

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

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TAXATION IN EXCELSIS!

BURGLARS "ON THE BENCH."

VICTIMS IN THE DOCK.

IRELAND'S PERIL.

If the terrible gravity of the situation that now threatens Ireland's financial and economic future is beginning slowly to dawn on people here and there, the country will owe no thanks to those to whom it has been taught to look for light and guidance. The country now knows that it was deluded by a conspiracy of silence about the Coalition of British parties. The same Coalition which now is *in office* was in existence and *in operation* at the beginning of last year. Under the compulsion exercised by that Coalition the Ulster surrender was forced, and under the same compulsion the Irish Volunteer organisation was invaded and enfeebled. Every single bend in the whole round of the Sharp Curve has been a compulsory bend, forced by the combined pressure of the same Coalition.

HONEST THINKING NEEDED.

But the crisis demands honest and outspoken words, not silence or abstention. Ireland is now threatened with a ruinous addition to her already mortal burden of taxation. As well as I can estimate, and as moderately, the Imperial liabilities *already incurred*, if they are allowed to fall upon Ireland, will average an additional taxation of at least Three Pounds a year in perpetuity out of every household in the country. One member of Parliament alone has had the courage to speak out. Speaking near Kilkenny the other day, Mr. Meagher, M.P., warned the farmers that they were threatened with a new taxation which he estimated at five shillings an acre. And that is only a beginning.

PLAYING WITH PENCE AND MISSING POUNDS.

A few weeks ago the Government proposed an increase of taxation which would have

diminished the output and the profits of brewers and distillers, and of the licensed retail-trade, and would have reacted on Irish tillage. The Irish Parliamentary Party, under Mr. Redmond, contented themselves with mere abstention from voting. Mr. Field, heckled about it at a public meeting, said that the Party acted under Mr. Redmond's orders—a strange disclosure which implies that whoever wishes to command the Irish Party has only to secure a personal ascendancy over Mr. Redmond. Mr. Devlin found an engagement in Paris, cementing the historic friendship between Ireland and France, and arranging that M. Viviani, who is able to "put out the lights of Heaven" in the schools of his own country, will in due time put out the lights of Unionism in England and set old Ireland free. But the Irish manufacturers of alcohol and the retail traders were able in a few days to organise a vigorous active campaign, putting the National claim in the forefront. Abstaining was not to their taste, and they promptly killed the policy of abstention under orders. They were supported by the Press and by the People. Compulsion is not a Coalition monopoly. Within a week the abstentionists were forced to "about turn" and to march on Parliament. They had to declare war on the liquor supertax, though they prefixed to their declaration a servile and truckling apology, expressing Ireland's eagerness to bear "Ireland's share." Sir Edward Carson was likewise compelled to resist the supertax, and obeyed, but said nothing about Ulster's intense desire to carry burdens for the Empire.

"AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST!"

Now the liquor tax proposed by Mr. Lloyd George was a trifle compared with "Ireland's share" in the new financial burdens. Already since last autumn Ireland has been paying additional taxation to an enormous amount, and her tried and experienced guides have not once opened their mouths to offer the mildest remonstrance, nor have they sought in any way to bring the facts to the knowledge of the public. If they did, Mr. Birtell might ques-

tion their loyalty and frighten them by complimenting his colleague, Sir Edward Carson, for loyalty of the right brand. Say nothing, take £400 a year, and let Ireland pay—it is a great game. Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues do not take commands from the Coalition, but they are not much better than if they did. They opposed the liquor supertax, knowing the power of an organised interest, but they let the other taxes go without opposition, because the ordinary Irish taxpayer is not organised or well informed. There is a marvellous discretion compatible with lofty professions when an organised vote has to be reckoned with. The Ulster Unionist four hundred pounders are equally discreet. Captain (now Colonel) Craig, M.P., can afford the income tax out of his emoluments, but he won't stand a supertax on Dunville's whisky, and he will let his wise supporters be taxed on their incomes and their property. Neither he nor his colleagues, nor their handsomely rewarded leader, will take undue care to enlighten Ulster Unionists about what the tax-collector has in wait for them.

THE BUDGET BOMBHELL.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose father, by the way, was once an Irish Home Rule member of Parliament, is keeping back his Budget to give the biggest War Loan in the world's history a fair chance. When the Budget comes along the silence will be broken. According to the "Daily Independent" the additional taxes required to pay the additional interest on the additional Imperial Debt will alone be equal to the entire taxation of Great Britain and Ireland thirty years ago. At that time "Ireland's share," it is confessed, was extortionate and oppressive. What will it be under the new Budget? How will the "Trade" come off? Where will Ireland, in her eagerness to bear her share, find the additional few millions? Will the farmers pay them? Will the towns pay them? Don't ask your guides on the platform or in the Nathaniel Press. They are busy looking after Europe and have no time for trumpery Irish matters.

WHAT NEXT?

