

AN PHOBLA

New Series. Vol. V. No. 26.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19th, 1930.

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED

For the
PURPOSES.

PRINTED BY THE LEADERS OF THE REBELS WAS PUBLISHED

AT 10. 20 pm.

1930

laughter of unwarred people and in
waters, now surrounded and
Royal Government present
military, and the
the Republic
case."

HEROES and MARTYRS

By Constance de Markievicz

23rd November, 1917

(Dedicated to Na Fianna Eitceann)

You died for the Ireland of yesterday,
With her broken hopes and tears,
You defied the foe with your dying breath,
And your battle-prayer rang in their ears.
God save Ireland, you prayed that day,
Just fifty years ago,
And that prayer will ring in the dying ears
Of our brutal uncivilised foe.

They hung you in Manchester Jail that day,
That the world might point with scorn;
But out of a shameful felon's death
A wonderful hope was born.
God save Ireland from England's chains
Was the Manchester Martyrs' prayer;
God give us courage to follow their lead,
God give us hearts to dare.

The prayer you prayed with your dying breath
Was caught by a passing wind;
It snatched it back from the gates of death
For those you left behind.
God save Ireland with Ireland's guns
Was the prayer of the Volunteers,
When the sun rose bright on an Easter dawn,
Trembling 'twist hopes and fears.

And we fought in the streets of Dublin Town,
Till the gutters were heaped with dead,
And the same immortal cause was ours
For which the martyrs had bled.
God save Ireland we prayed that day,
When the Tricolor floated on high,
God save Ireland we shouted with joy,
As we watched the English fly.

And we hoisted the flag on the G.P.O.,
And it floated o'er Stephen's Green,
From Boland's Mills down to far Clontarf
The Republican Flag was seen.
God save Ireland, a soldier's prayer,
The prayer of Ireland's sons,
As with Ireland's honour our only care
We faced the English guns.

And the battle raged on the Liffey's banks,
And the streets were piled with dead;
We shot them down at the barricades,
And cheered as the regiments fled.
God save Ireland we cried that day,
And death took up the cry,
And we saw them stagger on Mount-street Bridge
And many a soldier die.

O'Connell Street flamed in a funeral pyre,
With shrapnel they battered it down,
And cannon boomed through the terrible night
In the streets of Dublin Town.
God save Ireland we prayed with hope,
Tho' we knew that the battle was lost;
What matter our lives in Ireland's fight
When England must count the cost.

But the flag that was burned on the G.P.O.
Lit the sky with a marvellous light,
Triumphantly flaming o'er ruin and death,
Prophetic, unconquered and bright.
God save Ireland flamed in the hearts
Breaking for Ireland's sake,
And the sunburst lighting the midnight sky
Flamed out that the day must break.

And they committed our bodies to the grisly dawn,
In unhallowed graves they lie.
And we proudly honour our martyred dead
As we raise the triumphant cry:
God save Ireland, so small and great,
With her armies of martyred dead,
Fighting and praying the great hosts march,
We following in their tread.

And the Fianna martyrs have left a word
To every boy in the land;
"For Ireland's sake take up the gun
That fell from our dying hand."
God save Ireland and Ireland's boys,
Was Colbert's and Houston's prayer,
As, crowned with the martyr's holy crown,
They mounted the golden stair.

Like the Martyr murdered in Mountjoy Jail,
The last to fall in the fight,
Take up your cross for Ireland, boys,
Nor fear to die for the right.
God save Ireland through Ireland's men,
Who steadfastly bear her cross,
Triumphantly marching in serried ranks,
Not counting death or loss.

And the prayer goes up from our martyred dead,
And we echo it here to-day;
For the army where dead and living unite,
No English force can slay.
God save Ireland, altho' we too
Must fight and suffer and fall,
The Republican Army is ready to-day
To march at the battle call.

THIS ISSUE
CONTAINS:

Soldiers' Stories of Easter Week.
Reminiscences of the Fighting Line.
Thrilling Exploits of Camunn na mBan.

With the Citizen Army in the Green.
Fianna Boys Who Fought Like Men.
With the Volunteers at the Barricades.

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Edited by Prof. Stanislas O. Riain.
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P. H. PEARSE.
THOMAS J. CLARKE.
JAMES CONNOLLY.
THOMAS MacDONAGH.
EAMON CEARNT.
SEAN MAC DIARMADA.
JOSEPH BLUNKETT.

