

ber of Volunteers who had been playing a hurling match enjoying forbidden pints of stout. They immediately ordered them to leave and cleared the premises. The Volunteer Police are obeyed.

In the west of Ireland they are also putting down illicit distilling. At first the owners of illicit stills seem to have hoped that as they were breaking the British law they would have the sympathy of the Republicans. The Republicans, however, taking the view that the raw spirit is the cause of some of the most terrible crimes, seize the stills and empty the contents on the ground. One still owner whose wares had been treated in this way appealed to Volunteer headquarters for compensation on the ground that he sold his poisonous stuff only to policemen and soldiers! He did not get it.

Some critics at a distance take the view that the activities of the Volunteer Police are theatrical and have been over-advertised. This is not true. The most Republican parts of Ireland are being policed with thoroughness and efficiency. The Volunteer Police patrols exist only in some places, but in almost every place there are Volunteer Police ready to act in any emergency. In one town I visited a Unionist who had received a threatening letter appealed to them. The Volunteers at once picketed his house till he felt he was safe.

#### Protection for Unionists.

In many parts of Ireland Unionists appeal to the Volunteers for the protection which they can no longer obtain from the police. In one of the chief cities of Ireland the practical withdrawal of the police from their ordinary duties meant that street urchins had a gay and rowdy time. Among other things they enjoyed breaking windows and playing noisy games in the square round the Protestant Cathedral even while services were in progress on Sunday. The Protestant dean appealed to the police but was told that they could not spare a man at that place. He then went to the commandant of the Volunteers, who at once promised to attend to the matter. The Volunteer Police appeared. The young disturbers of the peace scattered. And since then the Protestant services have been held in quietness under the guarantee of protection from the Irish Republic.

The Volunteer Police also preserve order at sports and race meetings. They captured a number of pickpockets and thieves during the present month at the Bellewstown Races, and I am told that in the course of the meeting even the military handed over to them some thieves they had captured. Then at the end of the meeting a military officer came on the scene and declared that the Volunteer Police were an illegal body and compelled them to remove the armlets and other emblems of office they were wearing.

It is apparently not law and order that the Government is anxious to enforce in Ireland, but merely British law and order. Sometimes I think it is merely Bonar Law and order.

### ARCHBISHOP MANNIX'S MOTHER

#### LETTER FROM BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, addressed, a few days ago, the following letter to Mrs. Mannix, mother of the distinguished prelate (says the *Cork Examiner* of August 14):—"While the world follows with admiration the splendid figure of your illustrious son, the Archbishop of Melbourne, in a single-handed but triumphant struggle with the bigoted anti-Irish Premiers of the British Empire, there is in every honest heart, the deepest sympathy with you, his loving mother, deprived as you are of the sacred joy of welcoming him to the arms that nursed him and the home where he was cradled. But this petty exhibition of spiteful revenge on the part of his humiliated adversaries, who show so small beside him, only enhances the Archbishop's fame and makes more

certain the final triumph of the cause for which he suffered. He stands for our race, and, in him, our race and religion are being crucified by tyrants. They have him now on board their ships and they know not what to do with him. So universally is he known, cherished as the champion of elementary truth and honesty, that there is no part of the globe where they can land him but his presence there will evoke such an outburst of enthusiasm as makes unscrupulous politicians tremble for their safety. Were he a vulgar cut-throat or regicide the ports of England would be open to him; but, being a great and holy Archbishop, fearlessly championing with an irresistible power, the rights of common humanity to a modicum of justice and fair play at the hands of plutocratic Governments, the resources of the British Empire are being mobilised to silence and crush him. The public are under no delusions as to the ultimate objects at the back of this sham campaign against the Archbishop of Melbourne as a danger to peace. It started with his baffled adversaries in Australia, who have rung up their London brothers, and is being manipulated with incredible impudence for the purpose of putting pressure on the Holy Father in the hope that the Archbishop's transference elsewhere would leave Australia safe for democracy under the care of Mr. Hughes. It would suit their designs to involve the Holy Father with themselves in a world-war with the Irish race. This policy is worthy of men who shout 'To Hell with the Pope' one day and fawn on his Holiness the next. They are doomed to disappointment, and the whole discreditable procedure only furnishes another proof—if further proof were needed—of how absolutely essential it is for Ireland's well-being to be rid, once and for ever, of the foreign thralldom. I had arranged to be at Queens-town to-day to greet the Archbishop on his arrival, but the Bishop of Cloyne informed me the Baltic was ordered not to call there. Meanwhile I heartily sympathise with you, and join with you and all lovers of justice in prayers for the safety of the Archbishop and the triumph of Freedom."

#### THE MAID OF CASTLE CRAIGH.

Three times the flowers have faded since I left my native home,

Through hopeless love enlisting, in foreign lands to roam;

But whereso'er I wandered, near or far away,  
No maiden fair could e'er compare with the Maid of Castle Craigh.

Her blooming cheek was like the rose, all blushing; and  
her eye

Like yonder star, that shines afar so bright and tenderly;

Her bosom like the snow in evening's rosy ray;  
But oh! it seemed as cold to me, sweet Maid of Castle Craigh!

I courted her a year and more, and sought to gain her love.

And sure her heart was fond and warm, though timid  
as the dove.

For oh! I never knew, till I was far away,  
That I had won thy gentle heart, dear Maid of Castle Craigh!

But now my griefs are all at rest, the wars at length  
are o'er,

And, landed safe on Erin's soil, I'll never leave it  
more,

But live in peace and joy, to bless each happy day,  
With thee, my own, my only love, dear Maid of Castle Craigh.

The British-built "Dennis" motor lorry is so well built, so reliable, that it is most economical in the end. It is called the Dependable "Dennis."—The NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS CO., LTD., Sole Agent.