Unless the war comes to a speedy and unforeseen conclusion, the War Loan now a-floating will have to be followed by another War Loan. The present loan bears interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. What will the interest be on the next loan? What will the effect be on Ireland? Only a nobody, a crank, a factionist, a mischief-maker, can ask such questions. I may be deported for asking them, or prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act for creating disaffection. It might even be held that such questions are likely to prejudice recruiting in Ireland. The London "Times" has already pointed out that the poverty of Ireland is favourable to recruiting. That being so, anybody who resists the impoverishment of Ireland deserves to be prosecuted. Surely here at last Mr. Tennant, M.P., has sufficient grounds for suppressing the "Irish Volunteer."

"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE, THE BRAVE THAT ARE NO MORE."

Land Purchase is dead. You can't pay off a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan by annual payments at $3\frac{1}{2}$, not if you had all eternity to do it in. Town Tenants Purchase is stillborn, and the recent College Green Convention may be congratulated, has already been congratulated, on fixing a standard of statesmanship that can look with international disdain on the mere Irish problems of Mr. Coghlan Briscoe, and can ignore the question—Where is Ireland to find the few additional millions?

BACKBONE WILL WIN YET!

But let us not forget that a little organisation and a few days' work, with the backing of Irish public opinion, not only converted a retreat into a fight, but also converted a fight into a victory—so that even a united British House of Commons, in the elegant phrase of Mr. Lloyd George, "quailed before an enraged mob of Irish brewers and publicans." No heaven-born leadership was required. The moral is obvious. Ireland can have that financial autonomy without the Home Rule Act—put back for sentence—which that piece of Imperial legislation did not confer upon her.

BURGLARS ON THE BENCH: VICTIMS IN THE DOCK.

More housebreaking! A member of the Dublin Citizen Army, it is reported, got into trouble some time ago and was sentenced to imprisonment. When a man is in prison, Mr. Birrell's agents know that he is not at home in his own house. While this man was in prison two women happened by pure accident to break into his house and have a look round. As there was nothing said about it in the "Irish Volunteer" and no general talk about it over Dublin, Mr. Birrell's agents did not forget this time to call at the house to make inquiry. When they called, they strayed quite casually through the house, not expecting to find out anything they

did not know about already, and they found a rifle! Imagine their surprise at being led by this chain of mere accidents to find a rifle in the house of a Citizen Army Volunteer. The imprisoned man, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, Old Style, was brought before the magistrate and charged under the Realm Act with being in possession of undeclared munitions of war. This need not alarm the various munition keepers of the Ulster Volunteer Force, for any wise magistrate may be expected to hold that, Sir Edward Carson being part of the Government, the Government has proper knowledge about his friends' munitions of "war" and will dispense with the formality of a declaration. The magistrate took a serious view of the case and imposed no punishment, but Mr. Birrell is keeping the rifle. Everybody thought that the Detective Story was nearly played out in literature, but Mr. Birrell has broken into a new vein, which is as charming as it is original.

AN EXPLANATION.

Cappagh is a village in Tyrone, about seven miles from Dungannon. The local people arranged for an Irish Volunteer meeting there on June 29th, and invited Mr. Newman, of Belfast, and myself to attend. The account of the meeting given last week in the "Irish Volunteer" was inaccurate in many particulars, because there was not time to prepare an accurate account and because I am compelled to have the paper printed more than a hundred miles from where I live, and my communications have again and again been delayed and interrupted by Mr. Birrell. I am sorry for this inaccuracy, because I want the people to see things exactly as they are.

GROSS INTIMIDATION, AND THE OLD GAME—"DIVIDE AND RULE."

When we arrived at Cappagh on Tuesday evening we found the village occupied by a large force of police armed with rifles and commanded by Inspector Barrington. There were about fifty police in uniform and others in plain clothes. From subsequent Press reports, it appears that the pretext for this display of armed force by the Government, a display that has been conspicuously absent from other meetings in Ulster during the past three years, was that "it had been rumoured that organised opposition to the meeting would be given by the Hibernian element." It is quite as convenient, and much easier, to provide rumours as to provide housebreakers. In this case, the attempt is made to fasten the odium on the Hibernians. The game is too obvious. The time-honoured policy of the ancient Coalition against Catholic and Catholic against Protestant—just at present it suits better to halloo Nationalist against Nationalist. If that could be worked up successfully, the Coalition would have little trouble in keeping

Mr. Redmond harmless, and the blame would be left on the Nationalists. When a certain female element were induced to make a row some time ago at a Volunteer turn-out in the South, Dublin Castle took special steps to have the row prominently reported in the London papers. This was before the Coalition was avowed. Nothing would suit the Government better or enable them more easily to escape from their pledges than, by means of faction disorder in Ireland, to ruin and discredit Mr. Redmond and his party when the instrument had served their purpose, and to shift the disgrace from themselves to the people of Ireland. If the authorities had any apprehension of organised disorder, organised by anybody but themselves, and wished to prevent it, Inspector Barrington would, of course, have had instructions to make some representation, to secure the preservation of peace and order, to the chairman of the meeting or to myself as representative of the Irish Volunteer organisation. No such representation was made, nor was there any communication from first to last between the police and those responsible for the meeting. The rumours of opposition were invented in order to discredit the local Hibernians and embroil them, if that could be managed, with the Irish Volunteers.

