

"The principle I stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.

THE IRISH WORKER

And People's Advocate.

Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of powers.
As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon-waves,
Must our Cause be won!

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 21.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

"INCITING TO MURDER."

Great mischief is being made out of an article that appeared in this paper on August 17th. The Independent, Irish Times and several country papers have printed it, but not until after it had first been printed by the London Times. For a week or more of the Irish (?) papers published any article or anything objectionable in the article referred to; now they are in a state bordering on nervous breakdown—many, isn't it?

Let us examine in detail the paragraph that has frightened them all:—

"Trade is dislocated in Liverpool. A fire work is being done by scabs under military and police protection. Soldiers with bayonets are guarding the cars. Capital can always count on the support of the law and of the military. Whether the Government be Liberal or Tory it is always ready to defend capital and shoot down the workers. They tell us it is necessary to call out the military to protect the lives of a few miserable scabs. They are afraid the scabs would be killed. A scab is a traitor to his class, a deserter who goes over to the enemy in time of war to fight against his own people. When the capitalists go to war it is for the sake of robbery, as in the case of the Boers. These men had right on their sides—they were defending their country from invasion and robbery. England was in the wrong, yet if a man deserted from the British army to fight for the Boers, and was afterwards captured, he would be shot. When a man deserts from our ranks in time of war (for a strike is war between capital and labour) he on the same principle forfeits his life to us. If England is justified in shooting those who desert to the enemy, we also are justified in killing a scab. If it is wrong to take a scab's life, it is right for British soldiers to desert to the enemy in war-time. You can't have it both ways."

We fail to see how this can be twisted into a call to shoot scabs. Taking the Government on its own ground and at its own game, we pointed out that when they go to war they do not allow their soldiers to desert to the enemy. If a soldier does desert and is afterwards captured, he is shot. Nobody can deny this. If a man deserts from his comrades during a strike, he is guarded by police and military, and the striker who tries to approach him for the purpose of speaking to him—as he has a perfect right to do—is knocked down by police, taken before a magistrate and sentenced to a couple of months hard labour. Is not this a case of "one law for the rich, another for the poor?" If a scab does right, deserters do right, this is the only logical outcome of it.

We have never called on any man to shoot another. If we thought it would be a good thing to shoot scabs, we would not appeal to others to do it for us, we would do it ourselves. But if it is unnecessary to shoot a scab, in the interest of the working class, neither is it necessary to shoot down the workers for fear some pro-scab scab would get a black eye. It is Sir Wm. Goulding, Wm. Martin Murphy, Harrington, who edits the Independent, and Healy of the Irish Times—who are advocating murder. The Murphys, Gouldings, Dents, and Harringtons, want blood. They cry out for soldiers, and when the soldiers are supplied, they call on them to shoot. "What have they the ammunition for?" asks the Irish Times. "Shoot to kill!" shrieks the rag that masquerades under the title of Irish Catholic. Is this not inciting to murder? When there is fighting to be done on our side, we do our share of it. When the employers have any fighting to do they call on the Government to supply them with soldiers—men of the working class.

The army, navy and police forces were not established for the purpose of acting the scab during trade disputes, yet they are being used for this purpose. They are not kept up for the purpose of shooting unarmed workers, nevertheless they are always at the beck and call of the employers. Who ever heard of the army or navy being used to protect the working class? If an employer, or federation of employers, lock out their men, and attempt to starve them, as in the case of the Dublin Timber Importers, the Government does not step in and supply the employees with food. But when the railwaymen cease work, the capitalists, on the plea that the food supply of the country is in danger, are supplied with armed troops. If the Government is responsible for the food supply during a strike they are responsible all the year round. If it is their duty to look after the feeding of the people this week it is

their duty every week, strike or no strike. If it is their duty—as they say it is—to prevent the people being left hungry now, it is their duty to see that there are never any hungry people in the land. And, finally, if they undertake to feed and protect scabs, why not the unemployed? Did any one whisper Socialism?

Talk about Socialism, Mr. William Martin Murphy's half-penny dreadful wants the Government to run the railways while the strike lasts. The Irish Times is also asking the Government to help them to defeat a few labouring men who are discontented with the treatment they have been receiving from the railway companies. It's a strange world, my masters! The Irish Times and Independent turned Socialists. Ye gods!

On Tuesday night last, Mr. J. H. Campbell, in a screech delivered to the Conservative workmen of Dublin (Heaven only knows what a "Conservative workman" is) said: "The latest action of this man, Larkin, had been an open and deliberate incitement to the murder of the men who failed to join the strikers. He had been perfectly frank and outspoken in his incitement, and had gloried in it." Brother Campbell is talking through his "glorious, pious and immortal" hat. The alleged incitement was made six weeks ago, and therefore cannot be the latest action, seeing that Jim Larkin has caused several strikes in Dublin, one in Wexford, and one in New Ross since—according to the truthful Independent. It may also be worth mentioning that the "incitement to murder" was not written by the editor at all, but by the present writer, who is willing to defend it. Did Brother Campbell ever hear about "lining the ditches"? We do not deny that there is intimidation and incitement to murder in Ireland, but we do deny that it is on our side. We are not out to cause murder, but to prevent it. Our class is being murdered day and night by the system under which we live. It is an everyday occurrence to read of men and women on our railways and wharfs, or in the factories being crushed to death or torn limb from limb in the machinery, through the negligence of the people in charge to provide proper protection or allow sufficient time for care. This is not murder? No, only an accident. Thousands of people die every year through starvation and neglect. This is not murder either? Do you think we are fools, Mr. Campbell? Does Harrington think a few weeks' imprisonment will frighten us into silence? Have no delusions on this subject. We are determined to end or mend the system of society that keeps the greater part of the population always on the verge of starvation. We will, if necessary, meet violence with violence in self-defence. The working class is in revolt, and you will not ever be able to regain such a grip on their souls and bodies as you formerly held. You may as well face the fact that we are more powerful and numerous than all other sections of the community combined. Make the most of the army and navy while you have them; they'll be the next to join us; and then—? Wait and see.

JASO.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED

AT

Finnerty's, ESTD. 1903,

Studios:

46 HENRY ST. and 77 AUGIER ST., DUBLIN.

Best Work—Lowest Prices.

This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Prices. See our Stall at all Bazaars and Public Fairs

FOR MEN'S BOOTS, Chrome, Box-Calf and Glass Kid,

6/11 worth 8/11.

THE SMALL PROFIT STORE,

78b Talbot Street.

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!!

Try R. W. SHOLEDICE

For Watch and Clock Repairs,

Cheapest and most reliable House in the trade,

37 HIGH STREET

(OPPOSITE CHAPEL)

Special Low Terms to Working Men.

The Church and the Strike.

