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“...A FOOLISH ENTERPRISE...”

IN the golden Maytime of 1916 Sean Heuston proudly and gladly gave his young life for Ireland. In his last letter to his sister—a Dominican Nun—he wrote: “Let there be no talk of foolish enterprises. I have no vain regrets. If you really love me teach the children the history of their own land and teach them that the Cause of Caitlin Ní hUallachain never dies. Ireland shall be free from the centre to the sea, as soon as the people of Ireland believe in the necessity of Ireland’s freedom, and are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to obtain it.” And to Father Albert, who was with him to the end, he said: “Remember me to the boys of the Fianna.”

He was born in Monalena, Athea, Co. Limerick. He studied with the Christian Brothers and after a brilliant Intermediate course, went into the service of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. In 1910, a year after the formation of the Fianna, he organised a strong branch of the organisation in Limerick. All his spare time he spent in the little hall—drilling, giving lectures and in general making the work so interesting for the boys that in a short time he had 25 boys in his Sluagh, making it one of the largest in Ireland.

In 1913 he came back to Dublin, where he met Con Colbert and Liam Mellows. He was given command of a Sluagh in the North side of the city, which held its parades in Hardwicke Hall.

Shortly afterwards he became Vice-Commandant of the Dublin Brigade, and Director of Training on G.H.Q. Staff.

And when the Volunteers were organised in 1914, he offered them his services and was very soon appointed O/C, D Coy., 1st Battalion. His labours from then were divided between the Volunteers and the Fianna.

On the Sunday of the Howth gun-running, July 26th, 1914, Sean was in charge of the transport—in other words, of the Fianna trek-cart, which has since become famous on account of the part it played that day. It was fully loaded with rifles from the White Yacht, and, in spite of every effort made by the enemy to capture it, the trek-cart brought its load safely into Dublin.

WHEN Easter Week came he was ready to do his part. On Easter Monday, at a few minutes after noon, he took possession—he and about a dozen Volunteers—of the Mendicity Institution in the name of the Irish Republic. Immediately he ordered the building to be fortified while he and three others went out and erected a barricade on the Quays. The idea was to use the building as an outpost to engage the enemy, while the Irish Republican troops in the Four Courts were making preparation for an effective resistance. But Sean and his men were barely back in the building when the Royal Dublin Fusiliers from the Royal Barracks appeared down the Quays on their way to attack the Four Courts. At once the Republicans opened fire and the enemy, taking completely by surprise, scattered ignominiously in all directions. Many of them, too, were killed.

British reinforcements, however, were rushed to the scene. They surrounded the building and opened such a fierce attack that the brave little garrison gave up all thoughts of returning to the Four Courts and concentrated, instead, on defending their own position. Their numbers, as we have seen, were few and their supply of ammunition very limited. All through the night the fight continued and, as all were needed on duty, there was little sleep for the Volunteers.

LATE on Tuesday evening, a small detachment of men, sent by James Connolly from the G.P.O., managed to fight their way through to the relief of the Volunteers in the Mendicity Institution. They brought with them some welcome ammunition and messages of courage and hope from Padraig Pearse. But on Wednesday the gallant little



SEAN HEUSTON

band were forced to surrender. They laid down their arms and were walking out behind the white flag when an English soldier, violating all rules of war, shot dead one of the Volunteers, Peter Wilson, of Swords.

In most countries soldiers who surrender, or who are overpowered and captured in arms, are interned and kept as military prisoners until the war is over. But England and England's successor, the "Free" State, ignored these rules of war and shot their soldier prisoners. And so ten days after his surrender, on Saturday, May 6th, Sean Heuston and his Fianna comrade, Con Colbert, were tried by courtmartial and sentenced to be shot.

Father Albert, who has since died in exile, has left an account of Sean Heuston's last night on earth. We have not space to reprint it here in full but we should like to quote a few sentences from it for the benefit of our readers. Describing his visit to the young hero's cell at 3.20 a.m., he writes: "He was kneeling beside a small table with his rosary beads in his hand. On his table was a little piece of candle and some letters which he had just written to near relatives and friends. . . . During that last quarter of an hour we knelt in that cell in complete darkness, as the little piece of candle had burned out; but no word of complaint escaped his lips. . . . He awaited the end not only with that calmness and fortitude which peace of mind brings to noble souls, but during the last quarter of an hour he spoke of soon meeting Padraig Pearse and the other leaders who had already gone before him."

Together they made short Acts of Faith, Hope, Contrition and Love and prayed to Patrick and Brigid and Columcille and all the Saints of Ireland. "But," writes Father Albert, "although he prayed with such fervour for courage and strength in the ordeal that was at hand, Ireland and his friends were close to his soul. He loved his own to the end."

At about 3.45 a.m. a British soldier knocked at the door and told them that time was up. They walked out together to the large open space from which a corridor runs to the jail yard, and here young Heuston was blindfolded and his hands tied behind his back while a small piece of white paper was pinned over his head. In the second yard the armed military waited and Sean and Father Albert were directed to a corner of this yard, a short distance from the outer wall of the prison. Sean was perfectly calm and said with the priest, for the last time, "My Jesus, Mercy!" The priest had scarcely time to stand aside when a volley rang forth and the noble

soldier of Ireland fell dead. "I rushed forward," concluded Father Albert, "to anoint him; his whole face seemed transformed and lit up with a grandeur and brightness that I had never before noticed."

Na Fianna Eireann surely has reason to be proud of him. For though he was only a boy in years, no soldier in all the history of the world, has ever fought a better fight or died a braver death.

HIS comrade, Con Colbert, was born in 1893 in Monalena, Co. Limerick, but when he was quite young he came to live in Dublin.

When the Fianna was formed in 1909, he threw his whole energy into the organisation. He was soon appointed Captain of a Sluagh which came to be known as the best Sluagh in Ireland. Although it was the last to buy uniforms, it was the first to be equipped with arms and camping outfit.

Con believed firmly that the more the boys were taught, the more enthusiastic they were likely to become. Practically every night in the week he gave them classes in signalling, scouting, map-reading and First Aid; while on bright starry nights he brought them up the mountains where they held practical experiments of finding their way by the stars.

Most Sundays, too, he took some of his lads up the mountains, far beyond the pine trees to the wild rocks and heather. There, after strenuous military manoeuvres, they would sit around their blazing camp fire and talk. Stories would be told of Ireland's many fights for freedom and the boys would wonder if they, too, would get a chance to strike a blow in the same glorious cause.

When Con grew older he joined the Volunteers and very soon was appointed Captain. Padraig Pearse called him the Gallant Captain Colbert; and thought so much of him that he had him drill his beloved boys in "St. Enda's." Although this school was some distance from Dublin, and although Con Colbert had little free time, he never failed to turn up there—hail, rain or snow. As tactfully as he could, Padraig Pearse once suggested his accepting some small remuneration for his work. Con, however, grew so angry at the idea of being asked to accept payment for the work he was doing for Ireland, that Padraig Pearse went no further with the subject.

LIKE Sean Heuston, Con was extremely fortunate in having Tom Clarke as a friend. Needless to say, this fine old man must have had an inspiring effect on the two young boys, who were just beginning a life of work for Ireland. Tom Clarke had spent between fifteen and sixteen years



CON COLBERT

suffering cruel imprisonment in England's worst dungeons, but had come out, in the end, unconquered and unconquerable. He ran a little newspaper and tobacconist shop at the corner of Parnell and O'Connell Streets, and Heuston, who lived quite near, was a constant visitor. England's spies in the police force also knew this shop and noted everyone who crossed its threshold.

Usually Con spent his holidays cycling from village to village in his native county, Limerick, forming Sluagh after Sluagh of the Fianna, and, later, companies of the Volunteers. He had a keen sense of humour and a great love of fun and, consequently, was popular everywhere he went. But under all his gaiety was an amazing austerity; he neither drank nor smoked and was always denying himself the little luxuries of life. Often he went without meat, it is told, for the whole of Lent. Indeed, he often deprived himself of real necessities in order to hand over the money to purchase arms. In his thoughtfulness and fear of giving trouble, he often put himself to very great inconvenience. Miss Daly, of Limerick, relates that on the Christmas morning of 1915, he turned up at her house at seven in the morning. He had travelled from Dublin by the mail train, which arrived in Limerick at 3 a.m., and, rather than disturb his friends at that unearthly hour, he had walked around the streets until he thought they would be astir.

When the Republic was proclaimed in Easter Week, 1916, Con was given command of the Marrowbone Lane area—and that although he was only twenty-three years old. This was one of the most important outposts connected with the South Dublin Union and the military purpose in invading this area was to cut off the approach of the enemy from the south and east. It was no easy matter to achieve such a thing, as there was a perfect maze of streets in this particular area. Con, however, had not studied the geography of Dublin for

(Continued on page 118)

THE JOYS OF CAMPING

WHETHER he belongs to Na Fianna

Eireann or not, there is scarcely a boy in Ireland, we are sure, who would not enjoy camping. Provided, of course, that he is a *real* boy and not one of those ease-loving, luxury-lapped products of over-civilisation which our American neighbours dub "sissies"—for want of a better name. There are, we imagine, very few of that type in this country. If there should happen to be more than we suspect hanging around, we can surely afford to ignore their existence or leave them to be cured by the ridicule of their comrades. Indeed, it might be a good idea to entice a not-too-hopeless case into a week-end of the rough-and-tumble, so to speak, of camp life. A strong dose, judiciously applied, should either kill or cure.