Easter is the season of remembrance, of renewal, and of rekindled hope. At this season the Earth forgets the rigours of stormy winter and throws forth new and vigorous growths with the promise of a harvest to come. At this season Christians remember Him Who died that they might live, and renew themselves in faith and in hope.

On Easter Sunday, 1914, Ireland mourned her bravest, but exiled in her freedom. For, two days earlier Brian Boru and the armed manhood of Ireland had utterly routed the Normans who had oppressed the country for two hundred years.

Just nine hundred and two years later the men of 1916 set out to accomplish the same task, for a crueller and more treacherous tyranny than that of the Normans had reared Ireland for seven centuries. A more handful in numbers, they were crushed in blood, but their sacrifice was not in vain. From shore to shore the youth of Ireland caught fire from their ardour until the task was all but accomplished.

Not in stone, nor in bronze can Ireland honour the memory of those who died, but in battle array, fighting anew for their objective. The Irish Republic—that is the memorial which we are called upon to set before the eyes of the world as witness that our comrades have not died in vain.

In that Ireland whose spokesmen have, in return for the promise of a poor simulacrum of liberty, pledged to our ancient enemy our loyalty and the loyalty of our children, is there, even though that pledge has been spoken, any group of true men?" asked Patrick Pearse.

Were he with us to-day he would answer "Yes"—those men and women who to-day are persecuted in Ireland, North and South, for the same "crime" for which he faced the firing squad—the defence of the Irish Republic.

"I say to each one of you who read this," wrote Pearse, "that it is YOUR duty to arm. Until you have armed yourself and made yourself skilful in the use of your arms, you have no right to a voice in any concern of the Irish Nation, no right to consider yourself a member of the Irish Nation, or of any nation; no right to raise your head among any body of decent

Pearse speaks to you after fourteen years—hear his word this Easter Day—and pledge yourselves his followers and

IN MEMORIAM.
AGNES RUSSELL—(late of 6 Frederick Lane), who died on the 20th April, 1916. Inserted in loving memory by her husband, Edward Russell. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a niam.

Day of National Commemoration.
As in former years, Easter Sunday—the Day of National Commemoration—has been set aside for the honoring of the patriot dead who have, in every generation, given their lives for Irish independence.

Throughout the country, then, this Easter Sunday, Commemorations will be held in which we hope and confidently expect our organisation will take a very to means unimportant part. It is necessary for us to point out the duty and devotes on each and every member of Sinn Féin is joining in the nation-wide

We, of Sinn Féin, believing, as we do, the principles of the valiant dead, must leave no stone unturned in our efforts to make the celebrations worthy of the occasion.

We have been directed by the Standing Committee to instruct all Councillors and Council staff to ensure that every available member of the Organisation in their respective areas participate in the local (by [or county] Commemoration.

We are relying on you, as Secretary, to see that this instruction is given effect.

Easter Lily Collection.—Recently we received a circular urging all Units of the organization to help in making this year's collection a record one. We assume that your Council or Committee has taken action on the lines indicated in that circular, and that the members will enthusiastically forward the sale of the lilies which have, during the past couple of years, become a prominent feature of the Easter celebrations.

Rougher than Death the road I
 choose,
 Yet shall my feet not walk astray,
 Though dark my way, I shall not
 lose,
 For this way is the darkest

"If the Government move their forces against the Irish Volunteers, the men of Dublin who are not trained abroad will be in a position to help the Volunteers with their bare fists; if they come in time they will be equipped and trained to serve their country like men. Every Irishman has at some time wished that he had the opportunity given to the heroes of the Nation. Every Irish Nationalist knows that the Irish Volunteers are the hereditary descendants of the men who manured the bogs; household in all the ages. It is a privilege to live and die in the same service."—Thomas MacDonagh, 31st March, 1916

Once again we are forced to single out Clats for our special praise. In the Bannock County a home-to-house collection has been proceeding for the last week.

Factories.—We understood the Dublin Corporation has made arrangements to have collections outside all factories on Friday and Saturday next. It is hoped that Limerick County and other towns are making similar arrangements. Firms should receive particular attention.

Today as is the past, the national movement relies on the workers for support. Those who have least to give should give the most help.

Sculls. The noble commander: "Thou art not conquered yet, dear Land, and "Woe an Easter Lily" floats across many of the principal streets in Dublin. It is hoped that the Commemoration Procession will march under similar banners in every town and village in Ireland on Easter Sunday.

Dublin City has ordered 50,000

CORK CITY EASTER LILY
Cork collectors should please note that boxes and lilies can be had at Thomas Aghas Curran's Sons Firm, Charlotte Quay, and also at Thomas Mac Curtain Curran's Sons Firm.