The following letters appeared in Monday's and Tuesday's Freeman's Journal, and we take the liberty of reprinting them. Would there were more priests of this kind in the country and there would be less strikes. We are glad to have discovered one priest who is true to his cloth and to his Master.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR—I should be sorry to think that the Dublin workmen, and particularly the railway workers, were under the impression that the clergy of the Catholic Church are opposed to them in this dispute. That, I believe, is certainly not the case. The clergy are, naturally, concerned for the wives and children of these men, who may be thrown upon the charity of the public during the winter, and on that account they may have thought it well, in some individual cases, to recommend the men to resume work. They are all interested likewise in the calm and peaceful progress of life among all classes of Irishmen, and, naturally, look with disfavour on anything likely to lead to deeds of violence. But it would be an utter mistake to think that they have no sympathy with the men. We have heard the action of the men denounced in all moods and tenors for striking in sympathy with their fellow-workmen. To others, that may seem wicked. To me, I confess, it is the one redeeming feature of the strike. It may be rash, it may be foolish, it may not directly achieve its purpose; but I cannot help thinking that it is noble, unselfish, and even brave. There are, indeed, very few men amongst the wealthy classes the vital interests of those that are dearer to them, as well as their own, in order to help an ill-used fellow-man. Let people say what they like in England or elsewhere, the poor Irishmen who have run that risk cut the worthiest figure of any in this dispute, and are most worthy of the support of the clergy. The poor workmen have always been kind, generous, and loyal to the clergy. They have always a kind word for them, which is more than can be said for the plutocrats, who grudge them the coat they wear. How much do the Catholic clergy owe to the Martins and the Gouldings and the Murphys? Was it the Martins that got the Catholic University for them? Was it they abolished the Coronation Oath? What distinctively Catholic work have the Martins ever had a share in? And, as for the Chairman of the Great Southern, what claim has he and his like on the Catholic clergy? Apart from personal considerations, however, the clergy are instinctively on the side of the poor and the labour men. They are the hope of the Church. With them on our side we need fear no power on earth. With them turned against us, all is lost. We should not flatter them; we should not encourage them to commit injustice; but we should help them to secure for themselves and their poor families the decencies, and, if possible, the comforts of life.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, October 2nd, 1911.

DEAR SIR—Thank you for inserting my letter this morning. I should like to add a few words if you give me space. First of all let Mr. John Sweetman, capitalist and Sinn Feiner, not bother us about the "French Revolution." Whenever an effort is made by any public-spirited man in this country to lift up the poor from their squalid condition some rasy-faced and comfortable "bourgeois" is always sure to shout "revolution." Parnell was a revolutionist; Davitt was a revolutionist; Dillon is a revolutionist. I sincerely hope there will be a good many more revolutionists of their kind to do for the poor and for the toilers what they did for the farmers: to clear the slums and the sinks, and to give the dwellers in the towns a chance as well as the dwellers in the country. The condition of the poor in many of our towns is positively inhuman. It is a disgrace to civilisation. The slave-drivers of old raised welts on the backs of their victims, but self-interest compelled them to provide wholesome food and decent shelter for their bondsmen. The wealth-owners of this country seem to acknowledge no such duty. Rural labourers have been helped and housed in spite of them. In cities the poorer classes are compelled to herd in lairs and dens more suited to wild beasts than to human beings. That respect for "the human person" which the trumpet tongue

of Leo XIII proclaimed to all employers the world over has fallen on deaf ears in many of the cities in this Catholic country. It is time it should be re-echoed.

But to return to the strike, as the railwaymen have laid down their arms, and even admitted their mistake, it seems to me too bad that they should be now penalised. Their object in striking was not a selfish one. On that account probably Sir W. Goulding fails to understand it. But selfish or not the Great Southern Railway has no right to treat them more harshly than the strikers of the North-Eastern of England were treated by their company when they went back to work. The English Company, if I am rightly informed, wished to do exactly what Sir W. Goulding proposes. But the Board of Trade would not allow them. They had to reinstate their men. Otherwise the protection of the soldiers and police would be refused them. Have we no one in this country to make Sir W. Goulding do likewise? Where is Birrell? Where is anybody? If Goulding does not reinstate the men, and end the strike let him protect his own property and the property of John Sweetman, and not do so at the expense of the public who have very little sympathy with either of them.

I should be the last to do anything that could be regarded as setting class against class, or giving rise to feelings of ill-will amongst the different sections of the community; but there are times when one must speak out to prevent greater evils.—Faithfully yours,

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Battle Hymn of the Workers.

It is breaking down the barriers of capital's cruel laws,
It is wresting back our freedom from the sweaters' greedy claws—
The brave Cause that's marching on.

See the workers, grim, determined, as they hasten to the fight—
To batter down the strongholds reared by hated Mammon's might—
To journey back from darkness to the glory and the light
Of the Cause that's marching on.

They are coming from the factories, sweat-ed sore with heavy toil,
They are climbing from the death-pits hollowed deep into the soil,
They are hastening to the battle, for every man is loyal
To the Cause that's marching on.

From the horrid fetid squalor of the sordid city slum,
Pallid-faced, yet still determined, see the hungry women come;
They too, shall help to battle 'gainst the filthy, sweating scum
For the Cause that's marching on.

For a weary age they've ruled us with a hard and heavy hand,
For a weary age they've spread themselves like fever o'er the land;
Now at last the battle's joined, and face to face with them we stand
For the Cause that's marching on.

Why should we let them rule us, this idle bestial brood?
Why should our lives depend upon their every savage mood?
Those dogs who've robbed us of our all—our liberty—our food
When no Cause was marching on.

We shall smite them without mercy in the conflict that's to be
We shall clean the nation of them from the centre to the sea;
From their greedy claws we'll rescue what belongs to you and me
And the Cause that's marching on.

Only when the workers stand together in a compact strong
In the holy faith of freedom, in the wish to right all wrong;
Only when the fruits of Labour unto Labour shall belong
Will the Cause cease marching on.
MARCOUS KAVANAGH.

WORKERS when spending their hard-earned wage cannot do better than call to

LAWLER & CO., 98 Summerhill,

WHERE THEY CAN BUY

Best Quality Groceries and Provisions

At Reasonable Prices.

:: All available Irish Goods stocked. ::

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

To the Irish Worker

Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces, Caps, &c., &c. (All made by Dublin Workers) at

LOUGHLIN'S

Irish Outfitting, 19 Parliament St., Dublin.

Prices Low, Quality High.

William Martin Murphy's Little Game.

WHO WRITES THE LETTERS?

In the last issue of THE WORKER appeared comments on the alleged letters appearing in the Independent from day to day attacking the Irish Transport Workers' Union and its leader. Even a slight examination of this correspondence would prove the source of its manufacture.

On Friday last, September 29th, appeared a letter from "A Cork Worker," and with the heading "Larkinism in Cork City."

In the course of this precious epistle the name of Mr. P. J. McIntyre is introduced very favourably, and the remainder of the letter is so illuminating that I am tempted to quote it. Here is the precious gem:—

"I well remember our writing to Mr. come to Cork and help us, and so on, and right well, too; and as the quay workers of Cork are free to-day from Larkinism they owe their freedom to one man in particular who fought and killed Larkinism in Cork. That man is P. J. McIntyre, and I am glad to see he gave the Wexford workers sound advice a few days ago. I hope they will take it."

A CORK WORKER.

Dublin, September 28, 1911.

How's that for high?

"A Cork Worker" from Dublin. Isn't William Martin Murphy, tramway boss, railway magnate, drapery-house owner, exhibition boomer, etc., hard up when he has to fall back on P. J. McIntyre. "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" In the daily "rag" of Monday appears a letter from "John Doyle, Dublin." There's an address, friends; and by a curious coincidence Mr. P. J. McIntyre figures again.

Now, who is John Doyle? We all remember the story of the man who arrived in London and asked the first policeman he met, "Please sir, could you tell me where John Smith lives?"

We have decided on offering a prize of a Cameron fly bag to the first of our readers who guesses correctly the name of the writer of the letters in the Independent signed "A Cork Worker" (from Dublin) and "John Doyle, Dublin."

We will publish the name of the winner in our next issue.

Hurry up, boys! We know you are good hands at "guessing eggs when you see the shells."

And P. J. McIntyre, who is he? Perhaps we will tell you before long. In the

meantime he can be seen daily in Swift's alley, off Francis street, where he keeps a penny doss-house.

McIntyre is supposed to have saved Cork; J. S. Kelly is taking care of Dublin. Why don't they settle the strike now? Why doesn't Kelly—whose men do not believe in strikes—work the railway? Echo answers, why?

TREATY STONE.