Which is not, however, the point just at the moment. We are now concerned mainly with the joys of camping—joys which can be attained by the average every-day boy. And although this article was written specially for members of the Organisation, we have no objection at all to others reading—and benefiting by—it.

First of all, *there is the joy of life* in the open, of breathing in pure oxygen and with it health and fitness. Then there is the still keener joy of being enabled to take part in fine, manly, character-building games. The novelty, too, of having to look after himself; to help to provide, that is to say, the necessities of life for himself and his companions, the preparing and cooking of meals, even the washing-up; the general feeling, perhaps, of independence brings, to most boys, an odd, yet very real pleasure. But, to our mind, the greatest joy of all is the sunset and twilight hours around the blazing camp-fire. The pleasant crackle of firewood, its aromatic odour; the leaping flames and the glowing embers—with the shadowy night-time closing in and the stars in the heavens twinkling—make a scene which is hard to beat and harder still to forget. Songs—stirring national songs, for choice, and rallying choruses—are usually sung with gusto and, sometimes, stories are told. Historical or adventure tales are the best, we think, though some lads whom we know seem to revel in ghost stories. All very well for those whose nerves are naturally strong and who lack what can best be described as vivid imagination. For them, in the after hours, should they happen to lie awake, the deepening night will hold no real terrors nor the wind in the trees sound eerily and heart-catching. . . . For the sake of those who might possibly dread those "wee, sma' hours," although they may be too manly and proud to admit it, we should suggest

that in camp life all such weird tales be tabooed.

WHEN a group of lads decide to go camping, the first thing to do is to select a suitable site. They should make sure that clean water is within easy reach—and if a good swimming-pool is adjacent, so much the better. Then they must find the owner of the land and, if they have not already done so, obtain his permission to pitch their camp. Then those in charge must insist that the boys will take every care of the position occupied. No firewood must be cut without the owner's permission; hedges or fences must not be used as fuel. All gates must be closed to prevent cattle straying either in or out of the field. The best plan would be to secure a field in which plenty of firewood can be used, if necessary.

Members of Na Fianna Eireann, as a rule, know a good deal about tents. Bell tents can be bought second-hand or hired from firms in Dublin. Smaller tents (Patrol A tents) to accommodate four boys are cheap. It is, however, no harm to repeat some little instructions. Around each tent, dig a trench from three to five inches deep, so that all rain-water will be carried down-hill. Arrange, if possible, that a special tent be used as a mess tent. Otherwise, scraps of food will be lying around, a source of danger to health. Above all things, cleanliness in everything is essential. In arranging for bathing and washing, therefore, care must be taken to locate these spots in a place lower down than that from which the water for drinking and cooking is taken. No papers, tins or jam jars should be left about the site.

In arranging for your camp fire make sure that all grass, leaves and so on, for a distance of five yards around, are destroyed; otherwise a fire may be caused, doing great damage to property. The camp should be pitched convenient to a grocery store or, better still, the cooks should know how to make all the bread. Wheaten bread is much more wholesome and the use of it should be encouraged in all camps.

IN a week-end camp, in which boys of Na Fianna Eireann will spend their few days in scouting exercises only, the officer in charge should arrange about the transporting of supplies. Bread, potatoes, tinned meat, etc., should be procured by the acting quartermaster, and candles and matches should not be forgotten. It should be remembered by all that there is no room in any camp for rowdiness, carelessness, destruction or indiscipline. Every boy should assist his fellow-camper to make things comfortable. A shirker is not required. And the officer in charge



CONSTANCE DE MARIEVICZ,
Foundress of the Fianna.

should see that his boys are kept busy; otherwise mischief may be done.

Next month we mean to suggest a suitable camp programme and to give a few useful hints on camp bedding. We also propose to deal with tramping and to give a few simple remedies and hints for first aid in case of accidents.

We should be very pleased to receive reports of how our boys succeed at their camping. Any new ideas will be welcomed and, perhaps, published. Take cookery, for example. Later on, we intend to say a word about it, ourselves, but, in the meantime, we should be glad to receive any good recipes, tried out by the cooks themselves. We should also like an account of the work done in camp, the manner in which it was done, the various advantages and drawbacks. And if there are any humorous incidents to relate, do not be afraid to send them along.

Little accidents sometimes occur in camp. Next month we propose to deal with the best means of treating them.

A last word, do not forget to march to Church at attention. On return journey national songs can be sung when you have left the Church about half a mile behind you. And would it not be a good idea to arrive at the Church half an hour earlier and disposed of as many copies of FIANNA as possible among the congregation? Think it over, anyway, and let us know if it can be managed.

"When the soul is conquered, the articulate expression of the voice of the nation loses its defiant accent, and taking on the whining colour of compromise, begins to plead for the body. The unconquered soul asserts itself, and declares its sanctity to be more important than the interests of the body; the conquered soul ever pleads that the body may be saved, even if the soul is damned."

—JAMES CONNOLLY.

an tÓirpáin bhréagach

Cáit ní mhaire do ríoch.

B'í fear i n-a cóimnise i gCondae Múigeo faoi ásur ní faoi de cupam ar áit é féin ásur a mácair. Áit muna faoi féin bí a fáit anghon, mar bí pé leatbheortú ásur ní faoi dail ar bí m' an obair aise.

Ampear an t-óc-faoisil a bí ann ásur ní faoi móran le ppáilil ág uine ar bí. Ní faoi aisead le fáisil ág aon uine ar íarad nó ar fámbin ar an fá rin ní faoi céo ág an mac le go sceannoatú pé gheim le n'íte do féin ásur dá mácair. Lá amáin tudaire pé le n-a mácair:—"Caitéiró tú báp o'fáisil, níl gheim le n'íte ásat, ásur ar n'óis caitéiró tú báp o'fáisil am éigin, ásur nac bpuil pé com maic duit báp o'fáisil anoir le am ar bí eile?"

"Ó ní ceartúgheann an báp uaim," aoiarí, "ásur ní fáisil mé an áit seo sup toil le Dia fíor a cup oim."

"Má' mar rin acá pé" ar peir-ean, "caitéiró mipe beart éigin a feacáin le rúse fáisil a beapfar beata uóinn ásur," ar peir-ean. "Dá leigeadá-rá báp bhréig opt féin, b'féirí go n-eipeadú liom cabair éigin fáisil." "Níl gar an éannit leat," ar rípe, "ásur ó caitéiró tú do comairle féin do beit ásat tá mipe fáisil púo ar bí a déanam ír bpeas leat."

Bí go maic sup ní faoi go n-olc. Socraig an mac bóro 'ran gclúro bópa ásur ear pé bpaiclin seail timéall a mácair ásur cup pé or cionn clár i. Nuair a bí rin déanta aise, pús pé ar máilin na mine ásur cáit pé bpaiclin na mine ar a lámhaib sup ar a héadain: ásur dá bpeicteá anghon i, déapá an leabap go faoi pí caillte. Ámac leir anghon ág fáisilil caoinne sup a gpeadú bor. "Céapó tá opt?" arpa bean de na cóimnise. "Tá mo fáit," ar peir-ean. "Tá mo mácair caillte, ásur an ríseal ír meapá liom níl

ceó le n-a cup, áit dá mbead gléap tórra" ágainn, ní beinn ró-dona." "Ó ar rípe. "Caitéiró na buacailil be ága dail éap ar púo na mbaitle go gceinnigíó riad an oipeapí cupéiró i."

Cuairt riad éap ásur éuinigí riad pé púit ásur veic ríallil. Ceannúghead comneal ír piopai ír púo beas tobac. Anghon cupí mac na mná an curo eile de n' áisead ma póca, ásur bí pingsin deap aise.

Éuinigí na cóimnisean írtead ág an tÓirpáin, ásur o'fan curo aca go dtí fáim na gcoilead. Anghon b'ail leobta púo le n'íte a beit aca. Cupí riad póca ar an teime ásur cupí riad írtead damne ásur min a tús riad leota ásur pinne riad leite bán. Com luat ír bí an leite ásur an póca tóga do tús mac an "marbáin" púoc de pnáat móir dá mácair. Cupí pí béic airci. O'eirigí rí aniar ásur fúide pí ar an mbóro. Ámac le gac uile uine a bí 'ran tead ág pú ásur ág cuirim ar a céile. Níor péac uine amáin aca ma díaró nó go faoi pé míle ón áit ásur a éporde ág dail amac ar a déal.