- But their worst we scorn,
For we're Fenians born,
And, by heaven, the same we'll die :
No slaves are we
We bend the knee
To none but God on high."

CARLIN THE DIAMOND

What Freedom Means

By SEYMUS O. CHALLAGE.

It is sometimes talk of freedom without
a proper conception of the world,
a talk of freeing our country from the
foreigner, which is, of course, absolutely
absurd; but do we ever think of
freeing her from a native capitalist class
for their own ends are grating the
majority of her people in the mire of
poverty in order that they may live upon
the fat of the land?

We must fight for freedom and realise
 that we not only do we fight for national
 freedom, but for economic and cultural
 freedom as well. The capitalist system
 is foreign to Ireland as the language
 in which the majority of our people speak
 is Gaelic. It was forced upon this country
 at the break-up of the clan system
 in the battle of Kesh. By means of
 this England has been able to hold this
 country in an economic stranglehold
 which ceased, in 1847-48, the death of
 over 2,000,000 of our countrymen. The
 system to-day, under what is called the
 native Government, is causing misery
 and ruin to the majority of our race, and
 it must be the aim of all who seek freedom
 to change that system and create a
 order of society in which our fellow-
 countrymen as Christians and human beings

[illegible]

It is necessary in order to take place as a nation that we free ourselves from England in a cultural way. Language, at all costs, must not be sold, for language is the badge of nationhood. Foreign dances and games of late years have made a gross in this country. Some people excuse themselves by saying it is liberal, must progress with the times, and so forth. People who oppose these incursions are put down as mere-brooks, but let us consider the matter in a cool and rational way.

Takes for instance Denmark. It is a small country, yet it does not copy Germany in all things. It speaks its own language. It is content with its own games and customs and yet no one seems to think it is not progressing with the times. In point of fact it is a much more prosperous country to-day than Spain, although it is not half the size of Ireland.

Are we then, one of the least civilised countries in Europe, to copy the modes and habits of a people who were unknown of until about the beginning of the 14th century, when they came as savages from the shores of the Baltic and made their home in England, which at that time belonged to the Britons, now known as the Welsh? Is it people who suffer from the inferiority complex who speak of being broad-minded while they ape the customs and habits of an inferior race.

It should then be the ideal of all Irishmen who work for freedom in the old way, namely the way of the sword, to build up an Ireland free, rationally and successfully and Gaelic as of yore.

TO IMPERIAL ENGLAND.

You have planted your flag upon every
SING

Where the winds of the world blow,
Your ships they sail before every gale
Where the world's waters go:

You have compared the races near and far

THEY SHALL BE REMEMBERED
FOR EVER



"They rose in dark and evil days,
Their land to save and hold;

They shall be remembered for ever.
They shall be alive for ever.
They shall be speaking for ever.
The world shall hear them for ever.

Roll of Honour

EXECUTED 1916 BY ORDERS OF THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT

P. H. PEARSE.
JAMES CONNOLLY.
TOM CLARKE.
THOMAS McDONAGH.
SEAN MacDERMOTT.
RAMON CEANTY.
JOE PLUNKETT.
JOHN MacBRIDE.

MICHAEL MALLIN.
SEAN HEUSTON.
CON COLBERT.
EDWARD DALY.
MICHAEL O'HANRAHAN.
WILLIE PEARSE.
ROGER CASEMENT.
THOMAS KENT.

KILLED IN ACTION EASTER, 1916

JOHN ADAMS.
THOMAS ALLEN.
ANDREW BYRNE.
JAMES BYRNE.
JOSEPH BYRNE.
FRANK BURKE.
SEAN CONNELL.
JAMES MCCORMAN.
HARRY COYLE.
JOHN COSTELLO.
JOHN CROMBIE.
JOHN CRINGAN.
PHILIP CLARKE.
CHARLES CARRIGAN.
CHARLES DARCY.
PATRICK DUFFY.
JOHN DWAN.
EDWARD ENNIS.
PATRICK FARRELL.
JAMES FOX.
GEORGE GEEGHEGAN.
SEAN HOWARD.
JOHN HURLEY.
JOHN KEALY.
GERALD KEOGH.
JOHN KILPATRICK.
JOHN KEALY.
CON KRATING.
RICHARD KENT.

