

Mahmud: "No, mistaire, please; me verry gooda guide, me show you sastifikat (producing ragged and greasy, official looking sheet), look, my photo, yes me takea you Peeramids, pay tram, pay everyt'ing for two bob."

Brown: "No, go away, I'm going to meet a cove who knows more about it than any of you blighters."

Mahmud: "Neber mind for myself mistaire; you buy postcart (producing packet from the folds of his garment)... verry good, verry nice, verry sheap, verry"

Brown: (smiles) "How much?"

Mahmud: (Shrewdly) "Eight piastre, twenty-four."

Brown: (Producing some money) "No, I giveit two piastres six milliemes."

Mahmud: "No mistaire, six piastre, no less, neber mind, you giveit six."

Brown: "No, ah here comes the tram, no, get away." (Walks off).

Mahmud: "Neber mind, giveit money, five piastre, here y'are, no? Neber mind, giveit money, yes, allri"—(tram moves off with Brown on board)—"Ah tam 'im, Mistaire New Zealan', rooh fidaiya ... Clinboots tamim" (Exit).

"SINN FEIN."

Although absent for more than two years from his native land (Ireland) the writer feels that he can explain to some extent the sad happenings that have recently taken place in that country.

Previous to the War Ireland loomed very large in the eyes of the World because, as everyone knows, it was on the verge of the worst of all misfortunes—a civil war. Fortunately, the leaders of both parties immediately saw that the cause of the Empire was Ireland's cause, and instantly threw in their lot with the Imperial forces, thus bringing about a condition of affairs which brought joy to the hearts of all true Irishmen. Irishmen from the North and from the South have stood shoulder to shoulder in Flanders and on Gallipoli, and have proved that the Irish have not forgotten how to fight.

Unfortunately, however, at the outbreak of war there was a party in Ireland, which did not agree with the policy of the Nationalists in the South or of that of the Unionists in the North. This Party known as the "Sinn Fein" party was not a political party. In its genesis it was an organization for the furtherance of all things Irish. The fact that "Sinn Fein" means "ourselves alone" will show that the policy of that party was complete separation from England and all things English.

It cannot be denied that that this organization was at one time a purely literary society interested in the spreading of the Irish language and literature, and indeed I can say from personal knowledge of one of those who has been shot, because of his participation in the recent revolt, that he was a fanatic of the fanatics where Ireland was concerned, but I never imagined him foolish enough to participate in such a mad enterprise. I remember distinctly playing beside him in my first rugby football match, and although at that time he was a wee bit of a poet, he had not become imbued with Irish Ireland ideas.

The Sinn Fein party of recent years never disguised the fact that they hated England and all things English.

For instance, the Gaelic Athletic Association, which controls the majority of sports meetings held in the south of Ireland, will not allow a policeman or soldier to take part in meetings under their rules. The body which controls Gaelic Football and Hurling will not allow players of Rugby, Soccer, Tennis or Cricket to take part in their matches, because these games are termed imported games. The Sinn Fein party, which is a party inside the Gaelic league, is more drastic in its measures and aims, and in my opinion is the outcome of the older Fenian organization.

It must be remembered that it was a very small organization; no Sinn Fein has represented an Irish Constituency in parliament, although the party has attempted to capture several seats. The only reason one can adduce for their illtimed revolt is that it was organized by men who wanted a political excuse

for declining the hardships and dangers of active service.

The Daily Mail hits the nail on the head when it says "It is perfectly true, and most important to remember, that this wicked rebellion, which has gone half-cock does not represent the real spirit of Ireland. The men who most truly typify the part which Ireland seeks to play in this great world war are the Dublin Fusiliers leaping from the boats into a hurricane of fire on the sands of Beach 5 at the Dardanelles, the Munster Fusiliers calmly emerging from the steamship River Clyde to meet almost certain death. Such men as these and the Irish prisoners of war, who turned with proud scorn from Casement and his temptations, stand for the bulk of Ireland today."

However, the real note of the revolt is its sadness and folly. Ireland is once again the most unhappy country in the world.

When I left Ireland, although the Home Rule question was not settled yet, there was an air of contentment and prosperity coming over the country. The land question had been settled, the co-operative movement was spreading in the rural districts. It is sad to think that misguided Irishmen have shattered the fair prospect which appeared to be enfolding before them, because there was every prospect that when the great war was ended, that Irishmen would settle their differences, and that Ireland would become one of the prosperous Countries of the British Empire.

J.F.C.



LOFTY'S FAREWELL.

"Well, good-bye," said Lofty, wiping a tear from his eye. "I'm orful sorry to be leaving yuh orl, 'cause I've 'ad a bloomin' good time 'ere, in spite of orl me ups and downs. Goin' away's a bit 'ard on account of never findin' Staffs' milk. It was a 'orrible trick 'e played me, and I never thort as 'ow Staff would lead me on as 'e did, and bury the tins in the duty room. A course, I bears 'im no malice."

"Suppose you don't quite like the idea of going?" he was asked.

"Well, yer see, I've jist come out of 'orsepittle, bein' in there with the kolic, but the Major fixed me up orlright. Me trip to Port Said must 'ave made me bad. Me and Woodsie went there for a 'oliday, but the 'igh livin' orlmost settled me: the style was somethin' great. A course I was very cobbery with the Perlice, and they recommends the Continental. They didn't 'ave no dinner, but a kind of supper bisniss at 8 o'clock at night. There was about fourteen courses, and a clean plate, knife and fork every time. I was for 'angin' to me knife and fork, but the waiter wouldnt 'ear of it. 'E brought the stuff around on a plate, but a feller couldnt scoop the whole lot off on account of the people lookin'! The beds they give us was very comfortable, but I kept gettin' me feet tangled up in the funny sort of curtains they 'ad 'angin' round. Takin' it all round I didn't enjoy it too well, and cum back after bein' there a day and a 'arf."

"I've been thinkin' lately that I wish the Medicine Board would send me back to New Zealand from the base. I'd like to be back in Canterbury again among the rabbits. Its a great game that, and I've made a pile of 'oof at it. Me and me cobber used to work together—I got a penny each for the tails, and 'e got a hey'penny each for 'is ears, so I gives 'im orl me ears, and 'e gives me orl 'is tails, and we both did well out of it. Its better than this 'ere fightin' racket. Then there's a nice girl down there that I've got me eye on, and lots of other 'ome comforts and things."

"Good-bye, and the best of good luck," said Lofty, as he moved away to catch the train for Tel-el-Kebir.