Ní túirce bí riad glanta amac ar an tead, na cupí an mac an bolta ar an n'óirpá sup o'le pé féin ásur a mácair an leite ban.

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THE WANDERING HAWK

ADAPTED FROM THE IRISH OF P. H. PEARSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The boys of St. Fintan's College discuss the coming of a new master. They resolve to give him a lively time of it. When, however, "Old Snuffy," as the boys respectfully call the Rev. President, introduces Kilgallon, something in the new master's personality interests and attracts them. They call him "The Little Captain," and are soon listening to his stories of Wolfe Tone and Thomas Russell, and taking a breathless interest in "The Wandering Hawk," the name given to a noted Fenian organiser, one John Dunleavy, alias Warren, on whose head is the price of £500. A strolling tin whistler comes to the College, and is seen in secret conference with the Little Captain. Several of the boys make an expedition to the island of Inishlaghogue. Their boat founders. Young Clery disappears. The Little Captain comes to the scene, and he and Dwyer (who tells the story) enter a water cave in search of him.

The cave leads into the interior of Inishlaghogue where, in a cleft which they name the Eagle's Nest they find young Clery wounded after a victorious fight with a sea eagle.

One day as he sits in his class-room a police force enters and arrests the Little Captain as a Fenian organiser.

CHAPTER V. (Continued)

HE produced a paper and motioned to the two constabulary men to come forward. In a twinkling of the eye handcuffs were slipped on the wrists of the Little Captain. He made no resistance.

"I am sorry, sir," he said to Old Snuffy. "I did not intend to bring this notoriety on the College."

"It is an honourable notoriety, Mr. Kilgallon," said Old Snuffy, and with that he turned and glared at the County Inspector.

"We'll be getting along now," said that functionary, half brusquely, half apologetically. "I regret this intrusion, Canon"—to Old Snuffy. "If you please, sir"—to the Little Captain.

Kilgallon glanced at us with his old boyish smile. It was just his usual smile, with no constraint and no swagger in it. That was his only farewell. Then he quietly followed the Inspector, and the others closed around him. The group went out of the door and moved down the corridor.

Without any permission asked or given, we left our seats and followed at a little distance. None of us spoke. Our hearts were big, and yet we felt a strange exaltation. We did not believe that all was over yet.

Nor was all over. The little procession was walking down the corridor, a constabulary man on either side of Kilgallon, the County Inspector in front, the District Inspector behind. Suddenly, as they passed an open window on the left, the Little Captain, acting on one of those instantaneous

decisions of his, hurtled aside the constable that walked on his left, and, before anyone could stop him, sprang clean through the window on to the gravel path beneath. I had a glimpse of them fleeing across the lawn. Two or three constables sprang after him; the rest, headed by the Inspectors, raced along the corridor to the front door. We followed, breathless.

ARRIVED at the front door and crowding through on to the steps and gravel walk, we saw the Little Captain flying like the wind across the level sward of lawn. Policemen panted after him. The lawn was bounded on its far side by a hedge; a gap and stile in the hedge led to the playfield. For this Kilgallon was making. It was evident that he would reach it before the police. Knowing the ground better, he had, we felt, a chance of escape. Through the playfield he could reach Feagh Wood and the hillsides. And who would catch him there?

Now he was at the gap. But suddenly from the far side of the stile rose a constabulary man. Was the Little Captain hemmed in? Our hearts literally stood still. Then we saw an amazing thing. Raising his two manacled hands above his head, the Little Captain brought them down on the constable's skull. The constable simply dropped, and the Little Captain sped over the stile into the playfield.

"The Hole in the Wall, sir," sang out a voice beside me. I knew it was young Clery's.

A HALLOO came ringing back. The Little Captain altered his course, showing that he understood and approved of young Clery's suggestion. The "Hole in the Wall" was an exit contrived by us boys for our own purposes, and would almost certainly not be known to or guarded by the police.

Simultaneously we heard the County Inspector give the order to fire. A volley rang out from the police carbines. When the smoke cleared away we saw the figure of the Little Captain still speeding towards the Hole in the Wall.

"Is it legal to shoot, Inspector?" asked Old Snuffy, his face white, and his voice vibrating with wrath.

The County Inspector lost all patience. He turned right round on the President of St. Fintan's and shouted at him.

"Hell's blazes, sir, do you know that the man is the Wandering Hawk?"

MOST men remember two or three moments in their lives when a great wave of emotion has swept through them—an emotion so exalted and so joyous as to have some of the poignancy of pain. Such a moment to me was the moment when I first saw Pius IX and heard the Roman crowd acclaim him as "il Papa Re." Such a moment was the moment when homeward bound after being away from Ireland for twenty years, I tumbled up from the ship's cabin on hearing the cry "Old Head of Kinsale in the offing." But the emotions of those moments were faint and ordinary compared with the emotion of the moment in which I heard the Police Inspector shout "Do you know that that man is the Wandering Hawk?" And every fellow there felt the same emotion; aye, and Old Snuffy felt it. No one of this generation can quite understand what it was to us, for no one of this generation has come under the spell of that name as we and our fathers came under it. The doings of the Wandering Hawk—his flights from place to place, his hair-breadth escapes, his daring disguises, his always successful stratagems—had grown into a legend in every part of Ireland: they had been the open talk of all our firesides during the Christmas vacation, they had for six months now been the whispered talk of playground and dormitory at St. Fintan's. And there was the Wandering Hawk, himself, the Hawk taking flight, the Hawk away to the hills, the Hawk again triumphant and the foes of the Hawk baffled; and the Hawk was our friend and teacher and leader, the Hawk was Kilgallon, the Hawk was the Little Captain!

As the portentous meaning of all this flashed through our minds, we vented the wonder and pride and emotion of the moment as schoolboys alone can adequately vent such feelings: in a cheer, yea, in a yell that went floating over the lawn and fields and woods bearing the message of our love and fealty and good hope to the man that was fleeing towards Feagh with a price upon his head. And it was long a tradition in St. Fintan's that Old Snuffy joined in the cheer.

That cheer did for the County Inspector. He sputtered something in which we detected only the words "all damned Fenians." We thought he was going to drop down in a fit. Young Clery relieved the tension by bursting into his merry laugh. We all laughed hysterically. The County Inspector and the District Inspector started across the lawn in the wake of the police. Far

off we saw the Little Captain bounding through the Hole in the Wall into Feagh Wood. Let them catch him there if they can.

"We will resume work, boys," said Old Snuffy, trying to speak and look as if a tremendous thing had not happened.

Tongues were now unloosed and we trooped back into the corridor all talking together. We were exhilarated as if by wine. Some of us were laying bets on the Little Captain. Others were describing to those who had not seen them the leap of the Little Captain through the window and the terrific blow of his manacled hands with which he had downed the policeman that rose from behind the stile. The whole school had now turned out in addition to our class, and the news had spread like wildfire that the Little Captain was the Wandering Hawk, that he was away to Feagh Woods and to the hills, and that the Rising would be in a few days. Masters passed among us and urged us into the classrooms; Old Snuffy clapped his hands and said, "Now, boys, back to work"; the Dean clanged his bell. Gradually we melted into our classrooms and made a pretence of resuming study. McDonnell went through the farce of a lesson on quadratic equations; O'Mara mumbled out a chapter or two of Cicero, and carefully noted down all our names for inattention during Thucydides—as if Thucydides mattered more than the Wandering Hawk, more than the Little Captain! At last the school day came to an end and we poured down into the playfield to finish our talk.

That night after Rosary Old Snuffy came into the Study Hall and said to McDonnell, who was on duty, that he would detain us for a few minutes. He mounted the rostrum and we sat upright on our benches with arms folded

on the desks in front of us. We knew that something about the Little Captain was coming.

"Boys," began Old Snuffy, somewhat nervously, and as if fumbling about for the right words, "I feel I ought to say something to you with regard to the event of this afternoon. First, some of you will be interested to hear that Mr. Kilgallon—I mean Mr. Dunleavy—has, so far, not been taken by the —"

A wild burst of cheering interrupted him. He made no effort to stop it. We paused of our own accord, for we wanted to hear what else he had to say. The President went on:

"I cannot pretend that I am altogether in sympathy with the aims—or, at any rate, with the methods—of the brave, but, as I fear, misguided men with whom it appears that our late master has been prominently associated. But I will say this"—and Old Snuffy's voice trembled—"that there has been among us a very good and a very valiant man and that we are all a little bit better of having known him."

Another cheer greeted these words, and Old Snuffy, thinking perhaps that he had said quite as much as was wise, walked down the Study Hall, holding his head very high, as was his manner when he was conscious of having done his duty. We gave a special cheer for Old Snuffy himself as he marched out, for, though some of us thought the "misguided men" part unduly tame, we all felt that Old Snuffy had acted well in the matter, that his tribute to the Little Captain had been prompted by real generosity of feeling, and that, on the whole, the President of St. Fintan's was "a good old skin."