HARD FACTS.

The facts are: (1) that the Cappagh meeting was largely organised by leading Hibernians of the district; (2) that this was well known to the authorities who invented the lying rumours and then sent a small army with rifles; (3) that a meeting of Irish Volunteer officers on the same occasion was called beforehand by arrangement with the local Hibernians, to be held in the Hibernian Hall, Cappagh, and was actually held in the Hibernian Hall, and there was a large attendance of the officers, not a few of whom are Hibernians; (4) that the meeting in the open-air was absolutely orderly and unanimous, without as much as a syllable or a gesture of opposition or dissent, though the audience, according to the Belfast "News-Letter," comprised five hundred "non-sympathisers." I can only say to our honourable Government, "Try again," or in the popular Northern phrase, "Tell another while your mouth's warm."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

The Government had two shorthand note-takers present, and Inspector Barrington holding a lantern to them. I could see them writing very hard, and I hope that the full report will be sent on to Mr. Birrell. He will see that I gave very little help to the game of provoking ill-feeling and dissension and helping the Ministers pledged to Home Rule for all Ireland to escape from their pledges on the wreck of Mr. Redmond. He will see that I stood firm for National unity, reviling neither Redmondite nor Orangeman, though I hold my-

self free to criticise any party. He will see that I advised the people *not to break up the Irish Party, the party organisation or the party machine*, to make things easy for pledge-breakers; and not to cultivate rancour towards their neighbours to make things easy for pogrom plotters. He will find that I can expound the policy of the Irish Volunteers without trespassing on the gospel of lawlessness and barbaric hatred preached and never yet repudiated by his colleagues of the present Government. If Mr. Birrell wishes to crush me he will have to resort to the arbitrary powers created to fight Germany but used in Ireland to fight Ireland.

"REGISTRATION."

Conscription is abandoned for the present. Compulsory registration is proposed instead. The underlying idea is the same. The working man and the poor man are to be used as munitions to protect the aristocrat and the wealthy man and the dividender in the enjoyment of the good things. The poor man is to register the services of his labour, which are all he has to live by and to make a livelihood for those dependent on him. The poor man is the majority. Why shall he not demand that the property owner, the rich man, and the dividend man shall also be compelled by law to register all that they have and to say exactly in what way they are willing to place it all at the disposal of the Government for the prosecution of the war? Meanwhile, Irishmen can do no better than act on Mr. Asquith's advice—Give nothing and offer nothing but "the free gift of a free people."

EOIN MAC NEILL.

Liverpool Volunteers.

B Company, which meets at 78 Duke Street, Liverpool, reports excellent progress.

For the benefit of those who wish to join this Company, the Secretary informs us that men will be expected to attend for drill at least once every week, and members should make it their business to bring in recruits.

Section Commanders should put their sections in good order, as a prize will be given shortly for the best-drilled section.

The Cumann na mBan have now a branch at the same address as the I.V., and excellent work has been performed by the members.

Volunteers should carefully note the parades which take place:

AT DUKE STREET, on Tuesdays at 8-30.
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J. J. WALSH, T.C.,

(OF COURSE).

begs to intimate to his numerous Volunteer friends that he has opened a magnificent Tobaccon, Chocolate, Sweets, and News Emporium in Dublin at the corner of Blessington and Berkeley Streets. Irish goods a speciality.

Hold the Guns.

"On Thursday, July 20th, 1848, the British Government issued a proclamation ordering the people of Ireland to surrender their arms. On Thursday, July 1st, 1915, a stipendiary magistrate, sitting in Dublin, proclaimed that the possession of arms by a "free" citizen of this "free" country within the constitution of that Empire, which is the origin and guardian of the very Testament of Freedom, was an illegality, and ordered the said arms to be confiscated. Acts so nearly similar in points of time and of nature suggest that an examination of the circumstances which were the occasion and the result of the earlier occurrence may furnish us with some idea as to the reason and objective of the later.

In 1848, after the people had been cruelly reduced by the artificial famine, which the Government had engineered, John Mitchell seceded from the Nation, started the United Irishmen, and began his fiery crusade for the liberation of this "small nationality." He was arrested, tried by partisan judges and a packed jury, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation beyond the sea. The Whig Government then determined either to crush or to cause a premature outbreak of the revolutionary movement which was sweeping the country. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended and warrants were issued and executed for the arrest of the leaders of the confederation. The blow had been delivered timely. The country was unorganised, the harvest ungathered, the confederation unready, and in two short months the movement, that of all since the inauguration of the United Irishmen was fullest of promise to Ireland, was dead; its insurrection still-born.

So much for 1848. What of 1915?

Once again the Irish people are being ordered to give up their arms. Then, it was with the masterful tone of the bully; now, it is with the ordered form and ceremony of the British Law Courts and with that masquerade of a debauched justice that befools them. Then, it was to repress a revolt; now, it is to forestall one. Then, it was to prevent us using our arms against England; now, it is that we may be helpless in her hands. Then, we had few weapons and no military organisation; now, we have rifles and organisation that will serve.

