

knows he is guilty, and he knows another thing: he knows that he has failed to crush Ireland and it is gall to him that notwithstanding all his lies and all his crimes Ireland is winning and Ireland will win. It is the victory of the spirit over the brute. Ireland is stayed by her faith and her soul is invincible, unbreakable, for you cannot break a spiritual thing. As *Old Ireland* well puts it

*The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.*

### Awkward for Brithuns

Greenwood's brazen denials and Lloyd George's vapid rhetoric have at times gulled the British public. However, here is a case in which no denials and no rhetoric will save their faces. On April 26 Lord Parmoor astounded the House of Lords by reading to them a letter from his brother who was in Ireland and in a hotel there which was visited by the noble and gallant corps of "Black-and-Tans" concerning whose virtues the Welsher and the Canadian bouncer have lied so long. The letter was in part as follows:

"Our landlord, a perfectly innocent, honorable, and much beloved man, was killed almost before our eyes. My wife and I were held up by revolvers pointed at our breasts. Besides O'Donovan (the proprietor) two policemen were shot dead. The whole place was shot to pieces by a machine-gun brought inside the hotel. It was the most wicked attack you could imagine, and to my horror the perpetrators were 'Black-and-Tan' auxiliary forces, sixty in number. Over a thousand shots must have been fired and the auxiliaries behaved like demented Red Indians. Of course we thought it was an attack by Sinn Feiners."

Of course! And had he not been there to give evidence it would have been cabled to the Otago day-lie and to every other day-lie in New Zealand that the police in the hotel at Castleconnell were killed by Sinn Feiners. Lord Parmoor added that he received another letter from his brother saying:

"I forgot to mention that I have a bullet picked up by me on the 17th unexploded. The bullet has been reversed, thus converting it into an expanding bullet of the most deadly character. Such bullets inflict the most dangerous wounds and were prohibited during the late War." "Here," said Lord Parmoor, holding the object aloft, "is the dumdum bullet which anyone can see, and it is not suggested that anyone fired except the Government auxiliaries."

There was no getting round that. Canadian lies were of no avail. Even the bouncer dared not tell Lord Parmoor that his brother was a liar. Even the Welsh mountebank could not bluff it out. The House of Lords was brought face to face with one of the many incidents of frightfulness which are of common occurrence in Ireland, and there was nothing left but to say that an inquiry would be made. Inquiry *mar dhoadh!* The Irish people know the value of a Government inquiry which has for its object the cloaking of the crimes done by the connivance, if not by the orders, of the authorities. "Everything done by the Crown is covered up, denied, and if the evidence is too strong, the whole thing is side-tracked somehow or other. When you have a whole Government combined to lie as well as to murder, you are up against something that means risking your life to defeat." These are the words in which Mrs. Bryce describes the Government and its "inquiries." As a sample of the press comments we quote the *Manchester Guardian*:

"By what dispensation of the law are the auxiliary police allowed to take out an aged and inoffensive man and shoot him out of hand, as witnesses allege, on the plea of harboring rebels? The Castleconnell affair is, we fear, no isolated example of the brutality and utter lack of disciplined methods to be found in the proceedings of the Auxiliary force." And neither Greenwood nor Lloyd George can lie this time—even their favorite amusement is taken from them. The only lying they can do is to lie down like whipped curs while humanity kicks them and spits on the foul things they are.

### The Poor Day-Lies

Once more our dear old day-lies have fallen in through their haste to minister to the mind diseased of the Canadian bouncer and the Welsh upstart who are ruining the Empire. They have fallen in so often, been exposed so ridiculously, been convicted of such utter stupidity and of such colossal clownishness that one hardly bothers about calling attention to their calumnies nowadays. Yet here is one more instance. Last week, under a big, black heading calling attention to what one of them describes daily as

#### IRISH TURMOIL

we got a second big headline about

#### INTRIGUE WITH RUSSIA DRAFT AGREEMENT SEIZED DETAILS MADE PUBLIC.

and then followed a real old-fashioned Lloyd George and Haughty Hamar sort of cable from London telling all about the business as follows:

"London, June 9.

"A draft agreement between the Irish Republic and the Russian Government was seized at Dublin, and has now been published by the British Government in a White Paper. It shows that each party agreed to promote world-wide recognition of each other's sovereignty, and to foster mutual trade, with a percentage of arms and munitions for use against the enemies of either.

"The Irish Office adds that Mr. McCartan, Sinn Fein M.P., now in Russia, will act as the diplomatic representative of the Irish Republic.—A. and N.Z. cable."

Alas! Poor Yorick. Once more it was a fake and the dear day-lies had to tell us later on that the Russian Embassy had denied that any intrigue of the sort existed at all—except in the minds of the asses who concoct such idiotic yarns for the consumption of the Colonial editors who have sold their souls to the Brithuns. But there is another story. We have caught red-handed in the act of attributing to Sinn Fein the crimes of Orange ruffians the hired propagandist who frames the headlines for our morning paper. First take the following cable:

"London, June 12.

"A party of men masquerading as soldiers, who said they were taking men to the barrack for identification, captured Kerr (a barber), McBride (a publican), and Halfpenny (a postman). They took them from their homes in North Belfast and shot them. The bodies were taken then in motor cars and flung into the fields at the roadside.—A. and N.Z. cable."

There was the cable. Any sensible person reading it would at once say that it was probable that the murderers were Orangemen: first, because it occurred in North Belfast, and secondly, because McBride is a Catholic name and there are numerous Catholics named Kerr in the district. But our morning headline-man *deliberately attributed the murders to Sinn Fein, with the evidence such as it was all against him.* He headed the item—

#### SINN FEIN BARBARITY

#### TRIPLE MURDER IN NORTH BELFAST.

That was about as blackguardly a piece of propaganda as one could well imagine. Here, without the slightest evidence, was a crime attributed to Sinn Fein: nay, whatever evidence there was lay altogether in the other direction. But that piece of blackguardism is extremely valuable and ought to be remembered for ever. It shows us how the headline-men proceed, from what a depth of hatred and prejudice their actions are directed, and what fitting tools they are to serve the Canadian scoundrel who is responsible for the murder of Mrs. Quinn and her unborn babe. We go further and say that this glaring case is an indication of the animosity and bias which distorts the editorial views of many of our day-lies. *The editorial views on Ireland are as a rule no sounder and no more savory than that dastardly headline which we came upon the other morning.* When we saw it we were tempted to

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