Next morning everybody was avid for the sight of a newspaper. Now newspapers were forbidden at St. Fintan's and the Dean had several times censored boys for having them unlawfully in

A RALLYING CALL

Fianna! Fianna! the proud voice of Ireland

*Is ringing 'triumphant thro' glade and thro' glen,
Her banners unfurling, her war-pipes a-skirling
She summons to battle her warriors again.*

Fianna! Fianna! from hill and from mountain

*The voice of your country is calling to you,
To fight for her laws or to die for her cause
She calls of her children the brave and the true.*

Fianna! Fianna! across the wild ocean

*To hearts that are faithful re-echoes the call,
For exiles from Erinn have strength and have daring*

To use in the service of dear Inisfaíl

*Fianna! Fianna! together for Ireland,
Together for freedom, we'll conquer or fall.*

The coward disdaining, the Sassenach braving,

We throng in our thousands to answer the call.

GEAROID O MONGAIN

(Taoiseach Sluagh, Shean Mhic Aodha).

their possession. Judge of our surprise and gratification when after breakfast the Dean handed the *Patriot's Journal* carelessly to O'Doherty, and said that perhaps the boys would like to have a glance at Father Tom Burke's charity sermon. We had not suspected the Dean either of such good nature or of such subtlety.

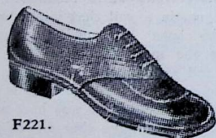
(TO BE CONTINUED).

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SCHOLAR, SAINT AND PATRIOT

By COLM MacDIARMADA.

THE May Devotions were over, and a few of us were wondering how on earth we would manage to put in the rest of the long Sunday evening. Our popular Sluagh Leader was just recovering from the effects of a badly-sprained ankle, and although he thought very little of the half-mile to the Church, he did not, as yet, feel equal to facing long distances. One or two of us, therefore, had volunteered to keep him company when the rest of the lads were taking themselves off to the hurling field. We had thrown our bicycles into a shed in the sacristan's yard, and were grouped aimlessly outside the church gates when a pony and trap drew up.

"*Dhia' s Muire dhib,*" a friendly voice hailed us. And:

"*Dhia' s Muire dhuat 's Padraig,*" we chorussed in reply.

From his seat in the high, old-fashioned trap, the Man of the House smiled down on us, with a rug tucked snugly around his knees, and he holding the reins in his hands.

"Plenty of room here, lads, for a couple of you," he went on; "if any of you have a notion of coming up to the house 'on your ceillidhe.'"

"We were just trying to decide what to do," someone answered; "this fellow here is not fit for much tramping yet. But if you can give him a lift—"

"And the rest of us," someone put in, "can follow on our bicycles."

"In with you, then," our friend invited, unwinding the rug from his knees.

Despite his "game" foot, our leader clambered up beside him, and the two of them drove off down the road at a spanking pace. We got our bicycles, mounted them, and spun off briskly after them, and in a very short time had caught up with, and passed, the trap. We waited, however, at the top of the braise to help our genial host to unyoke and stable the pony. Then we followed him into the big cheery kitchen, and took our places, as usual, around his blazing hearth.

We chatted for a while on different subjects, arguing, wrangling or agreeing among ourselves—while the Man of the House contentedly smoked his pipe and smiled. Finally, of his own accord, he began to tell us a story.

"I DON'T know how it is, lads," he started off, "but the month of May always puts me in mind of Diarmuid O'Hurley. Maybe it was because he was cruelly put to death on—ay, I

think, the 6th of May is the date of his anniversary. . . .

"You all, I am sure, heard tell of the saintly Archbishop of Cashel. You heard his name, anyway, even if you don't know his history. It used to be a household word when I was young, and he was just as real to us as any saint named in the Litany or any of the grand and great men who gave their lives for Ireland. But people don't think so much about him nowadays. The latest flying hero or film star would—God help us!—be more to their liking. However," brightening up, "as long as you of the Fianna are left, there is still, I will always maintain, hope for this country of ours.

"But to go back to our story, it happened in the reign of the cruel Queen Elizabeth of England. Our religion, as you know, was banned during her reign as it was banned for more than two succeeding centuries.

"Diarmuid O'Hurley was the Archbishop of Cashel, and also one of the most distinguished scholars of his day. He had been abroad, and there had won fame among the wise and learned men of Europe. In storied Louvain he had taught philosophy; at Rheims he taught rhetoric to the students of the great University; at Rome he won the hearts of all men by his wisdom and his piety. His might have been a life of learned and leisured ease. But when Pope Gregory XIII. pointed out the path of duty, this fine Munsterman, and still finer priest, did not pause to calculate the risks that he would have to run. It was enough to know that God had called him back to his own tortured land.

"MAYBE he thought, too, of Cormac MacCullinan, the kingly prelate and warrior, who ruled Munster, and reigned at Cashel—and who was the first Archbishop of that great Southern See. Maybe he thought of how he had fallen in battle against his enemies, and, thinking thus, had foreseen that he, too, would be called to suffer and give his life for his people and for his Faith. Anyway, he was consecrated Archbishop, and leaving Rome and its intellectual delights, sailed back serenely to the land of his birth. And Philip O'Sullivan Beara, the chronicler of the day, describes him as one of the noblest and gentlest of men, and adds that none 'more mild had ever held the crozier of St. Cormac.'

"He reached Ireland safely, and be-

gan to serve his people. He realised full well that he was a marked man, and that, from the day he set foot in Ireland, he was tracked from district to district. But for many months he was able to evade his Saxon foes and to minister in secret to the needs of his flock. But at last he was captured and cast into a 'dark and loathsome prison,' where he lay in chains for nearly a year. You see, lads, their idea was to break his spirit entirely. For it goes without saying that the secession of such a high dignitary of the Church—and such a notable scholar, too—would cause a panic among the 'Romish Irishrie,' as they called them—and startle all the Catholic ecclesiastics of Europe from Louvain to the Tiber.

"At any rate, he was brought before Archbishop Loftus in Dublin on Holy Thursday, 1584, who was to do all he could to win him over to their side. Loftus was mild and argumentative. He talked most eloquently, striving to point out to Diarmuid O'Hurley the error of his ways. He showed how pardon for his past misdeeds would be followed by honour and preferment in the service of the Queen's Church in Ireland—perhaps even in her Majesty's court. Seeing at last that the priest was not to be tempted, the worthy English prelate of Dublin announced that he would try 'other means to change his purpose.'

"Then, lads, Diarmuid O'Hurley was taken back to his loathsome cell in irons. And thither followed the English bishop and his colleagues to see that the work they had ordered was well and truly done.

"A TREE was brought into the courtyard of the prison, and the 'stub-

(Continued on page 118.)

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MAY, 1936.

TWOPENCE.

MAYTIME MEMORIES

BLUE sunny skies, drifts of fragrant apple-blossom, tender green of young leaves and budding branches, gold of the gorse on the hill—and May is with us again. Poets have sung of it as the sweetest month of the year, extolling its loveliness, its graciousness and its charm. . . . Certainly no other month holds for the Irish boy so many great and inspiring memories.

It was the month selected by the men of '98 to begin the insurrection for the freedom of their country. We all know the brave effort they made during that and the following months. Wexford, Enniscorthy, Castlebar, Ballyellis, Tubberneering, Oulart, Antrim, Ballinahinch, and a hundred other places, record the testimony of the desire of the men of '98 for freedom. They failed, in the eyes of the world; they did not achieve their object, but the people of Ireland never relinquished the ideals for which they fought. Their spirit lived again in the Fenians—whose fine vindication by Brian O hUiginn will be found on another page—and in the men of '16 and '22. If we are not mistaken Fenian warships reached our shores sometime about the 20th of May, 1867. And in the first weeks of the same month in 1916, the leaders of the Rising of Easter Week faced the British firing-squad for the Cause they were proud to have served. Among those leaders were two who were little more than boys and whose names, by the Fianna, above all, should be "remembered for ever."

Reverence for all the noble men who

died for Ireland; admiration for and pride in their deeds and their lives can only be praised and commended. But every Fian worthy of the name should set himself a higher and still more difficult task. He should resolve within himself that, come what may, he will strive to emulate them. He will see that the destiny of Ireland largely depends on the boys of to-day and that by allowing himself to be trained as Na Fianna Eireann trains its members, he is fitting himself to do his part and to do it as well as possible. History tells us that even boys can win battles. It was a little drummer boy won the day for Napoleon at the Battle of the Bridge of Lodi. And we know how the Fianna stood the test at the unforgettable gun-running from Howth in 1915.

IN things which may seem comparatively unimportant, the good Fian can and will do much. He will, in all cases, give preference to things Irish. Not only will he scorn to take part in foreign games and dances, but he will insist that everything he buys will be of Irish manufacture. He will make a point of demanding it in the shops which he frequents and he will use his influence in the home, with his people and with his friends. Which reminds of something which one of our advertisers mentioned to us lately. Many people, he assured us, who "could be described as extreme Nationalists" are often very careless indeed in this respect. He saw them himself, he declared, waving away something made in Ireland for some less expensive but certainly inferior article. He thinks that drastic action should be taken in the matter and that those people should be compelled to see their duty. We hope that no reader of FIANNA will ever have to be taken to task.