But we are now faced with a new danger—Conscription. A "National Register" is to be formed. True, the proposed measure is not to be extended to Ireland—at least not by the ordinary forms of democratic government; we, being only recently emancipated, must be content with less. In England, the assent of the both Houses of Parliament, of the three Estates of the Realm, and of the King are all essential to render the Act valid and applicable to the people of that country. To apply it to Ireland, perhaps, since our freedom is of the order that the Russian serfs enjoy, the pen-stroke of an earl, or of an Ashantee baronet, or—who knows?—of some understrapper whose office is in Dublin Castle and whose "habitus" in Kildare Street Club, or, perchance, in these days of gratitude and mutual service, in Upper O'Connell Street, will suffice.

Be that, however, as it may, it is intended to apply this "National Register" device and whatever else it may fore-run to Ireland. For who runs, may read the signs.

A rifle is the surest sign of a free man. Without arms we can do nothing; with them we are all powerful. We saw during the Home Rule proceedings how powerful they are. The man who first appealed to them is now a member of the British Cabinet, and the *four* of

origo of all legal procedure in England. We seek no such honour; for we seek a higher and holier thing—Liberty. Yet, what Garson found needful, shall we disdain—or, if not disdaining them, shall we, possessing arms, surrender them to our enemy?

Surely none could be so recreant! I can promise for one—nay, as Mitchell did, "for two, for three, aye, for hundreds," for every true-beating heart in Ireland.

This is the issue that shortly will be placed before us. For some of us it may be one of life or death. Yet be it so direful in the outcome, for every true Irishman there can be but one resolve now, and that is, meanwhile, to Hold The Guns.

L. K.

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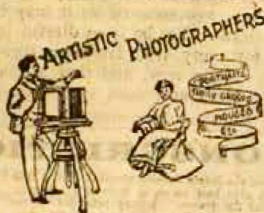
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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, JULY 17th, 1915

Headquarters' Bulletin.

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin, on Wednesday evening, June 30th, Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

Reports on Organisation, Recruiting, Training, Summer Camps, and Finance were received and discussed.

The splendid demonstration at Cappagh, near Pomeroy, Co. Tyrone, on June 29th, and the successful despatch of two cyclist columns from Dublin to Tullow, Co. Carlow, on June 25th, were reported on.

The attitude of the Irish Volunteers towards Compulsory Registration for war purposes was discussed, and it was unanimously agreed that Irish Volunteers must resolutely oppose the application of any such measure to Ireland, as being a form of Conscription—against which in any form Irish Volunteers stand pledged.

Draft arrangements for the Tyrone Training

Camp, which starts at Dungannon on Saturday, July 10th, were approved of. The period in camp will extend from Saturday evening, 10th, to the evening of Sunday, 18th inst. The week's course will embrace every essential department of Field Training. The training force will march over a large part of the hill country of Co. Tyrone, the route being by Pomeroy, Omagh, Fintona, and Donaghmore, back to Dungannon. The officer in charge will be Captain J. J. O'Connell, of the Headquarters' Organising Staff, to whom Volunteers who are joining the camp will report in Dungannon at 6 p.m. on the 10th inst.

A Miracle and a Warning.

The Irish people have been taught by their rulers to distrust themselves, and to be hyper-critical of their own nation. That is part of the game. And it is desirable that we should do what we can to unlearn the lessons which a Government inimical to Ireland has taught us.

Conceit is a good thing sometimes. There is such a thing as a healthy conceit. Let us be conceited for once and praise ourselves. We need not go far to discover evidence upon which to base our praise of ourselves.

The virility of the Irish Nation is one of the miracles which have upset Imperial calculations. And probably no more remarkable repetition of the miracle can be cited than the resurrection of the Irish Volunteers.

Had the calculations of the Imperialists proved infallible, the Irish Volunteer movement would have passed away, and would by this time have taken its place among other interesting historical phenomena. But Imperialism is out of fashion now; the cards are against it; it has backed the wrong horse; all the metaphors of misfortune may be applied to it. And to sum up, we may say that Imperialism has come upon its day of reckoning, and is at grips with the majesty of Heaven, whose laws it has so long been permitted with impunity to defy.

We are hard upon the hour of small nations; and instinctively the Irish, as the noblest of the small nations, feels itself destined to play a great part on the stage of a newly constructed world.

In varying degrees the Irish people feel that the future is full of hope.

To be hopeful with folded hands is almost criminal; it is certainly a mad policy. And what gives those upon Erin's watchtower consolation is not merely the glitter of freedom far over the hills, but is the knowledge that the citadel, on whose watchtower they stand, is a hive of industry, and that the soldier is sharpening his sword, and the armourer is toiling at his trade.

We have passed through the severest trial

which any people might be called upon to experience. Those who have lived and worked through the past six months could tell a tale of struggle against fearful odds if they cared.

What had we to fight? The most perfect Imperial machinery in existence, the hostility and infidelity of men who call themselves Irishmen, the apathy and despair and timidity of the people in general.

Consider the first foe—Imperialism, with its spies, its letter-openers, its arms, its economic pressure, its thieves (who stole money sent through the post), its slander Press.