MICHAEL MUTHYILL,
PEADAR MACKEN,
FRANCES MACKEN,
PETER MANNING,
RICHARD MURPHY,
D. MURPHY,
MICHAEL MALONE,
J. MCCORMACK,
WILLIAM McDOWELL,
RICHARD O'CARROLL,
THE O'RAHALLAIGH,
J. O'REILLY,
THOMAS O'REILLY,
PATRICK O'FLANAGAN,
JOHN O'GRADY,
J. OWENS,
JAMES QUINN,
THOMAS RAFFERTY,
FREDERICK RYAN,
GEORGE REYNOLDS,
DOMINICAL SHERIDAN,
PATRICK SHORTER,
JOHN TRAYNOR,
EDWARD WALSH,
PATRICK WALSH,
THOMAS WHELAN,
THOMAS WHELAN,
PETER WILSON.

Mother Mine, grieve not for them.
 Raise your head beside your cross.
 Such deaths would sanctify the nation.

And count the life they gave a trifling cost,
And blood well spent, which flowed upon
the earth,
In streams that quicken to a noble birth
a nation's life that seemed far ever lost."

The Dawn is Near

By REV. H. A. COSNOLLY.

Take heart, take heart, dear
mother Elze,
Your long night's well nigh
past,
Ere long, your chains shall dis-
appear,
And you'll be free at last.
At last,
And you'll be free at last.

The minions who have held you
down,
Shall hold you down no more,
Ere long, you'll don your erst
while crown,
And be yourself once more.
Once more,
And be yourself once more.

For ages long, you've stood for
right,
Brute force was your dire foe,
Thank God, you're 'bout to win
your fight.
Thank God, brute force must
go.

Must go,
Thank God, brute force must
go.

Ah! then, proud queen, rejoice
 with glee,
 E'en though, thy night moves
 slow.
 E'er long, God's Sun shall rise
 o'er thee,
 And thou'lt bask in its glow.
 In its glow.
 And thou'lt bask in its glow.

1916-1921

I was happy and proud you were
in the class
Of the day that our flag flew out
to the sky.

When the manhood of Erin with
bright bequeaths glowing
Swore by their heart's blood to
free you or die.

You know how they fought for
you, dear Mother Erin,
Midst torture and death, ever
steadfast and true ;
The might of an Empire's ven-
geance and hate
Made never a heart unfaithful to
you.

But as bright was the dawn as
that glorious day
It ended in sorrow at evening's
close

And the hearts that lay broken
and bleeding with you
'Tis only our God and His Sweet
Mother knows.

But dear Mother Erin rise up
from your sorrow
Though blackness of night sur-
rounds you in gloom
A dawn will yet come to dispe-
all the darkness
And lay at your feet sweet
Liberty's boon.

F. McGUISSON.

Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia.

1916

What means this challenge to an
Empire's might—
The quick foregathering of these
armed bands?
Disciplined striving for a
people's right
Too long withheld from eager
anxious hands.

*Ah! glorious epic of an Easter-
tide,
Love, honour, victory, all com-
memorate.*

To make a people free—to thus
abide
Serene, assured, Golgotha's fate.

SCRAP!

BY FRANK HUGHES.

Mr. Cosgrave has been put back into power to steer the ship of State on its happy course. Mr. Cosgrave's prosperity. We are told that he has manned the helm successfully for the past few years, surmounting many difficulties, bringing to the country prosperity, peace, stability, etc. Perhaps this is all true and we have not yet become accustomed to such happy bliss. Perchance we shall awaken some fine morning to the realization that we were but dreaming in thinking that the state of affairs prevailing in the country was otherwise than the Free State Government would have us believe. At the moment, however, as we understand conditions, we find the fruits of the Treaty anything but sweet. Our country is rent in twain, by dissimilarity; starvation has a grip on every town and village throughout the land. Thousands of unemployed tramp the cities vainly looking for work. Hundreds of thousands have been forced to emigrate to foreign lands, and property prevailing here too much for them? The emigrant ships are still kept busy helping to drain the country of its youth and manhood. Millions of money are being sent annually over to England as a result of the disastrous Boundary Pledge which went to perpetrate Partition. England, even after seven centuries failed in her attempt to make such a settlement—it must needs be left to Irishmen, England's willing tool, to bring about such a degrading continuation. The Anglo-Irish House of Commons Juntas will let our aged and infirm strata because of its feverish anxiety that England may be paid, and, of course they have to take their own interests into account. They have become so anglicised in their outlook that they were willing to let the Treaty as a living gift sent us by England.