MR. W. M. MURPHY.

The Financial Times says:—"Mr. Wm. Martin Murphy, J.P., is remarkable among company chairmen for the variety of the interests he represents, which include railways—both heavy and light—electric tramways, a first-class drapery house, and a group of successful newspapers; while latterly we hear that he is devoting his energies to the establishment of electric railways on the West Coast of Africa. Mr. Murphy is a prominent citizen of Dublin, where he is Vice-President of the Orange Order."

How William Martin Murphy must have blushed when he opened his Independent on Monday October 2nd, and found his well-known modesty outraged by the publication of the above "puff."

"Remarkable among company chairmen for the variety of the interests he represents, which includes railways," etc. Aye, my friend of the Financial Times, and remarkable also for paying the employees in some of those railways 11s. per week.

"Electric tramways," yes, on which the unfortunate men are driven like slaves tyrannised over, underpaid, and overworked.

"A first-class drapery house," aye, ask the "hands" of Clergy's.

"A group of successful newspapers," ye gods, the betting Herald and the wobbling Independent, to say nothing of the "shoot to kill" Irish Catholic.

"Devoting his energies to the establishment of electric railways on the West Coast of Africa."

Exploiting the nigger—eh?

The white slave on the west coast of Ireland works William's railways at 11s. per week.

—What will the unfortunate nigger on the west coast of Africa get?

William, you're a daisy.

The Financial Times scribe winds up by congratulating William M. on the "sterling service rendered by the Independent in the recent Irish railway strike." Well, we can promise the Financial Times and Murphy that "sterling service" will not be forgotten while that individual and his gutter sheets exist.

SIMPSON & WALLACE,

The Workingman's Meat Providers,

For Best Quality and LOWEST PRICES.

Note Addresses:

57, 139 & 143 Great Britain St.

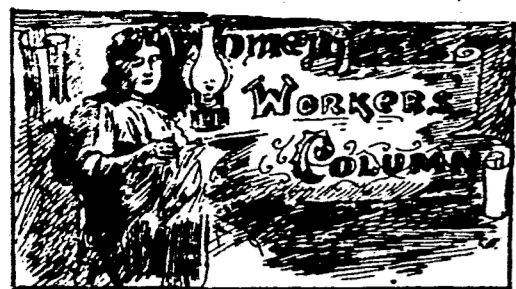
5 Wexford Street.

4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'.

26 North Street.

28 Bolton Street, and

15 Francis Street.



When confectionery, in the form of cakes, &c., are being partaken of, how very few of the consumers give a thought as to the conditions under which the same confectionery is made? And perhaps it would be as well to give a few details here and now. Thompson's in Thomas street are one of the greatest offenders. The women employed in this firm work from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., Saturdays included. To make matters worse, the working hours of the men employed in the same firm cease on Saturday at 2 p.m., while the women are detained until 7 p.m.—what for? well, to scrub the boards and utensils that have been used by the men in the performance of their duties. Surely comment upon this is not needed. It would be superfluous to give the wages of these women workers, but perhaps it would be as well to quote the case of one girl in particular. This girl spends her days working in an underground compartment, her occupation scrubbing, her wages 6s per week. The girl is pallid and sick-looking, and, in fact, from her general appearance, looks a fit subject for country air, good food, and a long rest from manual labour; but if the same girl was working under conditions more conducive to health, she would have no need of any out-of-the-way treatment.

Then when employers and managers are criticised concerning the hours and conditions of women workers, we are told that we are interfering with matters that we have no right to interfere with. It would be just as well for these people to understand now, once and for all, that as the Factory Inspectors do not do the duties they are paid to do, and as the employers and those in charge have not the humanity to treat their employees justly and humanely, then we will teach them their duty, and not cease interfering until the present hideous conditions of the women workers is altered. Surely it is not too much to ask—simply healthy, sanitary compartments to prevent the spread of ill-health among the employees, and a few less working hours. It is to the interest of the employers that their workers be in good health, and although this be a purely selfish motive, still it is worthy of notice.

Every now and again a great outcry is made about the prevalence of consumption in Ireland. Money is collected, sanatoriums built, and the poor sufferers sent there to finish in weariness and suffering a miserable life. To those who are really interested and desire to stamp out the germ of tuberculosis, I would advise them to be housed differently to the manner in which they are situated at the present time. Secondly, make it compulsory that all employers of labour provide properly ventilated compartments for the workers to do their work in. Thirdly, that all workers be paid sufficient wages to keep them provided with good nourishing food. With these matters compulsory, we have a better chance of having a healthy, non-consumptive nation of Irish people.

McCrae's and the Irish Curled Hair Co., and others, with whom I shall deal later, seem to think their women-workers are cattle with extra tough hides.

It requires all the strength of a Hercules to make 8s. a week, by piece work; to make 10s. a week is impossible. Yet those responsible at McCrae's insist that if 15s. a week is not earned, the workers will be dismissed! This unbusinesslike severity speaks for itself. Why harass the girls like that? They are fined 3d. if the slightest mark is on a collar. They must supply every bit of thread they use; and, between endless fines and other unnecessary punishments continuously, for every trifle, they are bothered and confused, and unable to do a stitch in peace.

I fancy Dr. Faber would not have written "Labour is Sweet" if he had had the delightful experience of some of our Dublin women-workers, nurses, shop-girls, factory hands, typists, &c. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," Shakespeare says, and it has been useful to us, as it has determined us to better our present conditions, and it has opened our eyes to the fact that we were sent into the world for a higher purpose than to be trodden on; otherwise we should not have been given minds of our own, to reason and to think. The post-agriculturist, Burns (not the steamship man) puts it very plainly:—

"If I'm designed a tyrant's slave
By Nature's laws designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?"

Independent thoughts are planted in our minds so that we may use them for the happiness and general welfare of ourselves and those around us. We all, rich and poor, have been given the privilege of Liberty to do good, but some of us are afraid even to use the privileges which actually are ours, thus allowing misery and crime to exist, which would not be the case if we did our duty calmly and bravely. Too many honest people are cowards; they leave all the good things to the knave and the bully, and receive no thanks for having been so "soft."

We have been industriously making the capitalists' wealth all this time back under conditions not exactly conducive to health and happiness (to put it mildly), and all we ask for is just shorter hours, better pay than the scandalous limit now existing, and conditions of labour befitting

a human being. We are not asking for their luxurious houses, good clothes, splendid motors or horses, extensive lands, and all the etceteras, but simply a most natural request. Would that their own requests were as natural!

Another terrible object of pity is the poor typist, whose mental as well as physical energies are unceasingly on the highest strain. She is consequently not only unreliable, but too often unbalanced, thus proving the grave mistake of over-taxing the mind and body by long hours of hard work. If they were better paid the few extra comforts they could buy would temporarily counteract many physical and mental collapses.

Next week I shall have to deal with overworked, underpaid nurses. Whisperings of universal discontent are being borne on the breezes from the salubrious air of the Coombe and elsewhere. How can nurses tend their patients properly if their own strength is not kept up? It is a far graver crime, Shakespeare says, to neglect one's health than to pamper it.

The Metropolitan Water Board, and other Boards, last year came to the decision that they would employ no more female typists because they become hysterical in times of rush, and are nervous wrecks before they are two years in the firm. This is the result of working like a horse for long hours for small pay.

"This, above all things, to yourself be true, and it will follow, as night follows the day, you cannot be false to any man."

—Yours truly,
ANTI-SWEATER.

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN SPAILPIN FANACH.

SINN FEIN.

The Annual Convention of the Sinn Fein Organisation was held on Sunday last, some 30 delegates were present and the proceedings lasted for about three hours. The resolution published in last week's IRISH WORKER from the Drumcondra Branch appeared on the agenda. It was defeated. John Sweetnam did not seek re-election, and Mr. Arthur Griffith was elected President in his stead.