With one newspaper, and that a weekly one, limited in capital and in size, we faced the entire Press of Ireland, silenced through fear, or hostile through bribery.

We held to our purpose, and fought against the suspicion of honest souls, against the malice of dishonest minds; and we are vindicated.

Men are saying everywhere—"You are the only policy. You have been severely logical, and you have won your case. Ireland is convinced."

Aye, more than that: Ireland seems to danger, and Ireland is awake.

The demands upon the Volunteer leaders from all parts of Ireland is a proof of the sincerity and strength of Ireland's determination to be cheated no longer.

Men came for forty miles around Cappagh to meet Eoin Mac Neill. At Derry on Wednesday, 30th June, there were 100 men for every man who attended the meeting addressed three months previously by The O'Rahilly and Mr. Newman.

The reports are the same from every quarter. "We are getting recruits every night." "The men are pouring in." "We want arms."

The last statement is the best of the three. And it is most consoling that none need go away empty handed.

The "winter of our discontent" has been spent well; and the Director of Arms will welcome any man who hungers for a weapon.

There is no use writing for a rifle. Your letter will merely adorn the archives of Dublin Castle. There is much use in commissioning a man to get you a weapon "when he is next in Dublin." Let this hint go home. And, above all, be satisfied with what you get.

If you want a good rifle, be prepared to pay for it.

Eoin Mac Neill justly complained of the preposterous show of force at Cappagh. A mass of policemen armed with carbines at a political meeting where no hostility could possibly be expected. In any case, the carbines were there merely to intimidate. If our Volunteers in the district had suspected that they would have such an exhibition of Imperialism they would have turned out with their arms.

As it was, the police, if they had cared to try a fight, would have found themselves hopelessly outclassed. They had arms over their shoulders; and before they could have un-

shouldered their arms they would have been outclassed.

If our men had appeared with full equipment, the armed police would have seemed as a drop in the military bucket.

Such attempts at intimidation merely stimulate our people; and the sooner Dublin Castle realises that the Irish will protect themselves from intimidation the better.

An automatic pistol or a good revolver is an excellent antidote to the wholesale exhibition of Imperial carbines.

It is desirable that our men should understand this fact; and it is desirable that the wearing of small arms on parade should become the rule. Headquarters has manufactured a high-class holster which will accommodate any reasonably sized weapon, and the wholesale distribution of these holsters is in the hands of Mr. Lawler. They are sold much below cost, at the absurdly low price of sixpence. A company of men wearing holsters will be free from Imperial interference. We have descended from the general to the particular.

But in Ireland at this moment one needs no excuse for such a descent. Matters which seem small are in reality the very things which make all the difference.

England has held this land in subjection with a series of barrack blockhouses containing half a dozen armed men. It is time that Ireland should protect herself against such trivial intimidation; and she can do this when the people of Ireland possess, and allow the cut-throat to know they possess, effective lethal weapons.

We have no desire to attempt the impossible. We see that an armed and determined Ireland can be mistress of her destiny, and that Imperialism will hesitate even in the smallest degree to provoke her.

There is a side to the arms' question which every man should take to heart.

Eoin Mac Neill has revealed the existence of a well-matured pogrom plot.

We make it quite clear to Dublin Castle, to Mr. Birrell, and to Sir Matthew Nathan that with the knowledge in our possession we shall interpret any attempt to disarm the Irish people as a certain proof that the idea of a pogrom plot has not been abandoned even in the face of the publicity which we have given to it. And we shall simply say, and allow the world to hear, that the English oligarchy desires to disarm the Irish Nationalists in order that the carefully arranged and well planned pogrom plot may be successfully engineered, and a massacre of the Nationalist and Catholic population may proceed "at some not far distant date" in a satisfactory and workmanlike manner.

Forewarned is forearmed! Our warning is directed alike to our enemies and to our friends. Let it be heeded in both camps; for our words are not idle words.

Perish, Empire!

IMPERIALISM IS A SOCIAL WET BLANKET, AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE ENGLISH MIND. IT STIFLES ANY PEOPLE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE SMOTHERED BENEATH IT. "A SCOTTISH ARTISAN" SPEAKS EXCELLENTLY FOR THOSE UNDER THE WET BLANKET IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE:—

Some little time ago there chanced to fall into my hands a copy of the *London Morning Post*. It so happened that the leading article in that number discussed the origin of the war, from the points of view of the various countries comprising the *Triple Entente*; and I remember that the writer stated that the reason why the Russian bear was showing fight was that he fought to free himself from the tyranny of Germany. "Gair wee beastie!" I remarked to myself; and I thought what a crying shame it was that the poor bear should be persecuted in that unconscionable manner. I had wondered since the war began what precisely Russia was fighting for, and I was, and still am, grateful to the *Morning Post* writer for enlightening me on that subject.

