have known the sacrifices of 1916, and the bitterness and death that followed; we should not have had Partition and all that it has meant. However that may be, Gladstone was certainly aware of the intrigue continuing from 1881 to 1891, and never uttered a word of protest until the court proceedings. On November 24th, 1890, he finally made up his mind that he could strike with safety, so he sat down to promulgate the decree: "Parnell must go."

He succeeded in dividing the Irish Party and the Irish people for many weary years. The promised Home Rule Act never got to the Statute Book. Perhaps it was never intended it should.

In later years—1912-1914—Mr. Asquith played a like game. He found it essential for the success of a British political party that some measure of Home Rule should be applied to Ireland. At the same time he closed his eyes to the army revolt designed to frustrate the operation of any such measure. Finally, he went back on his promise.

Later on, Lloyd George drew the flies into his spider's web. The Treaty meant one thing to the Irish signatories: another to the British scheme. Before he could implement Article Twelve, he took due care that the Irish should have carried out their part of the Treaty to the letter. Then, with Ireland distracted and divided, he found it feasible to quibble, passing on his obligations to Ramsay MacDonald and Jimmy Thomas, who are just as adept at political scheming as he is. The Boundary Commission fiasco was the result. England has not carried out her part of the Treaty.

No wonder the keynote of Gandhi's policy has been: "Do not trust the British." Ireland is an example, the significance of which has not been lost either on the Indians or the Egyptians. When Patel, the Speaker of the Indian Legislative Assembly, visited Ireland over two years back, he was dined and winded by the Northern Ministers. He told one of the Nationalist Party that he knew the Irish "story" very well, and that the Indians would not forget the lesson it taught. Gandhi is not over anxious to go into a Conference. If he goes in eventually, he will, I am sure, remember the fate of Griffith, Collins and O'Higgins.

English policy never changes. As it was in the days of O'Neill, Butt, Parnell, Redmond and Collins, so it is today, and will be evermore. The British are patriots all! With them it is Britain first and Britain last and Britain all the time, whatever Party be in power.

I would that we in Ireland could learn that lesson of putting our country first, and giving all things a second place.

THE CROTTY MAC.

Owing to a printer's error the price of the Croitty Mac for gentlemen was, in the advertisement of this popular coat which appeared in our issue of the 2nd, given as 24/-. This should have read 21/-. For gentlemen this Irish-made coat can be obtained in shades of bright and dark fawn and grey. Ladies' shades are green, grey, biscuit, fawn and olive, and the price of the lady's garment is 19/6.

THE PASSING OF AN OLD PARNELLITE.

Kesting,—July 31st, at Madrid, M. G. Kestings, late of Dublin, announces the passing away in exile of one of nature's noblemen, and one who spent most of his life in serving, according to his lights, Cathleen Ni Houilhan.

Michael Kestings was a brilliant draughtsman and was trained in the best firms in London. He left London to take charge of a business in Kerry, and when the Parnell Split occurred he became one of Parnell's right-hand men. The Chief would go nowhere South without having him in his company. He was one of the originators of the Limerick Leader in Parnell's interest. He was sub-editor of United Ireland for a time. As well as being a journalist he wrote some poetry, which appeared in United Ireland and other journals. Before he left Ireland he was on the point of writing about Parnell under the title "Parnell: the Last Sad End."

He was organiser of what became for a time the national organisation, "The United Irish League," and to his ability is due anything that was good in the Town Tenants' movement. His connection with these associations made him a well-known figure all over Ireland.

In Dublin he was loved and liked by everyone who knew him, and many a prayer will be uttered for his eternal rest.

R.M.