Then there is the question of the language. Many of our young people have a good knowledge of Gaelic; can speak it quite fluently when they choose. Yet they are extremely lazy about it and relapse into English more often than they need. Others, we notice, are impatient with beginners and inclined to jeer at the blunders they frequently make. We have seen quite sincere, if not very brilliant students of the language so discouraged that they could not be induced to speak a word of it outside their class. We wonder what Heuston and Colbert and Liam Mellowes would have thought of the so-called lovers of the language who hinder thus its growth among the people.

TWO members of FIANNA—one in Liverpool and one in Mullingar—are, you will see, amongst our contributors this month. We were agreeably surprised by the standard reached by both and we are of the opinion that there is much hidden talent in the

organisation. Although our magazine caters for the old and middle-aged, as well as the young, it should have a special appeal for the lads of Na Fianna Eireann. They should look on it as their own and have its interest at heart. Not only should they help to make it known throughout the land, but they should strive to infuse, so to speak, new blood into its veins. Every lad who feels within himself the urge to write should make some sort of attempt and send it along to us. We may not publish it—though we shall, if we possibly can—but we can at least give him a frank and helpful criticism. Who knows, indeed, how we may manage to help?

Some of the best-known writers in Ireland to-day found their feet in a little magazine which was first published, we think, in 1917, and did good work for Ireland in the memorable years which followed. The boys and girls who contributed to it regarded its Editor as their very dear friend—and each other as comrades in a great adventure. We should be proud if we could help as that kindly Editor helped; if we could win even a little of the affection and respect which he won and deserved. We should not like to give his name without his permission. But we are sure that many of our readers will recognise him when we say that he served Ireland for long, long years and is serving her still; that he never stooped to compromise and that he always was—and is—a friend to Na Fianna Eireann.

THE PRIMROSE

'Twas but a primrose lying in the street,
Crushed by the ruthless tread of passing feet;

Its fragile petals all bespattered o'er—
'Twas but a faded primrose, nothing more.

Yet as it lay so lone and frail and sweet,

It seemed to cast a spell upon my eyes
For glorious visions did before me rise
And all forgotten was that sordid street.

Dull brick and mortar vanished from my sight;

Gave place to dim, green woods and meadows bright,

Deep, mossy nooks where wild flow'rs, sweet and gay,

Peeped shyly, smilingly, throughout the day.

The friends of childhood were around me then;

I saw the deep-voiced mavis on the wing

Heard little happy streamlets laugh and sing . . .

The primrose brought them back to me again.

E. F. K.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

By S. O. MAOILBHRIGHDE (Adj., Sluagh Muileann gCearr)

FOR some time the British Scouts' Organisation had been busy, recruiting Irish boys, drawing them into their ranks in order to fashion them into "happy, healthy youths" and loyal West Britons. Their success attracted the attention of Constance de Markievicz some time in 1909, and gave her the idea of starting an Irish Scouts' Organisation—Na Fianna Eireann—of which she, herself, was the first chief. While its immediate object was to combat the influence of the Imperialistic Scouts, the aim of this body, in reality, went deeper: the re-establishment, that was to say, of the country's Independence.

Madame, as always she was affectionately called, started—with a few excellent aides-de-camps—the mighty task of gathering the youth of Ireland into the Fianna. All her energy and all her resources, financial and intellectual, were concentrated on the work—work which was very often uphill and weary. But in spite of difficulty and discouragement, and even danger, Madame gallantly persevered. The success which ultimately crowned her efforts can be seen even to-day.

Possibly Madame did not realise the service she was doing her country in founding Na Fianna Eireann. She could not know of the part it was to take in the coming struggle; nor that it was to produce such men as Mellows, Colbert and Heuston. Nor could she know that it was to give so many martyrs to the Republic.

WITH all its dismal failures, fatal blunders, terrible disasters, our story is surely a story of great things. For, for generations, our people have fought against overwhelming odds, against a merciless foe to regain their freedom. It is a story of great men, great organisations, great societies. . . Yet it can be safely said that Ireland has never seen, nor is there existing to-day, a greater companionship, or a companionship with a prouder tradition than that of Na Fianna Eireann. And this tradition does not date from 1916, nor even from its inception in 1909, but goes back two thousand years.

For, first of all, there was the Fianna of Fionn from whom the Fianna of to-day took their name and ideals. Its members were banded together in the service of their country, and whether their duty lay in repelling foreign invaders or in firmly suppressing domestic dissension, always they were "to fight fearlessly and cleanly." So faithful indeed were they to their own standards that they have won a great and undying place in the literature of the Gael. Fionn, Oisín, Oscar and Gall. . . "their

names shall be remembered forever."

Then there came the second Fianna—the Fenians of 1858-67. Great men who were faithful to the high ideals of their predecessors—the ideals found in the motto of the Fianna of Fionn—"Strength in our arms, cleanness in our heart and truth on our lips." Their story is one of chivalry, purity, zeal, brotherhood, unselfishness. Despite their apparent failure, they did their work for Ireland and did it exceedingly well, and they hold a high place in the proud and glorious history of the struggle for independence. By their gallant, if unsuccessful attempts "to break the connection with England," they proved themselves worthy of the name they bore.

It has been said, however, that the third and last Fianna—founded in 1909—is really the greatest and has done more for Ireland. Certainly, the extent and result of their work for Irish Independence cannot be estimated. But for them the Volunteer Movement—and all that has sprung from it—might never have been possible. . . First of all, they prepared the way. Then their senior boys were mainly responsible for the organising and training of the Volunteers. They took part, too, in all the major activities—in the transporting, for instance, of the arms to Dublin from Erskine Childers' yacht at Howth. But it was not until the Rising that the Fianna really showed their mettle. The manner in which those young lads bore themselves in that memorable week will ever remain an example to us of the heights of nobility, sacrifices and physical endurance which the average Irish boy can, if need be, attain.

Thenceforward, all the energy of the Fianna was devoted to the Cause of the Republic. Again and again they proclaimed their allegiance thereto and again and again they offered their lives in its defence. In the war waged on the Republic by British-armed native traitors, the Fianna were again to the fore and did their share in the fighting; in many parts leading the struggle, as in Kerry, Limerick and other Southern counties. Despite treacherous murder, cowardly attacks and mysterious kidnappings which sadly thinned down their numbers, the Fianna bravely held out until May, '23, when they, with the faithful soldiers of the Irish Republican Army, laid down their arms. And that, it must be remembered, without the surrendering of one principle.

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G.H.Q., Na Fianna Eireann is as strong as ever, numerically and physically, to-day. But—is it as strong morally? Is it worthy of all the past traditions of the Fianna, of its inheritance bequeathed by the boys of '16 and '23? Is it ready to hand on the torch to the coming generation of Fianna? Let every Fian who read this ask himself of himself and his Sluagh:

Are we in every respect worthy members of our great organisation? Have we the same pride therein, the same codes of discipline, the same respect for our officers? Have we the true Republican and Gaelic outlook? Are we prepared to fight and die for our principles? Are we thoughtful, manly, independent? Do we realise there is work ahead and can we face it and face it confidently? Shall each of us be ready when the crucial moment strikes and shall we go forth eagerly like the lads of '16 and '23 with no fear in our hearts save the fear of God? Shall we be prepared to meet imprisonment, hunger-strikings, torturings, death, with courage and resignation and even with cheerfulness?

If he is satisfied that he can answer all these questions in the affirmative, then, and then only, can he claim to be worthy of his inheritance. For, let him remember that not only is the record of the Fianna clean, but it is also mighty and great. No organisation has produced more heroes—soldiers, scholars, patriots—men whose names will forever be cherished. And all three bodies of Fianna were mighty in their dimensions, have accomplished great things and have left indelible marks on the history of their country.

But let no member of Na Fianna Eireann be alarmed at the high standard demanded of him. Let him rid himself of the delusion that it would be impossible for him to live up to it; that it would necessitate constant reference and strict adherence to elaborate and stringent codes and rules. He has only to study carefully and try to fulfil his pro-

(Continued on page 119.)

"WHILE GRASS GROWS . . .

At the Easter Commemoration for Trenchonnail, held at Drumboe Castle, where Comdt.-Gen. Charlie Daly, Brig.-Comdt. Seán Larkin, Lieuts. Tim O'Sullivan and Daniel Enright, were shot to death in 1923, the oration was delivered by Brian O hUiginn. He referred to the injustice of the recent attacks on the Fenians and said: "The soldiers of 1916 took their inspiration from the Fenians, and it could not have come from a purer human source. The Fenian Brotherhood came into existence on St. Patrick's Day, 1858. Its members took a soldier's oath, and its work had of necessity to be carried on in secret because this country swarmed with the armed and unarmed garrison of England. There has never been in the history of human endeavour a more unselfish, more high-minded, more patriotic, more God-fearing body of men than those who thronged into the ranks of the Irish Republican Brotherhood during the nine years that followed its inception until the adverse fate that has broken the advance of so many movements for Irish independence, down even to our own day, upset all their plans in 1867, and sent some to the gallows, thousands to prison, and many to perpetual exile beyond the seas.