But I have not come forth to chant the lay of the Big Powers, but to applaud the Little People—those greenland denizens of the political groves who sit on fences, and keep the ring, as it were, whilst their superiors in size and strength rend one another to pieces. My sympathies have always been with the Little Peoples, as opposed to the Big Powers. Mere size is nauseating. "Bloated armaments," "Frightfulness" as regards warlike methods or adipose tissue, empires on which the sun daily refuses to perform one of its allotted functions, Dreadnought politics of all descriptions, inflated talk, boasting, bragging, Blatchfords, Bernhards, and Bottomleys—all these vulgar monstrous things are to me infinitely tiresome, tedious, and depressing. For my own part, I have always been a strong "Little People" man. I believe in Peace, and Small States as a means to the preservation of the same, which leads me to remark that I think that our Peace advocates, the world over, should mend their methods and reform their propaganda as soon as ever the war shall be brought to a close. What is the good of mildly lecturing a militant universe on the benefits of Peace? You will hardly induce the lamb to lie down by the side of the lion, or the dove to share the same nest with the eagle, through the instrumentality of penny pamphlets or gratuitous leaflets, no matter how young-lady-like may be your titles, or soft-soapy your periods. They used to say, before the war began, that the best way to ensure peace was to increase the probabilities of war. It is true that that plan has not proved to be as successful in practice as it was at one time thought by many to be sound in theory. Nevertheless, Peace should not be too proud to take a leaf out of the modern Swashbuckler's book of deportment. If to me were committed the ordering of these things, I would offer, in the name of Peace, a mighty prize (each year or each decade) for the most effective invention for destroying mankind. We have heard it said of old time that people are not to be made sober, or virtuous, by Act of Parliament; neither should we be in haste to believe that the universe is to be cured of the bloody distemper that occasionally assails it by means of sermons, pamphlets, leaflets, addresses, conventions, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the angelic company of illusionists, both great and small.

It has often been remarked that the smaller countries are more prolific of genius than the

larger. Divers writers have expatiated on this theme. Greece has told, and still relates, a tale exceeding flattering to the Little Peoples. Rome was at its best before it degenerated into an empire; at all events, there can be no doubt that, as Gibbon observes, talent under the later Emperors sank to a very low ebb; while the inventive faculty of the Latin people decayed so greatly under the same auspices that it is no exaggeration to say that superabundant wealth, power, and luxury, entirely snuffed it out. Then there were the republics of mediæval Italy. Do we not turn to the small State of Venice as to a light that lightened the Gentiles at a time when sitting in darkness would seem to have been their favourite occupation? Think what an impetus the generous and enlightened patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent gave to the study of Art and Letters, and to the diffusion of politeness; yet this prince of patrons emerged from a republic that you could almost have covered with a good-sized pocket handkerchief. To the small kingdom of Portugal the world is indebted for some of its boldest and most successful explorers. How greatly is the science of navigation, and the diffusion of trade, indebted to the Dutch? Whose bravery and military address can be compared with the martial worth of the Swiss of mediæval Europe? Where is the land that can surpass our own in a point of romance, and the reputation for probity and talent gained by thousands of her sons, who sought their fortunes in foreign climes? The England of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Locke, Milton, and Bacon was a "Little England." That country had scarcely begun to "expand" in those days, yet I imagine that pushful Imperialists would indeed be hard put to it to find in our own times intellects like unto these. Fugitives flying before the irruption of the northern barbarians, Learning and Politeness fled to Ireland, where, uniting to the native Celtic culture, these three so charming Graces erected in the sixth and seventh centuries that marvellous civilisation which is the delight and wonder of the civil historian. A recent writer in *The Scottish Review* (Mr. William Diack) quoted some of Lord Bryce's language touching the theme on which I am writing; and I crave the reader's permission to reproduce that experienced politician's opinion:—

"It is the fashion nowadays (says Lord Bryce) to worship bigness and disparage small nations. Yet the independent city communities—or the small nations, such as were England and Holland in the seventeenth century—have produced not only most of the best literature and art, but most of the great men and great achievements which history records. National life is apt to be more intense and more interesting where it is concentrated in an area not so wide as to forbid the people to know one another and their leaders."

These words will find a ready echo in the heart of every sound "Little People" man; and, I hope, in those of the many who, recognising the "frightfulness" of mere size and bigness, cannot but be open to persuasion on such a point. The craze for girth is the beginning of vulgarity. Bloated and bewildering size is a menace to morals and manners. Even many of those of whom superior taste and better judgment might reasonably be expected seem somehow dazzled by the ample charms displayed by the Fat People in the political Peep-shows of Europe. "The day of the small nation is past!" cried the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; and those in whom the habit of thought is ever secondary to that of utterance approvingly re-echo the ill-founded prejudice. "How can a Small State hope to stand alone nowadays?" (quoth one of these ready-made objectors to me recently, and the poor dolt thought that he had floored me with his apology