They claim that the vast majority of the people have been and are, in favour of the Treaty, yet they are willing to let the people give a free verdict on the matter. At each election since the Treaty was signed we have been reminded of the awful consequences they say would follow should the country decide to elect a party of men who were not in favour of the Treaty. The Bishops and priests are not and have not been slow in this matter. They have taken their stand on the public platform, even on the altar of God—frighten and cajole the people to stick to the Treaty through thick and thin. The Labour party in the Free State Dail who claim to be the faithful champions of the working man seem to hold the same views regarding the Treaty. Arthur Griffith alleged that the Treaty was merely a steppingstone to full and complete independence; yet the present Government puts up its hands in horror whenever there is a question of scrapping it or even to have it altered and modified for the interests of the Irish people.

*Scrap that unholy instrument
Which holds us in its chain.*

*By a cunning few for less said,
Then let it not remain!*

A DROGHEDA RESOLUTION.

At the last meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, a resolution was passed (with one dissenter) referring with much concern the present and increasing tendency of existing industries in the Free State to pass into outside control and urging the Minister for Industry and Commerce to take such action as might be necessary to prevent the control of the Mill Milling Industry passing outside the State.

EDWARD CARPENTER ON EMPIRE

*Already the process of decay has set in,
Which only a swift crisis can
Wither within the body and
The heart is dying down*

*Are choked with yellow dust,
And this thing cries for Empire!
This thing from all her smoky
cities and slums*

*Her idiot clubs and drawing-rooms
and all her brokers' dens.*

*Cries out to give her blessings to the world
And even while she cries
Stand Ireland and India at her doors*

*In rags and famine.
These are her blessings of
O England, thou old hypocrite,
thou sham, thou bully of
vengeful nations, whom thou
wert called to aid.*

*Thy day of ruin surely is at hand.
Thy day is past for idle talk of
Empire, and who would glory in
dominating others.*

*Be it mine of nation—he already
has writ
His condemnation clear in all
men's hearts.*

'Tis better he should die.

LEITRIM RAIDS.

The residence of Mr. Sean O'Farrell was recently visited by uniformed constables and inquired made if he was at home.

C.I.D. still persist in their annoyance of Thomas Gilroy, Carrick-on-Shannon. They visit his house, rattle the door, keep his wife and children from getting their night's rest.

On St. Patrick's night Jim Reegan, Jamestown, was assaulted and kicked by a uniformed constable at Drumana. Mr. O'Farrell and constable held and searched Messrs. Sylvester Fitzsimons and Terry McLoughlin between Jamestown and Drumana on Sunday, 30th. The sergeant gave Fitzsimons a box on the jaw.

The sergeant's car was decorated with flowers and posters. He was outside a public-house, and young Fitzsimons and McLoughlin being the first to meet after his discovery of the literature, were the victims of his spite.

DISCOMFITED CONSTABLES.

On Sunday, 6th April, while returning from Mass at Dangan, Co. Roscommon, Mr. S. O'Farrell, was pursued by the same two in plain clothes in a motor car and held up. The Sergeant made a rush and drove his hand into O'Farrell's pocket, and succeeded in pulling out his hand. O'Farrell refused to be searched, and asked if he was arrested, said "yes." Whereupon the sergeant said they would take him to the barracks, which was less than a quarter of a mile distant. This he defied them to do, whereupon his wife was gagged and twisted behind his back, but wrenching himself free he defied them to either search him or bring him to the barracks. Mrs. McLoughlin, Corlana, came on the scene, also returning from Mass, and told O'Farrell not to attempt to allow himself to be searched. The sergeant then told her he would prosecute her for obstructing him in the discharge of his duty. A big crowd had now assembled and the sergeant, aware of his failure with O'Farrell, turned upon the gossams who were jeering his failure to either search O'Farrell or bring him to the barracks. The result was a riotous scene. The people and O'Farrell, who stopped between the young lady and the people, as at times the people might get very badly treated.

Eventually their intended victim would escape, leaving the people the butt for a jeering crowd.

Peelers are still very active in the Drumana, Jamestown and Kilmone districts, pulling down Eucharist Commemoration posters, Lili posters and other literature.

Tipperary Protest

At the last meeting of the South Tipperary Co. Council, a circular was read from the Women's Prisoners' Defence League, protesting against the illegal arrest and detention of Republicans, and endorsing the sworn affidavit of Mr. T. Ryan of Canmry.

Mr. P. Kennedy proposed, and Mr. J. Kenrick seconded a resolution protesting against the continued detention of political prisoners in British and Free State jails and calling on the Government of the Free State to release these political prisoners and to make representation to the British Government to release Irish political prisoners in England and the United States. The resolution further protested against the persecution of Mr. T. Ryan, Co. Clare.