The Fenians were reorganised in the Seventies. They were induced to throw their enthusiasm, energy and determination into the Land War, and it was they who broke the power of landlordism in Ireland, but at a terrible cost. Their entry into Parliamentary or party politics, which was meant to be temporary, put an end to their effectiveness and their strength as a military organisation. Some of them became professional politicians, others became disillusioned and subsided into inactivity, and as a consequence, the shame of a greater century of slavishness, dissention and national degradation had to washed out in the hearts' blood of the martyrs of 1916.

THE Fenians frightened England as she had not been frightened for half a century. Gladstone admitted that it was fear of Fenianism that brought about the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and many other things as well. Because England feared the Fenians, because they were men of unblemished character and high ideals, because they attracted to their ranks the patriotic Protestant as well as the patriotic Catholic, because they were sober, disciplined, clean-living and unselfish, because hardly one informer could be found among their two thousand members, the well-known and very often successful British campaign of defamation had to be let loose against

them, as it had been let loose against the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, against Tone and the men of '98, against Emmet and the men of 1803, against Mitchell and the Young Irelanders, against every clean, unyielding enemy of England in every generation and in every land on earth.

So the English purse-strings were loosened and literary and journalistic hirelings were employed to set going in good order the lie that the Fenians were secret assassins, that they were enemies of religion, that they were drunkards, that they squandered money entrusted to them, that almost every second one of them was an informer, and all the time-worn falsehoods that have been written and spoken about the upholders of the Fenian ideal in our own day.

THE latest attack on the Fenians—and incidentally on the whole Republican movement in Ireland since the very beginning—does not come directly from England, but it has been founded on English lies. The Fenians were organised to smash in this country the power of the Freemason Government of England. They actually did break the power and tyranny of the Freemason landlords—that is a fact of history.

And now the charge is made, in a particularly mean and insidious way, that the Fenians were associated with Freemasonry, that their aims and the aims of the Freemasons were identical and that they wanted to destroy the Faith of Ireland.

The charge is made in a book with a spiritual title, and supposed to be concerned with spiritual truths, and it is based on the testimony of long-discredited, paid English spies. I refer to this matter here to-day because it concerns very directly all who stand for the complete separation of this country from England, which is the heart and kernel and blood and spirit of the Fenian tradition and ideal. If it could be established that Tone and the United Irishmen were against order and religion, that Mitchell and Davis and Lalor took their teaching from Tone, that the Fenians who came after them and sought to perpetuate their ideals and put their teaching into practice were the allies and associates of the Freemasons of Europe, then the men of 1916, of 1920, of 1922, who took their inspiration from the Fenians, were enemies of the Faith, enemies of order, enemies of all authority, and deserved all the persecution and opposition and denunciation with which they were met by slavish and renegade Irishmen.

For 150 years we have been commanded to respect and give allegiance to Freemason kings and princes; to obey Freemason laws; to starve ourselves and

our children in order that Freemason libertine landlords might get their unjust rents; to carry out the orders of Freemason officials, drawing their huge salaries from the hard earnings of despised and trampled Irishmen; and now we are told that the priests and the laymen, the Catholic and non-Catholic patriots who banded together in the most Christian and most Irish, and most unselfish national organisation Ireland has ever known, were associates and dupes of the Freemasons of Europe and therefore enemies of the Catholic Faith. But the Fenians and their faithful followers shall still hold their place in the unforgetting heart of Ireland, as loyal children whose love for her was second only to their love for God.

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Ballads of the BraveTHE PRIESTS OF NINETY-
EIGHT

By REV. P. M. FURLONG.

The story of our native land from weary age to age,
Is writ in blood and scalding tears on many a gloomy
page;
But darkest, saddest page of all is that which tells the
fate
Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the priests of Ninety-
Eight.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
The love a darling mother wins from true and tender
sons—
A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
With such a love they loved their land, the priests of
Ninety-Eight.

To Heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild
despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's un-
heeded prayer;
The voice of vengeful blood, that cries up from the
reeking sod—
Ah! well may ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests
of God!

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the
light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her
might,
And swore around uplifted cross, until the latest breath
To follow where her Sagart led—to victory or death!

The Sagart led, the pikemen fought like lions brought to
bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody
fray,
Where wronged and wronger, foot to foot, in deadly grip
were seen,
And England's hated Red went down before the Irish
Green.

Radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad
their doom,
To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free
Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good
and wise—
Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice,
Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's
fate
To feed it with their own heart's blood—the priests of
Ninety-Eight.

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their own unaided work.

The decision of the Editor of FIANNA must, in all
cases, be accepted as final.

NA FIANNA EIREANN

IN LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool is the only Sluagh in England. Though due
to circumstances, it is comparatively small in numbers,
we make up in enthusiasm for what we lack in size. All
members took part in the selling of Easter Lilies and a
small party travelled to Manchester on Easter Sunday to
carry the Colours in the Commemoration Procession. Our
parades are held on Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock in
the Gaelic League Hall, 22a, Wood Street, the programme
including boxing under the supervision of an instructor.
Sunday afternoons are devoted to hurling and football.

At present we are endeavouring to raise funds for a
pipe band. Already two Ceilidhthe have been held for
this purpose, but the amount obtained is still far short
of what we require. A subscription list has accordingly
been opened and, as ours is an exile slough, we appeal
particularly to exiles for support. We also ask them
to become honorary members; the subscriptions to the
band fund will be acknowledged by a receipt and by
publication in "Fianna." Honorary members' subscrip-
tions should be addressed to: Gearoid O Mongain, 38,
Clare Road, Liverpool, 20.

We have received the following subscription to the
band fund: Commdt. O Deorain, U.S.A., 5/-.

IN NENAGH.

The draw for the wristlet watch in aid of Na Fianna
Eireann, Nenagh, took place at the Town Hall, on April
8th, 1936. The winning ticket (No. 150) was held by
Mr. J. Ryan, Knigh, Nenagh.

THE MILLIONAIRE

By R. MACK

IT was in the days when we flocked to America on the slightest provocation, so to say, and the house of Patrick O'Brien shone spick and span in the noonday sun. Newly lime-washed it was from the chimneys to the stones that bordered the gravel path. Inside the kitchen was spotlessly clean and the dinner-table displayed the finest of the household treasures. All to welcome Martin O'Brien, the great American millionaire, who was coming home after forty years spent in Chicago.

Patrick and his wife proudly surveyed the result of their labours. Indeed, the excitement of the latter grew more intense as she moved about putting unnecessary finishing touches to the table and straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of the car. For her son Phil had driven into town to meet the great man.

"I wonder what he'll be like at all?" she asked her good man.

"He should be fine and hearty still," the latter replied; "he's two years younger nor me and I am hardly sixty-one. I remember him a fine loose-limbed lad, great at the hurling and wrestling. The best dancer, too, in the whole country-side. And he could lift twenty stone of potatoes as easy as—"

"Whist!" interrupted his wife, "I think I hear the car."

The car it was, right enough, but Martin O'Brien was not in it. Phil said there wasn't a sign of his uncle anywhere. He had searched every carriage on the train.

The woman of the house was on the verge of tears.

"To think," she lamented, "of my good pair of chickens and square of bacon, not to talk of the rice pudding and the rest of the things I spent my whole morning getting ready."

"Don't be fretting yourself, woman dear," said Patrick consolingly. "Come on in and we'll sit down to it ourselves. Don't we deserve it as much as Martin, who has roast and boiled every day of his life. I'll be bound. Maybe it's what he missed the train and will come in a motor car later in the day."

They sat down to dinner and were about half-way through it when a wizened, ancient man, dressed in greasy, threadbare corduroy, came up the gravel path. Two men, still shabbier and dirtier, remained standing at the gate.

"It'll be some of the travelling tinkers," said herself, "heading for the morrow's fair. They've come at a good time now, we've more in the house than we could eat in a week.

THE man walked into the kitchen and stood staring curiously at the family. They stared back, as well they might. Save for his bright piercing eyes, the face of the new arrival was like the face of a mummy or corpse. Except for a scanty fringe of grey hair, he was bald. His shoulders were stooped and he leaned heavily on a stick.

"I guess you don't seem to recognise your brother Martin, Patrick," he said. "Martin," the other gasped in sheer surprise.

"Your reception," continued the stranger, "seems a kind of tepid."

He cackled mirthlessly.

"A thousand welcomes," said Patrick, rising from his chair and trying hard to infuse a brotherly feeling into his voice; "a thousand welcomes, Martin, no matter how you are or in what state you're in."

"Guess you're disappointed I didn't arrive in a prancing coach-and-four or in a twenty-horse power automobile. I had," seating himself, "to leave all that in Dublin. I got a cable this morning informing me of a plot on foot—a plot to kidnap me and hold me up for ransom—and so I had to adopt this disguise. Those men are detectives; there are two more up the road."