for an argument! I presume that "Small States" are quite as capable of entering into alliances with a view to their own protection as are larger ones. Some people appear to think that by quoting Belgium they exhaust objection. Out upon them! Some maintain that that country cultivated an understanding with England and France, which, it is true, has so far failed to mature; but it may do so in the long run, in the which case that little Richard will be himself, and more, again. But if it does not do so, then plainly has Belgium put her money on the wrong horse, and, like others (whether great or small) that commit similar errors of judgment, must submit to the consequences. My own opinion is that Belgium had done wiser to stand neutral, since neither France or England were in a position to fulfil their engagements to her when the war broke out. She is now under the harrow from which every sound Little People man must devoutly hope that she will emerge; but, in any event, we should not allow shallow sentiment to steal the sacred fires of reason. I protest that the case of Belgium proves nothing, save the supreme importance of looking before you leap, and the shameless hypocrisy of the Great Powers. I condemn the action of Germany with all the vehemence I can command; but, pray, is England in any better moral case? Who bombarded Copenhagen in time of peace, and, with the guns of her fleet, overturned buildings and severed heads from bodies? England, in whose mouth butter was never yet known to melt! Two blacks do not constitute a white; true, but it behoves pots and kettles to be chary how they fall out and start charging upon one another that dinginess of appearance which is their common characteristic.

The world has been too long dominated by "big ideas." There are far too many empires and would-be emulators of Napoleon and Alexander buzzing around. A plague on the pests that "think Imperially!" The fool who is for ever fingering a pistol is bound to inflict sudden death on the bystander sooner or later. "Hymns of hate," retorts in prose or verse that are just as hateful, guns that cast shells beyond a Sabbath day's journey and factories for the munitions of war that cover hundreds of acres of ground, air-ships which drop bombs by night on innocent and defenceless sleepers, mines that blow whole regiments of men to the skies, militarism and navalism, and a thousand other bloody and devilish contrivances for the destruction and enslavement of mankind—what are all these horrid products but the baleful fruits of Caesarism? The total mischief wrought by the most fractious and quarrelsome little States that ever existed never, surely, amounted to more than an inconsiderable fraction of the hurt inflicted by a single one of the Great Powers, when slipped from the leash. If Europe had been suffered to resolve itself into those national communities, which regard to race and language would early have established as her natural political divisions, hardly would the present unexampled scene of blood and desolation be unfolding itself before our horror-stricken eyes. At whose door lies the guilt of setting this monstrous war on foot if not at that of the Great Powers? It is the Big, not the Little, People whose "bloated armaments" precipitated the existing conflict, whose continuance is entirely due to the same guilty cause, and whose magnitude is the direct consequence of the unnatural size and strength of the arch-participants. We have heard a great deal recently touching the alleged "philosophy of force," in which we are told to rejoice as at the advent of a new evangel. Empires have arisen by the dozen to expound, and commend, to us this musty creed in a new and "improved" form, wherewith after "bloody victories the world is to be healed." The home of the neo-Reformers is, apparently,

Germany; but the German is here but the spokesman of his complexion. The superior systematising power of the Fatherland, joined to that country's profounder knowledge as regards the chemistry of ideals, if I may so express myself, has caused the doctrine of Force and Culture to be identified more particularly with the Germanic States; but, to remount to first principles, what are militarism and navalism, wherever they may be found, but twin manifestations—evil products of the same creed and the same spirit? There are degrees of Caesarism just as there are shades of any other form of guilt; but it is not "efficiency" in wrong doing, but the will and intention to compass ill that constitute the crime. Many a rascal deplores the success attending the exploits of those more dexterous than himself; but this happens, where it does fall out, not because the wretch is inclined to virtue and respects merit, but from disgusts occasioned by a rival's triumphs. The big States are saturated with these ideas of "dominance by group"; and Germany has but given a pseudo scientific turn to that worship of brute force, and that craze for size, in regard to which the less efficient Powers are equally blameworthy in a point of intention, though they may be less engaged as to fact. An able writer somewhere remarks, "Mankind in general retain some vestiges of their origin: so the Roman monarchy, from its first institution to its entire destruction, is remarkable for that spirit of rapine and usurpation which animated its original subjects, and which is constantly visible in the midst of those borrowed virtues with which it was adorned. The perpetual conquests, and what is more, the reasons that were given by their Kings, Senates, and Emperors, for attempting them; the continual pillages of the enemy's country; the partitions of the plunder and the lands; the disputes and insurrections that thence arose; all appear to me but a mere continuation of the vicious principles and practices of the first founders of the Roman State." The same poison has entered into the body politic of modern Europe, and is now destroying Christendom. It is folly to urge that the guilt of starting the war should be laid at the door of this or that particular Great Power, when all are equally responsible for those military or naval preparations, persistence in which over a long course of years was bound to provoke those mutual reprisals which have turned Europe into one immense scene of destruction and bloodshed. No one who has the least acquaintance with European history, and the slenderest knowledge of human nature, will contend that the multiplication of small States would infallibly put an end to wars; but for my part I have no hesitation whatever in affirming that the adoption of such a measure would undoubtedly conspire to lessen their frequency, to circumscribe their areas, and to render them less bloody and destructive. The safety of Christendom, in fact, resides in the number of the independent States that constitute it—not in the wealth of a few overgrown Kingdoms, whose inordinate power to work mischief on one another, and, incidentally, to involve the lesser nations in their own self-seeking machinations and bloody adventures constitute a standing menace to civilisation and progress.