The Convention in rejecting the resolution of the Drumcondra Branch leaves the Sinn Fein Organisation open to the charge of taking the side of the masters against the men. This seems an extraordinary attitude for what was a few years ago a professed Labour Party.

By supporting the policy of the Sinn Fein paper they also acquiesce in calling upon the British Government to send armed forces for the purpose of over-awing, and if necessary, shooting down unarmed Irish Workers. Mr. W. T. Cosgrave rose in the face of this attitude taken up at the Convention.

Of course we will be told that Sinn Fein is the only genuine friend of the workingman has. We will be further told that the Sinn Fein paper is not the official organ but the official exponent of the Sinn Fein policy. We will be told many things if we only listen, but "the game is up." When Sinn Fein again appeals to the workers will they respond? "Wait and see."

THE WORKINGMEN AND THE LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

It must be confessed that up to the present at any rate the workingman has not been as prominently identified with the movement for the revival of our National Language as we would wish. The fault is not, perhaps, altogether due to the worker or to his want of sympathy. Somehow or other the idea prevails in Labour circles that the workers are not wanted. The workers can and ought to actively assist in the movement. While we do not expect the workingman himself to commence the study of Gaelic (those who consider themselves above the worker and who never fail to lecture them at every possible and impossible opportunity have not done that yet), we would ask that he interest himself in the question of Irish in the schools.

LABOUR REPRESENTATION.

As "the friends of the workers" will soon be very much in evidence preparing for the coming Municipal Elections we would like to remind the workers that a little preparation on their part also might not be altogether out of place. We shall have a few words to say about the question later on. For the present "keep your powder dry."

We are informed that the old City Branch of the Gaelic League will hold a preliminary meeting on Monday evening next to reorganise the branch and prepare for the coming session.

Communications for this column to be addressed to Spailpin Fanach, care of Editor, IRISH WORKER.

Mutual Window Cleaning Co.
39 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.
GET YOUR TOBACCO FROM
"An Tobacadoir"
(W. COGAN).
184a GREAT PARNELL STREET
(Great Britain Street).
One Door from Dominick Street.

The Coming Revolution.

Shining thro' the coming future, I can see it far away,
When the light that's slowly spreading shall have broadened into day;
When the mighty giant, Labour, from his long enchantment freed
Shall arouse him for the combat, and his hoets to victory lead.
I see them swarming in their millions, from the field, the forge, the loom,
From the bustling marts of commerce, from the mines eternal gloom,
From their ranks a voice arises, reverberating through the land—
Those that were compelled for ages to obey can now command.

Their lawful claims, their prayers, their tears, were scorned in the past;
And with fierce joy they find that now their day has come at last.
At last the haughty lords of wealth to Labour's might must bend,
Their empire o'er their former serfs has reached its destined end,
And long will be the reckoning that wealth will have to pay:
The wasted lives, the widespread woe that marks its reign to-day;
The more that heathen selfishness that yet assumes the guise
Of Christianity, and makes it mockery and lie;
The mad idolatry that hath the voice of conscience stilled,
The long neglected duties, the stewardship how fulfilled?

W. G. B.

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

THE IRISH WORKER AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.
Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.
All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Belford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.
We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 7TH, 1911.

HOW THE POOR WORKER IS TREATED.

John Meers was injured whilst in the employ of Moran & Sons, contractors to the Corporation of Dublin, on December 19th, 1910. He received compensation at the rate of 12s. 3d. per week for thirteen quinquennial and the company the employers were insured in, the Law Car and General, also became bankrupt, and poor Meers (who has a wife and three children) since March 21st, 1911, when he got an order of Court, signed by the Recorder, never received one penny piece.

The man and his children are practically starving. The contractor or his sureties are still receiving large sums of money from the Corporation on the foot of this contract, which states that any man injured must receive compensation according to law. And mark, this is not the only case against the contractor. Another man named Thackabury, wife and five children, is in the same position. No Councillor, no M.P., and none of the loud-mouthed screechers have a word to say about the starvation of these two men and their families. Now what has the Recorder to say?

REPULSED.

Having resigned the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland, in favour of Mr. Birrell, vide Mr. Campbell, K.C., one may take a look round. Well, we are beaten, so the prophets say—What funny people these penny-a-line liars, and those sweet and gentle lambs, who having dipped their pens in Hell's broth, proceed to explain their several reasons why they lied, and still continue to lie about the cause of the workers.

According to these Gentile's the men who came out on strike are rascals of the most villainous type. Now, what was the crime of these railwaymen? Well, they refused to work. I am not aware that is a legal crime, and surely it is not a moral crime; for if so, there must be a large number of criminals in the House of Lords and Chamber of Horrors whom I could mention. These admonishers speak of the obligation the railwaymen are under to run the trains. Well, granted. Then what of the obligation the public are under to see the railwaymen paid a living wage? We never hear the butter and egg merchants, the gomben man, the farmer, the rural councillor, town councillor, lord mayors, M.P.'s, or statesmen crying about the conditions of labour these railwaymen have to submit to. Keep the trains running, and hang the men who run the trains, eh? But they are human beings. You, my friend, say—

"No, they are common workers, born, as the Press would have us believe, to pander to the wants and whims of an idle, vicious class."

The railwaymen have actually stopped the distribution of porter throughout the country. Thank God for that. It were well if we could stop the distribution of porter and all other alcohol poisons at all times, and no strike would ever be lost. To add insult to injury, the strike also stopped all the race meetings; what a curse! The lazy idle loafers and their

women, for whose amusement race meetings are held, must accept our sincere sympathy. Of course we are sorry for that portion of the working class that gets its living by following race meetings; looking after the horses, forage, training &c., but race meetings are not run for the benefit or amusement of the working class primarily. Hunts, races, golf matches, &c., are organised to amuse that portion of God's creatures who, too idle to work themselves, are cunning enough to persuade others to work for them.

John Mitchell called his history "Last Conquest of Ireland—Perhaps." Yes, this railway strike is a defeat—perhaps. My comrades, this defeat they are rejoicing over, this so-called defeat of a section of the workers is to become an historic landmark in the rise of the common people of this country. Mark what I say, from this hour a new factor enters into the problem of the destiny of Ireland. The basic factor, that which has hitherto been ignored, now has asserted itself, felt the power, realised the possibilities. Woe to you scribes and pharisees, you have roused into life and action, the greatest power on earth, the God-given power of the common people. No longer in this land of ours (ours, mark you, not yours) will a small, privileged class hoodwink the people. Defeat, you say? Yes, the defeat of ignorance and darkness. The common people of this country were of the opinion up to and during the fight, that there was no cleavage between the people who had and those who had not. Our friends, the enemy, had dispelled the myth. The working class has felt its own power and realised the forces opposed to them, the next move belongs to the sovereign people; no longer the common people but the SOVEREIGN people, by the grace of God. Out of our way you clods, you reptiles, you scyphants. We the people are awake. No longer can the powers of darkness engulf us, the shackles of disunity enfeeble us—the People, one in purpose, one in spirit, one in unity:

"Hand in hand we will stand,
In fair or foul weather, brothers together,
A people united and sworn to be free."