And this ragged, disreputable creature was the millionaire port-packer of Chicago? The unexpected had thrown Patrick and his sons off their mental balance. But the woman of the house, mindful of her obligations, hastened to

place a plate before her guest, a plate heaped with chicken, bacon, cabbage and potatoes. He turned from it with a shudder.

"Thank you, ma'am, nothing for me. My digestion is gone for the past five years. I have to live on specially-prepared powders. All I require is a wine-glass full of warm water."

He carefully blended a small grey powder in the water and this he sipped at regular intervals. He talked for hours of wealth and possessions—this multi-millionaire, this wrinkled, unhealthy man whose life was one continual fight with death, one unceasing round of precaution against treachery.

"You'll stay heer, of course," invited his sister-in-law during a lull.

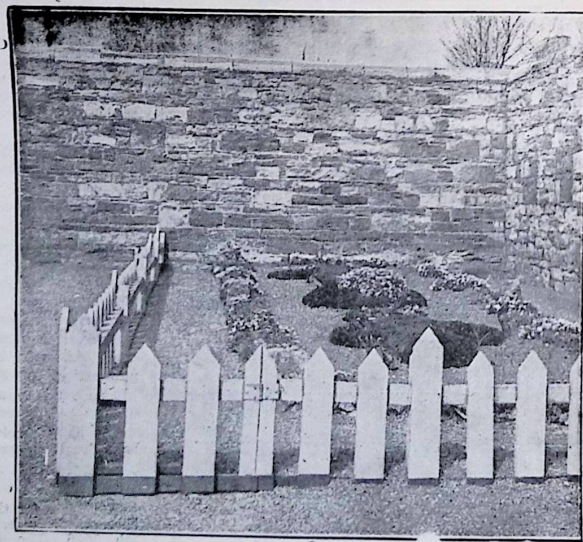
He shook his head.

"I have to sleep in a specially-constructed bed and I have to have an hour's massage every night; a doctor travels with me. Even then, I rarely manage more than a couple of hours sleep."

THE dinner table was cleared and the tea things placed on it. Again Patrick and his family ate heartily and again Martin sipped his grey powder. It was little comfort the latter seemed to have from life, despite his great possessions.

He gazed over the country which had been so familiar to him during the first twenty years of his life. He saw the distant hills mistily blue, the young

(Continued on page 119)



"Comrades, Tread Lightly, You're Near The Heroes' Graves."

THE POSTCARD PAGE.

We have been presented with a number of bound volumes of THE WOLFE TONE ANNUAL (four issues in one), and will award two volumes each month for the two best contributions to this page. These may be written on postcards, and may be anything at all with a spice of humour—jokes, verses, quips, conundrums, incidents—and may be sent by anyone at all, young or old. Send to Editor, Hardwicke Hall, Hardwicke St., Dublin.

The Prize this month goes to:

TOMAS DAIBHIS,
5 Friary Gardens,
Friar's Walk,
CORK.

SHE was one of those up-to-date young women who never tried to cook in her life until it grew fashionable to make cakes for bazaars. She found a recipe-book, switched some eggs and sent for an entry form. Her sponge-cake, she was determined, should take first prize.

And so it did—but not in the cake competition. Her fiancé called to find her sobbing bitterly.

"It took first prize—oh! heavens!—it took first prize," she wailed.

"But why do you cry?" queried the puzzled young fellow. "If I were you, I think I should feel proud."

She stopped crying instantly and eyed him indignantly.

"Feel proud? Do you realise what you are talking about, I wonder? The judges gave my cake the award as the best specimen of concrete sent in. Boo-hoo!"

And she started to cry into her little lace "hanky" again.

KELLY: Don't you enjoy O'Halloran talking? I think he is an inimitable conversationalist.

Murphy: Oh! yes. I like it—but there's one thing he can't do that I would enjoy even better.

Kelly: And what's that?

Murphy: Keep his mouth shut an odd time.

"THEN you have no desire to leave 'foot-prints on the sands of time'?"

"No," answered the politician guardedly, "all I want is to be able to cover up my traces."

LADY: I should like "Rienzi's Address" if you have it.

Bookseller: Here's the City Directory, madam, if you care to look it up.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the friendly neighbour, "that your son is a finished motorist."

"That's true," was the reply, "he finished yesterday."

"Er—what exactly do you mean by that?"

"Nothing much except that the motor car blew up."

"MY friend," said the temperance orator, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of one of his listeners; "we are labouring in a common cause for our own reformation and the good of mankind. Will YOU join us?"

"Don't mind if I do," answered the other who was feeling somewhat thirsty.

"WOULD you call a cat herbivorous, carnivorous or omnivorous?" asked the learned but tedious traveller.

"None of them," answered his young victim; "merely vociferous."

AN English parson, after a sermon of seventeen heads, remarked: "Brethren, we cannot avoid the conclusion."

"Thank Heaven for that," declared the wealthy man of the parish. "For most of the past hour I have been terrified you would."

JIMMY bit his pencil and looked at the ceiling. It was less wearing than trying to write an essay on Henry VIII. But suddenly the sharp voice of the teacher broke in on his reverie.

"Two minutes more," he rapped out.

Jimmy saw he had to write something, so he set to work and produced the following remarkable composition:

"Henry VIII was a king of England and the greatest widower that ever was. He was born at a place called Annio Domino and he had three hundred and fifty wives, if not more. The first was beheaded and then executed, the second was revoked and the third died: and then he married Ann Bulletin. Henry VIII was succeeded on the throne by his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of York. That is all I know about Henry VIII."

SALESMAN: Yes, sir, of all our cars, this is the one we feel justified in pushing.

Prospective Customer: No good to me. I want to ride in!

"NECESSITY," quoted Benny the Bore, "is the mother of invention."
"Not at all," cried Contrary Charlie, "invention is the parent of necessity."
"And how on earth," asked someone else, "do you make that out, Charlie?"
"Well," responded Charlie, "take the telephone, for instance. There was no necessity for it until after it was invented."

A LITTLE FIELD

I know a little field girt by dripping hedges
Where, like truant children, snow-flakes linger still;
Willywag, and meadow lark through its wavy sedges
All day play their fill.

Rabbits patter here and there, timid, yet unfearing,
Kindly feet are those that through its paths pass to and fro,
Tenderest of tender winds that fan the breast of Erin,
The wind that its four sides know.

If you'd put your ear down to its heart and listen
Wondrous things you'd hear within my far field stirring
Snowdrops dressing up for birth, budding grass aglisten,
May moths' wings a whirring.

Tipptoe you'd hear them go whispering to each other—
Daffydillies, buttercups, cowslips and primroses,
Fearful lest when they should still be sleeping, earth, their mother,
Find awake her posies.

Soon across my little field sunbeams will be falling,
From the rosy hands of spring silver rains will rattle,
Bulging shrill through pine and larch as will May be calling
Lusty winds to battle.

I know a little field (be it in God's keeping!)
Over ocean roadways it's many a mile to-day,
There a twisted whitethorn heavy yet with sleeping,
Dawns, amid the lingering snow, of hawthorn spray
And blessed Mary's altars piled with shining buds of May.

(Teresa Brayton, in "The Hearth-stone.")

"... A FOOLISH ENTERPRISE . ."

(Continued from page 106.)

nothing, and he managed not only to take over the houses commanding all approaches but succeeded also in maintaining a line of communication between them.

Some fierce fighting took place in this area, and continued from Monday, April 24th, until Saturday, the 29th, when Pearse's order to surrender was received.

That day week, May 6th, Con Colbert was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. It was thought, however, that his life and that of Sean Heuston would be spared. No one believed that such young boys would be executed. British vengeance, it was said, even British vengeance should be satisfied with the eight victims already shot for the part they took in the Rising. But England is and ever will be England.

So all though the long Saturday and Sunday the boys, alone in their separate cells in Kilmainham Jail, passed their last hours awaiting the final call. They were not at all terrified as many lads of their age would have been. They knew that in serving their country they had done their duty before their Lord; and that they had nothing to fear in going to meet their Just Judge. Father Augustine, who had been called in to minister to them, has left us a description of Con Colbert's last moments.

"While my left arm linked the prisoner's right," he wrote, "and while I was whispering something in his ear, a soldier approached to fix a piece of paper on his breast. While this was being done, he looked down, and then, addressing the soldier in a perfectly cool and natural way, said: 'Wouldn't it be better to put it up higher—nearer

the heart?' The soldier said something in reply and then added: 'Give me your hand now.' The prisoner seemed confused and extended his left hand. 'Not that,' said the soldier, 'but the right.' The right was accordingly extended, and, having grasped and shaken it warmly, the kindly, human-hearted soldier proceeded gently to bind the prisoner's hands and afterwards blindfolded him. Some minutes later, my arm still linked in his and accompanied by another priest, we entered the dark corridor leading to the yard, and his lips moving in prayer, the brave lad went forth to die."