Long live the Small State, and perish empire!

A SCOTTISH ARTISAN,
in *The Scottish Review*.

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Reviews.

ASCENDENCY WHILE YOU WAIT. By A. Newman. Tracts for the Times. Dublin: 12 D'Olier Street. One Penny.

In this tract Mr. Newman seeks to account for the existence of a very remarkable phenomenon in Ireland: a whole class of men and women, apparently well educated, apparently gifted with ordinary powers of observation and reasoning, apparently endowed with ordinary human sympathy and emotion, and yet oblivious of the fact that under their very noses is a nation, ancient, majestic, faithful, agonising; a nation to which they are bound by more ties of kin, of sentiment, and even of interest than they are to the foreign empire which receives their allegiance; a nation which the best among themselves have from time to time realised as in a flash of light, and realising, turned to serve. They are like blind men wandering in a glowing countryside; like deaf men sitting at a solemn music; like men who in lieu of kindly hearts have been given stones.

And Mr. Newman accounts for it by describing the education to which the members of this class have been subjected. Trinity College has been called the only successful British institution in Ireland. One might extend the encomium to the British education system in general. It would be almost true to say that the British education system in Ireland, alone among British schemes for our amelioration, has been adequate to its purpose. Its purpose was, and is, to make us British. How well it has succeeded recent happenings show.

While Ireland, as a whole, has been true to herself in the present great crisis, it would be idle to deny that there has been a considerable falling away from national tradition, especially in the "middle" and "lower middle" classes. What is the explanation?

The explanation is the Board of Intermediate Education. P. H. P.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN. By Eoin Mac Neill. Part I.: O'Connell's Alternative. Tracts for the Times. Dublin: 12 D'Olier Street. One Penny.

I am not sure that followers of the Sinn Fein policy will agree with Eoin Mac Neill that Daniel O'Connell's political position was the political position of Sinn Fein. O'Connellism may be summed up in three postulates: (1) a perpetual union of the British and Irish crowns; (2) a sovereign and independent Irish Parliament; (3) "constitutional" agitation as the sole means of effecting political amelioration. Sinn Feiners, if I understand them, accept only the second of these postulates.

The connection between Sinn Fein and O'Connell is that both have taken their stand on the Acts of 1782 and 1783 as constituting a "deliberate and solemn national compact"—a treaty between Ireland and England still

legally existent. And the weakness of that position is that it is a lawyer's position. The national position is stated by Wolfe Tone: "to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils"; and re-stated by Fintan Lalor: "to repeal, not the Union, but the Conquest."

But Mr. Mac Neill's tract is valuable as emphasising how a gulf divides the "constitutional" movement of to-day from the "constitutional" movement of O'Connell. The essential thing about the Irish Parliament which O'Connell demanded was that it was to be sovereign and independent; the essential thing about the Irish Parliament which our modern constitutionalists have accepted as a "final settlement" (but have not yet got) is that it is to be "subordinate." O'Connell's policy was Repeal of the Union; this policy is per petual acceptance of the Union.

How art thou fallen, O Constitutionalism!
P. H. P.

Points Volunteer Cyclists Forget.

All the Volunteers who have taken up Cyclist Training have done so after a considerable amount of civilian cycling. On this account there are a number of things they must *unlearn*. Still these points are not very numerous, and a little care will enable the Volunteer to modify his old habits and acquire those of the purely military cyclist. The chief differences between military and civilian cyclists are the following:

The soldier must pedal until ordered to halt: the civilian can halt or rest as he likes.

The soldier must ride the pace of the worst rider: the civilian can select the pace that suits himself.

The soldier must carry much extra weight: the civilian rides light.

The soldier must keep his file and go at a steady pace: the civilian rides where he likes and sprints when he likes.

The soldier must ride closed up and swallow dust: the civilian can avoid other conveyances.

It is not very hard to commit these five points of difference to memory. Taken together the checks put on the military cyclist are simply points of discipline. It would be possible to find a similar set of checks put on the infantryman compared to a man out for a walk. The object is the same in both cases: whether the soldier rides a bicycle or goes on foot he is simply a unit in a large body. It is the interest of the large body that must be considered. But on the other hand, a large body in which there is no discipline for the units is far more trying than a body in which the discipline is sound.

Cumann na mBan.

At the National Pilgrimage to Bodenstown on Sunday, 20th ult., the two Dublin Branches of Cumann na mBan were over 100 strong, and made a most creditable turn-out, the Central Branch contingent carrying for the first time their beautiful banner of gold, green and white, embroidered with the badge of the Association. The Executive Committee were represented by Mrs. Wyse Power, Mrs. Tuohy and Miss Walsh. The women's organisations were cordially saluted at Sallins Railway Station, both on arrival and at their departure, by the various corps of Irish and National Volunteers present.

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And are such curious creatures,
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And when they go for walks, it seems,
They always use their legs;
And they calmly call a mendicant
Merely "A man who begs."

Their motor cars have wheels and lamps,
Their horses ears and tails;
While all of them believe, I think,
That Welshmen come from Wales.

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