We apologise for having caused the War in Tripoli. You will want to know where Tripoli is. Well, Tripoli is where the clay comes from—cleaner and more useful clay than that of which some of the howling dervisions of the employing class are composed; and, further, they export onions from Tripoli. You will now see the relationship between the war and myself. The reason I compelled Italy to go to war with Turkey over Tripoli was to save our friends who have been so affected by the use of Tripoli onions, the tears shed on behalf of the poor unfortunate workers was assuming the dimensions of a flood. Something had to be done. I did it, but remembering this was Saturday I have postponed said eclipse. My friends, what a feast of reason and flow of soul there has been during the past few weeks. Columns of it in the daily and evening howlers. Dr. Jellett, master of the Rotunda Hospital, gentleman, according to the law, liar and blackguard according to the laws that govern humanity, and a cur into the bargain, having lied about a man, and he having been proved to have lied, Jellett, M.D., had not the decency to withdraw a statement which he knew to be a deliberate and calculated lie. If he is as truthful in his diagnosis as in his public statements, God help the public who have to submit themselves to his care; and what of the young gentlemen who are under his tutelage? How they must admire their master, proved to have lied. He, Jellett, repeats the lie; and then what of that other doctor gent—Dr. Laffan, of Cashel? Dr. Laffan will laugh on the other side of his face if he troubles the world with his presence for another ten years. What do soldiers carry arms for, Dr. Laffan asks. You know Dr. Laffan. I know Dr. Laffan. To shoot down their fathers, brothers, and comrades, at the behest of the employing class and the Dr. Laffans. The great political funnyman, Campbell, K.C., has been spitting out his dull and deadly ditch-water eloquence in York street telling the goosons of the Conservative Workmen's Association that they were sober and responsible citizens. Oh, Campbell, sober, surely not, no sober person could listen to your drunken lying periods. Drunk as you are, Campbell, with the exuberance of your own egotism you never fail to carry out the traditions of your class and tyranny that no lie is too black to utter as long as you think it will besmirch the character of a man. Campbell, K.C., you are a disappointed place-hunter, and therefore a venomous, spiteful skunk, and as you have never done a decent nor kindly action in your crawl through this life, pause, and for the sake of a cheerless people, give US one smile. Swallow your own saliva and bring to an end an existence that is but a foul excretion on the body politic. Think of Castlereagh and emulate his ending. He sold his country, but you would sell your soul. Vale! Jellett, Laffan, Campbell.

I desire to become a member of the Irish Women Workers' Union.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....
Occupation.....
Where employed.....
Address—JAMES LARKIN, 10 Belford Place.

An Infamous Falsehood.

"Sir—The lie regarding Sir James Dougherty recommending two members of the Royal Dublin Society to obtain permits from Mr. Larkin for the transport of horses to the Ballsbridge Show has been repeated over and over again in the R.D.S., in clubs, offices, and trains. It seems hopeless to expect the Unionist Press of Dublin to do more than print Mr. Campbell's letter admitting that he was misled. In fact, in the same paper as Mr. Campbell's letter a leading article repeats the story about the Under-Secretary and Mr. Larkin.
Something stronger is needed than Mr. Campbell's letter to kill this infamous falsehood.
A MEMBER OF THE R.D.S."

[The foregoing letter appeared in Friday's Independent, without any editorial comment. The Independent has so often been compelled to make a liar of itself that it apparently does not any longer annoy the people who run it. It was a pity to explode this falsehood after Mr. Harrington had written a leading article around it; but we may confidently expect its resurrection at an early date.—Ed.]

Don't forget, readers, that when the dispute occurred in the Bakery Trade the following firms settled with their employees, and have done their level best to supply the people with bread made under fair conditions:—COLEMAN, of Dorset street; FARRINGTON, of Church street; LARKIN, of Meath street; RUSSELL, of Rathmines, and who has now opened a shop in Cornmarket; and the people's own bakers, the Industrial Co-operative Society, Church road, Dorset street, and Clontarf. Remember, in addition to giving a cheap and good loaf, and paying best wages, the Co-operative Society gives you back a share in the profits. For particulars inquire at Dorset street or Church road.

IRWIN'S, PAPER SORTERS—VACANCY FOR FEMALE SLAVE.

Woman worker dismissed last Friday, September 29th, 1911, for daring to have an independent wish. Age 24 years, wages 2s. 6d. per week.

I am quite sure there was a tremendous rush for the above vacancy, but trust there was no one seriously hurt in trying to procure it.

If any person can solve the problem of how this dismissed employee existed on the enormous amount of (to make it appear more) we will say thirty pence per week, I would be glad of the information.

Let those who were disappointed in not being able to obtain the last vacancy keep up their hearts, as there may be another one or two discharged shortly, when your opportunity will arise.

Remember what you will miss by not coming in—long hours—wretched conditions—And, 2s. 6d. per week.

CAMOGUIDHEACHT.

"On next Sunday, at Richmond Hill, Rathmines, two very important camoguidheacht matches will be played, under the auspices of the Camoguidheacht Association. The first match, Kevins v. Gleamlure, at 3.15 p.m., is certain to be a fast and brilliant game, as both clubs have some fine and very capable exponents of the camog. The second match will be played between the Crokes and St. Margaret's, two teams well known throughout the country for their share in fostering camoguidheacht. The price of admission, fourpence, is certainly not excessive."

Amalgamated Society of Tailors.

TO THE TRADE UNIONISTS AND CITIZENS OF DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

The following is a Complete List of all the Tailoring Establishments in Dublin who observe Fair Conditions and Employ Trade Union Labour:—

- Robinson & Steele, Dawson street.
- P. Shawe & Son, Dawson street.
- Walter Conan, Kildare street.
- C. H. Walkey, Stephen's Green, N.
- S. McClure, Grafton street.
- E. & W. Seale, Grafton street.
- Alex. Conan, Dawson street.
- Wharton, Dawson street.
- J. B. Johnstone, Moleworth street.
- Phillips & Lane, Nassau street.
- R. Gall, Suffolk street.
- Switzer & Co., Grafton street.
- J. Deane, Wicklow street.
- J. Jones, Stephen's green.
- Pim Brothers, George's street.
- Gomor, St. Andrew street.
- Healy, Dame street.
- Conway & Swan, Dame street.
- Callaghan & Co., Dame street.
- Kenny & Owens, Dame street.
- Jones & Son, Brunsvick street.
- Boyd & Dixon, Wicklow street.
- Michael Meers, Pembroke street.
- T. G. Phillips, Dame street.
- S. McComas & Son, Sackville street.
- Scott & Co., Sackville street.
- Junior Army & Navy Stores, D'Olier st.
- Thompson, Westmoreland street.
- Wright & Son, Westmoreland street.
- Pearson, Westmoreland street.
- P. Brown, Bachelor's Walk.
- D. Moran, Arran quay.
- Todd, Burns & Co., Mary street.
- Henry Street Warehouse, Henry street.
- Arnott & Co., Henry street.
- Dallas, Henry street.
- Callaghan, North Earl street.
- R. Allen, Lower Sackville street.
- Clary & Co., Sackville street.
- Harvey & Co., Sackville street.

An Open Letter to Philip Snowden, Esq., M.P.

HONOURED SIR.—I trust you will excuse my presumption in venturing to address a few words to you in reference to your criticism of the Irish Railway Strike. My only excuse for daring to trouble you is that being an Irishman, and on the spot, I know a little of the circumstances which have induced 5,500 men to "down tools." (Excuse my using this working-class expression, sir—it means to "cease from working.")

I am sure, sir, you will be pleased to hear that your opinions regarding strikes in general, and our paltry little strike in particular, are receiving some attention in Dublin. All the capitalist newspapers (we have a dirty low-down habit of calling them "rags" over here) have printed your remarks with heavy leaded headings. They are greatly pleased with them, also quite a large number of highly respectable employers (most of them keep motor cars, so you can understand they are the real thing) have expressed approbation of them. Unfortunately, however, the workers here do not seem to realise that your remarks are the utterances of an oracle. On the contrary, they express the greatest contempt, not only for your opinions but (you will pardon me, sir) for yourself.