At the attached to the affidavit received by Clare Council were copies of the following letters relative to Mr. Ryan's mother, who is being slowly done to death by the C.I.D.

"Kildysart, Co. Clare,
"Slit Jan., 1930.

"I certify that Mrs. Mary Ryan, of Moyro, Cranbury suffered from cardiac disease and, in my opinion, is likely to die suddenly. Any excitement or annoyance would hasten her death.

(Signed),
"MICHAEL O'DEA, M.B., B.Ch.,
"Thornbury.

"I have to state that I attended Mrs. Mary Ryan, of Moyro, on the 18th ult., and treated her for cardiac disease. She is a patient of mine for at least twenty years, and suffered at one time from acute rheumatism. She is now over 70 years of age, and one of the sequelae of her previous illness is cardiac trouble. I fear that excitement would hasten her serious quietness, free from trouble or irritation.

(Signed),
"M. J. McATEEN."

Copy of a letter from Father Austin is appended to the affidavit. In this Father Austin said:—

"I cannot say that the way that (Mr. Ryan) is treated and especially his poor, delicate mother. You may convey my words to any quarter you desire."

Three members of the Council instanced recent occasions upon which they themselves had been held up by the Crown Forces. This resolution was carried by 10 votes to 3.

CHAPELIZED PROTEST MEETING.

A protest meeting against the farbarous treatment which is being inflicted upon political prisoners in Mountjoy Jail was held at the Chapel of the Holy Spirit, and was notable for its large attendance.

Sean O'Neill, who presided, gave the public first-hand information regarding conditions in Mountjoy. In vivid terms he described the mental and physical torture inflicted by the British Government and the establishment of the Irish Republic was a criminal act. What Republicans stood for was a Workers' Republic as planned by James Connolly, and as established in Russia. The campaign against Russia—where the workers were free to lead peaceful, civilised lives—was a war against the workers. They were asked to pray for Russia; let them rather, with all humility, pray for Ireland.

Mr. J. Mitchell also spoke. In conjunction with the meeting a poster parade was held. Sean O'Neill, a member of the Standing Committee of Sinn Féin, was held up and searched on the street on the 26th ult., and subsequently dragged off to Mountjoy Police Station, where he was again searched. On his release he was shadowed by C.I.D. men.

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Choice Teas.

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24 L.R. STEPHEN ST.,
DUBLIN.
Phone 8176.

THE ANNUAL EASTER COMMEMORATION

To Honour the Memory of all those who Died for the Freedom of Ireland

Will be held **SUNDAY, 20th APRIL, 1930**

The 11 o'clock Mass in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar Street will be celebrated for the repose of their souls

A PROCESSION will have St. Stephen's Green, West (at York Road) at 12 noon, for the Carmelite Church.

All National Organisations, Labour Bodies, Citizens, etc., are invited to participate Bands and Organisations taking part please communicate with the Secretary Commemoration Committee, 41 Parrel Square.

COME AND HONOUR THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED FOR IRELAND IN EASTER WEEK 1916.

A GREAT UNITED NATIONAL COMMEMORATION

will be held in

The Battersea Town Hall
Laverstoke Park, Battersea, London S.W. 18

on **EASTER SUNDAY, 20th APRIL, 1930**
From 7 to 10 p.m.

Principal Speaker: **ADHGAIR O'RATHAILE**

will be followed by other prominent speakers

Irish Songs, Recitations, etc., also the Brass Band will attend and Play Irish Airs during the Evening

HOW TO GET THERE—TRAMS 26 and 28 Stop at Hall, Buses 19, 37, 41, 77, 77A, 120, 127 Stop near Hall

Ball: Chaplain Common Underground and Chaplain Jackson (S.R.).

ADMISSION FREE

CUIRM CEÓIL NA CÁSSA

Easter Week Commemoration

CONCERT

will be held in

THEATRE ROYAL

on **EASTER SUNDAY, 20th APRIL, 1930**
COMMENCING AT 8 P.M.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle 3/6; Parterre 2/4; Upper Circle 1/6; Gallery 1/2

BOOKING AT THEATRE

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SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

Mr. J. Mitchell also spoke.

In conjunction with the meeting a poster parade was held. Sean O'Neill, a member of the Standing Committee of Sinn Féin, was held up and searched on the street on the 26th ult., and subsequently dragged off to Mountjoy Police Station, where he was again searched. On his release he was shadowed by C.I.D. men.

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