SCHOLAR, SAINT AND PATRIOT

(Continued from page 111)

born Romish priest' was tied thereto in such a fashion that he could not move a limb. Long boots were then filled with oil, turpentine and pitch—for pitch was always popular, as every one of you knows, among the devisers of English methods of government in Ireland. They placed these boots on the feet of the Archbishop of Cashel, and a slow fire was cunningly lit in under them. While Diarmuid O'Hurley lay in this position, suffering more intensely than any one of us can imagine, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin again began his tirade against 'the errors and disadvantages of the Romish belief.'

"All the long night the slow fire burned and burned; for hour after hour Loftus preached and urged and threatened. But calm as if he were amidst his pupils in Louvain, the tortured martyr lay. He did not heed the bitter words of his persecutors at all, but thought and prayed for the people he loved, or fixed his mind on the

Heaven which he was so soon to see.

"His poor sister was sent for, and, weakly, she came and urged him to yield. Diarmuid reproved her, and told her that it was her duty to ask God's pardon for her want of faith. But never once did he reproach his persecutors; never once did he even complain. All the agony of that terrible night was borne, without a murmur.

"Loftus failed, and his revenge had to be completed. After the night of horror the martyr was taken to that place in the city of Dublin, that pleasure spot which is now called St. Stephen's Green.

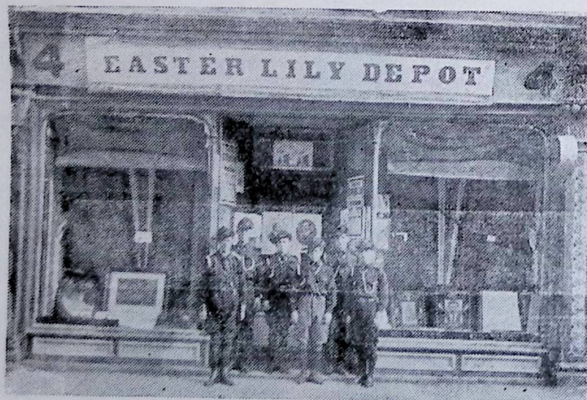
"Lads, when I was up there at the Congress a few years ago, I made it my business to visit that fair green place. And as I walked through it, viewing its pleasant loveliness, I thought of the early dawn of that Friday of May the 6th in the year 1584. Try as I would, I could not get Diarmuid O'Hurley out of my head nor the frightful cruelty of those friends in human form who did what they could to increase the horror of the last hours in this world.

"They dragged off the boots which he had worn so uncomplainingly over the slow fire of torture all the long, long night; they refilled them carefully with slaked lime and savagely forced them on the poor, maimed feet once again. Then they hanged him as cruelly as their brutal minds could devise. And thus for his faith and his people died the saint and the scholar, the pride of classic Louvain and Rheims and Rome.

"TRULY, the people of the See of Cormac may well feel proud of their glorious line of prelates—a line which included the warrior king of the tenth century and the martyr of the sixteenth, Diarmuid O'Hurley.

"But lads, the story was in no way uncharacteristic of the age. It had many a parallel, many a bitter parallel, since England's sway first began in this country. Proud as we may feel of the unconquerable fidelity of men like the Archbishop of Cashel; touched and grateful though we may be that Ireland has bred such men, still we cannot forget "the debt so long due" to England. Not that we wish to pay it back with bitterness or hate; not that we would even if we could, repay her in her own coin. But Ireland will never, never be at peace until the last link of the "connection with England" is broken . . ."

The Man of the House paused for a moment. None of us spoke. He glanced around him and the grim look on his face—brought there, we know, by the horror of the tale which he had been telling—softened somewhat; he looked at us with something very like affection



Members of Na Fianna Eireann, Limerick, outside the Lily Depot.

in his kindly eyes.

"I shouldn't maybe be saying it," he resumed, "but somehow or other, I put my trust entirely in the lads of Na Fianna Eireann. They have youth, glorious youth, enthusiasm and energy on their side. Their ideal—and theirs alone—can save the future . . . They will know, too, and know well what they are fighting for. They can profit and profit well, by the mistakes which others have made. And surely, surely they will succeed where others have failed . . ."

His voice broke on the last words as he turned from us and stared broodingly into the fire's ruddy heart. But to his unuttered prayer every one of us, I am sure, whispered a fervent "Amen" on that Sunday evening in May.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

(Continued from page 113.)

mise. He has undertaken to give his allegiance to the Irish Republic and to protect it from all enemies, foreign and domestic; he has also undertaken not to relax in his efforts until the Irish Republic is universally recognised. He has promised to obey his superior officers.

If he strives to keep his promise in the spirit and in the letter; if he refers, in all things, to the motto of the Fianna, "Strength in our arm, truth on our lips and cleanness in our hearts," he is well worthy of his place in the organisation. He is worthy of all its noble and sacred traditions. And, as a good citizen and a good Irishman—as well as a good Fian—will never go wrong.

THE MILLIONAIRE

(Continued from page 116.)

green corn, the glory of the trees, all the nameless charm of an Irish countryside. He pictured himself a lad of twenty again, bright, eager, full of hopes, ideals, dreams. From the yard outside came the homely, peaceful sounds of farm life, the swish of the pulk falling into the pail, the lowing of cows, the hum of bees. He glanced at his brother carrying so lightly the weight of his sixty-odd years, of his comely industrious wife and their four fine sons. The shadows began to deepen, a young moon showed faint in the sky. And he—he had lost his ideals, his self-respect, his health, his freedom, ay, his very religion. He had sacrificed all that makes life worth living for the greed of gold. Yet all his millions could not buy a fraction of his brother's content-

ment.

With an effort he pulled himself together. It was all only idle dreaming and dreaming, he believed, was the curse of Ireland. It wasn't by mooning around with dreams that he had made himself the wealthiest pork-packer in Chicago.

"Guess I'd better be starting, Patrick," he said, "if I want to make the depot in time for the night mail."

He rose to his feet and pointing at the four boys went on:

"Say, how many of these young fellows are you going to send back with me? Just think of all I have piled up in forty years. With a good start there's nothing to stop these sons of yours doing even better."

Patrick O'Brien looked at his four clean, healthy, intelligent lads and then at his dried-up, prematurely-aged brother. He took off his hat and leisurely scratched his head.

"I think," he answered, "I'd as lief keep them at home. There's better things in this world than money and I am of the opinion that they are just as well where they are."

REVIEW

THE NORTHMAN. Office: Stranorlar, Co. Donegal. Price 2d.

WE congratulate the publishers of THE NORTHMAN on their splendid first issue. Vigorous in tone, it should be welcome, not only in the North, but everywhere in Ireland.

Pride of place must be given to Brian O'Higgins, who writes of a great period in Irish history; while the fearless articles by Maurice Twomey and Madame MacBréide will, we are sure, attract attention. Sean MacCumhaill's inspiring lecture on the sacrifices of Drumboe is given in full, and Sean Dolan writes well on "Our National Heritage." We liked the short sketch "Unknown but Great," by "MacEire," and the article in Gaelic by "Cruachan." Among the poets are Teresa Brayton, Nora Ní Chathain and James MacLoughlin, and there is an attractive supplement which will, we think, be prized by Republicans.

**ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT
TO KEEP FIANNA FOR
YOU EVERY MONTH.**

MNA NA POBLACHTA (Women of the Republic)

"We Republicans cannot be beaten. For the cause we serve enshrines the soul of Ireland."

How proud we of Mna na Poblachta were on Easter Sunday marching in the Easter Commemoration Procession in honour of the men who, in every generation, gave their lives for the freedom of Ireland!

Twenty Easters have passed away since that little band of heroes made that gallant never-to-be-forgotten fight in the City of Dublin against British rule. They were men of high principles and high courage; they were men who had faith in their Cause and in their ideals; they were men who faced death fearlessly, exulting in their victory, for, indeed, a great victory it was, in which the soul of Ireland was saved.

In 1919—just three years later—their ideals had so inspired their countrymen and women that their action in Easter Week was vindicated by the free vote of the whole people of Ireland and a National Parliament was set up in Dublin. This National Parliament, although depleted by desertion after desertion by men who lost faith in the ideals and methods of the men of Easter Week, is in existence to-day and is as lawful now as it was at the height of its power in 1919. Its powers are usurped by two puppet "Parliaments" and its monies withheld.

If only citizens would realise that it is within their power, by giving their allegiance and support to Dáil Eireann, the National Parliament of the Irish Republic, to restore to it its powers and once more raise the Nation to the high position it occupied in the eyes of the world during the few glorious years of our independence.

Mná na Poblachta accepts all that the men of 1916-1923 stood for, and will not lower these high ideals to suit any section of the people. The people must aspire to and accept them as their ideals.

Women and girls of Ireland, there is a place for you in the ranks of Mná na Poblachta. Join up now! Personal application to the Hon. Secs. can be made any Monday evening in No. 9 Parnell Square, at 8.30 p.m., or by communicating with us at that address.

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