Well, sir, I have degressed a little. I promised to let you know something about the Irish strike and I must do so. You appear to imagine the strike has been a failure. On the contrary, sir, it has been a great success. It has been in progress now on the biggest railway in Ireland for nearly a month. During that time the railway has been paralysed, night and day, by 35,000 soldiers and police. Yet, the most the management have succeeded in doing is to run two or three trains a day on the main line. And of these, one out of every two, were driven by soldiers.

During the whole progress of the strike there has not been a single riot—scarcely a row. The workers have simply "downed tools," and, despite the soldiers (including the Engineers) the police, and above all, the lying capitalist Press, the railway has ceased running. This is the great thing to remember, sir, that for a month the workers have held up (without bloodshed or riot) the greatest railway in a country with a population of four millions. And, even now, the workers are not going back unless they get a guarantee that there will be no penalising. Think of that, sir. Isn't it awful. The locomotive drivers (who have been offered full re-arrangement) won't go back without the porters and the linesmen and the shunters, and the cleaners, &c. And they won't go back without the drivers. Did you ever hear of such abominable, damnable obstinacy—such magnificent, heroic, godlike loyalty.

HONOURED SIR.—There was a time when I had a profound admiration for you. I remember with what pleasure I read your speech on the Tea Duties in Lloyd George's Budget—your splendid protest against taxing the food of the poor. Contrasting that speech, sir, with your recent utterances I have been reminded of a strange cave described in one of Dante's works. You will remember that it was a cave which had this peculiarity about it—that all who entered it were turned to stone. I begin to think that the British House of Commons must have some such qualities as this. Of course I know that the "Terrace" is a dangerous place. I know what a flattering thing it is for a wealthy Liberal Member (a big employer, perhaps), to invite a poor Labour Member to dine with him. I can understand how gratifying it is for the latter to be called "old fellow," or "dear chap," by a man who could buy him out a thousand times. But Labour Members should take care of those things. That way John Burns fell.

There are few men, sir, who can enter the "House" and leave as they went in. Only those of great will power. Parnell was one of them. He had a contempt for the House when he entered it, and a greater contempt for it when he left it; and he didn't hide it either. Keir Hardie seems to be able to resist the wickerings of the Liberals; Lansbury shows no sign of weakness. But what of you, sir, and the others? You don't like strikes, but when the workers have struck (and won) you come down and "lead" them. You remind me strongly of that versatile nobleman of whom Gilbert sang:

"In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his army from behind—
He found it less exciting."

You, sir, find it "less exciting" to sit and criticise the action of men who are fighting for social liberty than to step down into your proper place—the van of the fight. So far, sir, I have—as you will have noticed—observed all proper decorum. If you were an employer and I were a hungry wretch with nothing but my labour to sell I couldn't be more respectful. But I am going to drop all forms of ceremony and ask you a question. Comrade, Philip Snowden, are you going to drop from the van and the freemen, are you going to fall to the rear and the slaves? The road that Millard and Briand walked—are you going to walk it? The path that Burns and Bell have trodden—will you tread it? Or will you follow the old flag and fight the old fight? It is the workers, Philip, who ask the question and they who wait the answer.—Yours fraternally,
MARCOUS KAVANAGH.

There are few men, sir, who can enter the "House" and leave as they went in. Only those of great will power. Parnell was one of them. He had a contempt for the House when he entered it, and a greater contempt for it when he left it; and he didn't hide it either. Keir Hardie seems to be able to resist the wickerings of the Liberals; Lansbury shows no sign of weakness. But what of you, sir, and the others? You don't like strikes, but when the workers have struck (and won) you come down and "lead" them. You remind me strongly of that versatile nobleman of whom Gilbert sang:

"In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his army from behind—
He found it less exciting."

You, sir, find it "less exciting" to sit and criticise the action of men who are fighting for social liberty than to step down into your proper place—the van of the fight. So far, sir, I have—as you will have noticed—observed all proper decorum. If you were an employer and I were a hungry wretch with nothing but my labour to sell I couldn't be more respectful. But I am going to drop all forms of ceremony and ask you a question. Comrade, Philip Snowden, are you going to drop from the van and the freemen, are you going to fall to the rear and the slaves? The road that Millard and Briand walked—are you going to walk it? The path that Burns and Bell have trodden—will you tread it? Or will you follow the old flag and fight the old fight? It is the workers, Philip, who ask the question and they who wait the answer.—Yours fraternally,
MARCOUS KAVANAGH.

SILVERMINES DAIRY, 103 TOWNSEND STREET, supplies Best Creamery Butter; New Laid (Irish) Eggs and Pure Rich New Milk, at LOWEST PRICES.

Observations by the Way.

I read my last IRISH WORKER in a country lane, in the close neighbourhood of Liver-

How pleased was I to see in the cold print of a newspaper the message of hope each line conveyed, that ere long the marshalled army of Labour will prove victorious, and the at present ignored and oppressed wage-slave will be as free to go and come all over the country-side as the birds are in that particular lane in England.

That was a good letter, that of "Marcus Kavaragh" to "John Redmond, M.P.," as in fact the whole of the contents were; but my way of thinking rather too much importance was attached to the fact that one of the teats the members of the Eighty Club drank was that of "The King." It didn't matter in the least as far as the "common" people were concerned what teats they drank, or if they drank that many that they all got drunk and went home in cabs, as may be they did, though the fact is not recorded.

It was not because of them that the heart-strings of the Irish people were stretched to the breaking point. No, it was the money-grabbing landlords and employers, whose blighting injustice made it impossible for Irishmen to live in Ireland, though they laboured from the cradle to the grave; and you may be sure the same gang of thieves will be well represented upon the governing body whether we get Home Rule or not.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

industrial "unrest" has raised the hopes of thousands, and brought the possibility of life in the old land to the front again in a remarkable degree.

It is about time Irish politics was placed at its proper value in the eyes of Democratic Ireland. Withered hopes, blasted futures, and tyrannical rulers, have been responsible for many thousands of heart-breaking partings, for oceans of tears being shed on the deck of the emigrant ship beyond there in Queenstown Harbour.

I wonder why there was not a Jim Larkin years ago, who would have persuaded Irishmen to stay at home, and taught them, that if it was even Home Rule they wanted they could have got it in a month by organised industrial action.

It was not because of them that the heart-strings of the Irish people were stretched to the breaking point. No, it was the money-grabbing landlords and employers, whose blighting injustice made it impossible for Irishmen to live in Ireland, though they laboured from the cradle to the grave; and you may be sure the same gang of thieves will be well represented upon the governing body whether we get Home Rule or not.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

Let us hope that era has past and gone far ever. In the mighty force of organised labour the hopes of the past will be realized, no matter whether the Eighty Club members toast His Majesty or Mr. Lloyd George, or whether it is in whiskey, wine, or water.

SOUTH DUBLIN GUARDIANS.

Mr. Mullett and Master Baker "Ratter" from Society.

At the meeting of the South Dublin Guardians, on Wednesday, Mr. Scully presiding, a letter was read from Mr. Carter, Master Baker, referring to a statement which he alleged was made by Mr. Mullett at the last meeting, and also by Mr. O'Carroll, both of whom he stated used the word "scab" towards him, the meaning of which he wrote was "a mean low coward."

The Chairman suggested that the matter should be allowed drop. Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

Mr. Mullett said he spoke from memory at the last meeting, but he now had the minutes, from which he found that in Sept. '99, a motion was carried suspending Carter for a month without pay for an improper letter written to the Board.

BAKERS' STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR MR. LARKIN.—By the time you receive this letter I hope you will have recovered from the onslaught made upon you by Henry Jellett, Master of the Rotunda Hospital.

