

It has been already notified in the *Gazette* that Hogan and a lieutenant (the latter has received the decoration) volunteered to endeavor to recapture a trench which had been taken by the Germans and which the British had on two occasions failed to recapture.

By a display of special skill and daring a commissioned and non-commissioned officer succeeded in recapturing the trench, killing several of the enemy and taking several prisoners.

The King, on shaking hands with the new V.C. at the close of the interview, warmly congratulated him.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

The Golden Rose is a precious ornament made of pure gold by skilled artificers, which the Pope has been accustomed for centuries to bless on Laetare Sunday, or the fourth Sunday of Lent, and sometimes to confer upon illustrious churches or sanctuaries as an emblem of special reverence and devotion, or upon a Catholic king or queen, prince or princess, or other distinguished person, or upon a nation or city conspicuously loyal to the Holy See, as a token of esteem and paternal affection. The golden flower, with its shining splendor, symbolises Christ and His regal majesty. Who is heralded by the Prophet as 'The Flower of the Field,' while its fragrance shows forth the sweetness of Christianity which should be diffused by those who are Christians; and the thorns and red tint are indicative of His passion. This custom, according to many, dates from the early part of the eighth century. It certainly is anterior to the eleventh. Sixtus IV. and many of his successors substituted for the single rose a thorny branch with leaves and many roses clustering around the largest one which was at the top.

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