I have worked in every bakery establishment in the city for the last number of years and never received a currant, much less a calico bag. Calico bags, how are you! There's not one used in the trade, except an odd one containing special flour.

With regard to the wages question, the public are told that the bakers receive 38s. and 47s. weekly. If that be true, how, then, are we out on strike for 36s. and 45s. a week? In other words, after twenty years' faithful service we ask for an increase of 2s. per week, which was not granted; therefore, we had nothing else to do but come out.

Then we are told by the same master that it's Germans who bake the fancy and Vienna in Dublin. What a pity they don't bring over Germans to eat it. I know some time ago a certain firm brought over a German; they thought the Dublin man was not class enough.

By the way, I noticed a letter from Lorcan Sherlock in the same paper asking the bakers to go back pending arbitration. What a pity he did not bother about the bakery dispute seven months ago! Now, he would be false to his position if he did not take the matter in hands.

Trusting you will be able to give this publication, and wishing you and THE IRISH WORKER a long life,

I remain, yours fraternally, ONE OF THE HOSPITAL VOLUNTEERS.

N.B.—Why don't you try and have THE IRISH WORKER out a few nights in the week?

Bakers' Wages.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

The information supplied by a Master Baker that operatives are highly paid in Dublin, the result of which is that bread is kept dearer in consequence, as compared with other towns, is not the case.

The wages at present are 34s. ordinary hands, and 42s. for ovenmen; in time-houses 1s. extra. It has been stated that by granting the 2s. per week asked for the public would have to pay 4d. extra for their 2-lb. loaf.

Further, it is only right to inform the public that eight firms granted the men's demand without hesitation, and are working away. One firm, in granting, stated that Dublin bakers were underpaid.

[The above letter was sent to the Irish Times for publication last Tuesday, but has not appeared up to the present. We would have been surprised if it did.]

J. SINEY, Potato and Forage Merchant, 35 GOLDEN LANE.

Don't Forget the Trades Sports, Jones's Road, Sunday, 8th October, 1911. No Seals allowed to compete. Every Trade Unionist must attend.

In the Interests of the Poor.

HOW THE GUARDIANS GUARD.

The following choice dialogue is cut from last week's Sligo Independent, and shows the kind of people we elect to look after the public interest.

Stormy scenes were witnessed at the meeting of the Westport Board of Guardians on last Thursday week. Mr. John Walsh, J.P., County Council, occupied the chair. One of the items on the agenda was a motion standing in Mr. Carolan's name, that the rations of the two day nurses be increased, and the Chairman asked Mr. Carolan if he was going to proceed with it.

Mr. Carolan replied that the notice of motion was for that day week.

Mr. John M'Hale, County Council.—What do you want giving a notice of motion about when every member is opposed to it except yourself?

Mr. Carolan—Go along, you! You know nothing about it.

Mr. M'Hale—I know more than you do. Mr. Carolan—You know nothing about it, you drunken blackguard.

Mr. M'Hale—Sure you are nothing but a rotten pup, a common tramp.

Mr. Carolan—You were bred out of it. Mr. M'Hale—You cockle-picker; you are only a little coddler.

Mr. Flynn—He was never accused of highway robbery.

Mr. M'Hale—You dirty little pup, do you accuse me of it? I never had to leave the country, or anyone belonging to me, at midnight through shame.

Mr. Carolan—I will dress you, you'll, dirty character.

Mr. M'Hale—What about the Treenbeg school? I never lost my character or had to leave the country.

Mr. Flynn—Who robbed the poor pedlar at Newport?

Mr. M'Hale—My character is a good one.

Mr. Carolan—You drunken cur, how dare you speak at all!

Mr. M'Hale (to Mr. Flynn)—You are only a man of straw, or else I would settle you. You are only a disappointed man when certain women would not marry you.

Mr. Carolan—Oh, there are two of you in it, you dirty, drunken bosthoun!

After some further heated interchanges of a like description, Mr. Carolan rushed in the direction of Mr. M'Hale, but Mr. T. Walsh held him and prevented him from striking Mr. M'Hale.

Mr. Carolan—I never robbed "Fisty" Collins yet!

Mr. M'Hale—Did I do it?

Mr. Carolan—You did.

Mr. M'Hale—I will meet you over this in another place, you dirty pauper and common tramp! I will let you see whether I did or not.

Mr. Carolan—You insulting blackguard, I will teach you what you badly want.

Mr. M'Hale—You are a low, dirty pup!

Mr. Carolan here got greatly excited, and jumping over chairs, rushed at Mr. M'Hale. Several blows were quickly exchanged, and frightful confusion reigned for the time being, the whole Board being thrown into a state of intense excitement.

Eventually the acting clerk, the master, and Messrs. Daly, Kane, and O'Donnell succeeded in separating the combatants, after which several members called upon the chairman to adjourn the meeting.

The Chairman described the scene as a disgrace, and left the chair. Order was, however, soon restored, and he returned to the chair.

Mr. Carolan said he would meet Mr. M'Hale outside the door, when he would let him know something more than he got.

Mr. M'Hale—If you come near me again I will fling you out of the window, you dirty little beggar! You dirty little tramp!

Mr. Carolan—I won't let an old profligate like M'Hale call me names. I always can get a character, not like him. The soaked, drunken organiser should be the last to talk here.

Mr. M'Hale—Go along, you pup! Everybody belonging to you was on outdoor relief.

After the transaction of some other business, Mr. Carolan remarked that he was a Nationalist, and was not paid for being one.

Mr. M'Hale—Oh, some people have cheap Nationality.

Mr. Carolan—When the organiser was sacked and the money was stopped the rhetoric stopped also.

Mr. M'Hale—When there was something on you ran away to America.

Mr. Carolan—I deny that.

Mr. J. M'Govern (County Council)—So do I; but you, Mr. M'Hale, went to America.

Mr. Carolan—And I did not go to escape for my conduct.

Mr. M'Hale—All belonging to you are on outdoor relief. You little sheep dipper, you can get no position now. I got two or three positions for you, hand-running, you dirty little blackguard, but you were unable to keep them.

Mr. Carolan—You couldn't keep the job. You had yourself, you beggarman and bankrupt.

Mr. M'Hale—Pataheen, I will make you answer for this.

Mr. Carolan—I will meet you outside.

The scene ended here, and the remaining business of the Board was gone on with and concluded.

THE FIRING LINE.

Lying little Arthur is at it again. This week's Sinn Fein contains the following:—

"In Dublin the wives of some of the men whom Mr. Larkin has led out on strike are begging in the streets. The consequences of Larkinism are workless fathers, mourning mothers, hungry children, and broken homes. The homes of families got together by years of saving are broken up or denuded of their furniture. The pawn offices are preserving the children of some of Mr. Larkin's followers from famine. The curses of women are being poured on this man's head."

We challenge Griffith to make good his statement by giving the names and addresses of any members of the I.T.W.U., whose wives are begging in the streets, or whose homes have been broken up, "because Larkin led them out on strike." Were there never any people begging in the streets before the strike, Arthur? Never any people in the poor-houses? You should know.

Can the "flag of the British Nation," Griffith talks about having raised, be the 12s. 6d. one that figure in the Sinn Fein balance sheet this year?

Will some one kindly inform us why the amount received for subscriptions and affiliation fees was not given in the before-mentioned balance-sheet—A little bird whispers—but of course you must have guessed.

Now that the Sinn Fein Party (or what's left of it) has approved of Griffith's action in calling for soldiers to replace the strikers, we suppose they will consume double quantities of tobacco, whiskey, porter, and other taxed articles, in order to enable the British Government to further strengthen the armed forces in Ireland, so that we may be blown to eternity the next time we strike, or even make a noise.

Apropos the bakers' strike, Sinn Fein tells the women that fresh milk, into which a little vinegar has been dropped, can be used for baking bread. There must have been more than "a little" vinegar in Arthur's cake.

Carolan M Quaide (of the kilts) is very much upset about "Larkin and the Language Procession," but, strange to relate, all his letters are addressed from Cambridge. The audacity of these imported (or is it exported) Gaelic Leaguers is astonishing. If Carolan M'Q takes so much interest in Ireland as he pretends, why doesn't he live in it? That's a very different pair of trousers.

The Secretary of the Demonstration Committee is coming in for a lot of abuse lately, and has apparently been taking it lying down. A few years ago he was a noted firebrand. Can the volcano have become extinct?

Can anybody tell us why Councillor Doyle, who went to London to cry over Edward Rex, was not opposed in the Trinity Ward, at the last election?

Beware any philosophy of life that cannot touch, inspire, and empower the man in the ditch, or the woman at the loom.

According to the Manchester Guardian St. Francis de Sales was the patron saint of journalists. They probably refer to the English papers. Most of the Irish ones are dedicated to, and under the influence of St. Ananias.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR—I beg to notify the members of the above Union that owing to the amount of responsibility appertaining to my office as Secretary, together with my public duties, I find it incumbent on me to resign my position. I do so, however, with the best possible wishes for the Transport Workers and Mr. Larkin, with whom I have always considered it a pleasure to be connected in the Labour Movement. I may add, in conclusion, that the interests of the workers (from whose ranks I have been recruited) shall at all times be my interest. With best wishes.—Yours truly,

THOS. GREENE, P.L.G.

IF YOU WANT ADVERTISING

Done at Reasonable Rates,

McGLADE'S THE MAN I

McGLADE and no monopoly.

McGLADE, Mid. Abbey St.

42 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,

Facts Speak Louder than Words!

We have booked with one Irish firm alone over £1,000 (One Thousand Pounds) worth of Jams this season.

We will show you our signed contract if you wish.

All these Jams are guaranteed pure, and are made to our own order, we state our reputation on the quality. See our Windows for the Prices.

Please Note Only Address—

FREDERICK JOHNSON & CO., 18 Charlotte Street, Dublin.

A matter for the Worker to remember!

IS THAT

Mrs. HENRY, of 221 St. Britain St.,

Serves all with accommodation of Beds and Food of the Best Quality, at prices to suit the Worker.

BOOT REPAIRS.—If you want good value and reasonable prices, go to M. SULLIVAN, 62½ Sandwich street and 8 Lombard street.

MOLLOY & CO., Butchers, Purveyors, and Dairy, 121 LOWER CLANBRASSIL STREET. None but reliable goods stocked.

IF you have not the ready money convenient there is an IRISH ESTABLISHMENT which supplies Goods on the Easy Payment System. It is THE

Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd.,

10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

OFFICE HOURS—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.

MANAGER—ALBERMAN T. KELLY.

HUGH KENNY,

General Provision Merchant,

46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET.

IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY.

Our Teas for the Workers are the Best Value in Dublin.

"The Influence of Environment Upon the Individual."

Mr. D. HOUSTON lectures for Socialist Party of Ireland on above subject in Antient Concert Buildings, on Sunday, 8th October, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

DUBLIN PAVIORS' SOCIETY.

Mr. Thomas O'Reilly presided at the last meeting of the above society, held on Tuesday evening last in the Trades Hall, Capel street. A statement from paviors' delegate in Cork with reference to paving work was read and considered satisfactory. The Secretary was instructed to communicate with Mr. Scanlan with reference to paving of Lucan tramways. After transacting other business the meeting adjourned. Next meeting on Tuesday evening next in Trades Hall. Members requested to attend. Business important.

BECKER BROS.

Finest, Purest and Cheapest

TEAS.

PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/1, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET And 17 NORTH EARL STREET,

DUBLIN.

Why Buy Porter?

When you can buy Pure Rich New Milk at 1d. per Pint; also daily arrivals of New Laid Eggs and Finest Irish Butter at :: :: ::

The Hollywood Dairies, 88 Summerhill and 83 Meath Street

IRISH GOODS ONLY.

Hello Boys! Look Out! Now we know where we are.

GLEESON & CO.,

Are Opening 1st week in September a

General Drapery and Tailoring

2nd STORE

FOR THE SALE OF

Irish Goods Only.

Note Address—IRISH GOODS ONLY, 11 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

TELEPHONE No. 1777.

Cranston & Co., Wholesale Stationers

Paper Merchants & Paper Bag Manufacturers,

18 & 19 TEMPLE LANE (Off Dame St.), DUBLIN.

IRISH MANUFACTURE A SPECIALITY.

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser,

34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort, Antiseptica used. Success to the Workers' Cause!

THE NOTED HOUSE Phone 2840.

FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON,

PATRICK DOYLE & SONS,

Provision Merchants,

29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN.

TOM CLARKE,

TOBACCONIST AND NEWSAGENT,

75 Great Britain St. and 55 Amiens St.,

Keeps a full line of Tobacco and Cigarettes manufactured at home in Ireland by Irishmen. THE IRISH WORKER and all other newspapers on sale.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE

in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,

36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.

IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Support RUSSELL'S,

The Family Bakers,

Trade Union Employers,

RATHMINES BAKERY.

HORAN & SONS,

95 & 96 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,

58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,

6 SOUTH LOTS ROAD, BIGGAR'S BUSH,

AND

1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,

Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Defy Competition.

'Let's All go Down the Strand'

TIM CORCORAN,

Provision Merchant.

BEST BRANDS OF

Irish Bacon & Creamery Butter

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,

39 AUNGIER STREET

(OPPOSITE JACOBS'),

FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

Study your own & your Children's Health

SEE THEM

Drink Pure Mineral Waters

AS MADE BY

GALLAGHER & CO., LTD.,

DUBLIN.

To preserve life the most important

factor to the air we breathe is the

water we drink.

RETREAT! NOT DEFEAT!



There is no failure in the Labour Movement. You may have a set-back, but you only retire to reform again. The Railway Strike in Ireland is over—for the present; but it is not in the power of any man to prophesy a lasting peace. While there is discontent there will be strikes; and until the grip of the sweater is loosed from our throats there will be no peace.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Rev. Father Ronan, C.C., the Cathedral Parish, Dublin, has been writing to a newspaper on the subject of who invited Mr. James Larkin to speak at the Irish Language Demonstration. Many of the public think that the needs of the people in his cathedral parish might furnish a more engrossing sphere for his energies rather than taking sides in a controversy started for a partisan purpose, and thus himself deny the very thing that he charges the Demonstration Committee for not having done. He has, unfortunately, an ample sphere at his door in the poverty and squalor to which the poor workers in his parish are condemned, and one is unaware of any particular efforts on his part to rescue them from it, or to improve the status of their lives.

The task, if he applied himself to it, would provide a good field for Father Ronan's unexpended efforts, and would enable him to profitably utilize that spare time that the duties of his office do not apparently absorb. It would certainly be more beneficial to his parishioners than letter-writing to the newspapers, and of the needs of his parishioners there is, unfortunately, no question.

William Martin Murphy and his deputy editor, T. R. Harrington, are on a felon-setting vendetta in the vain effort to implant blackleg and imported labour in Dublin and elsewhere in Ireland, and thus deprive Irishmen of their just right in their own land. The coercive methods of the British Government in Ireland are not quite thorough enough for these precious friends of the people, and Editor Harrington, in Tuesday's issue of the faithless Independent, is perturbed because "Larkin is still at large." The sentiments of the editor are expressed in any anonymous communication published in William Martin's advertising sheet, which, by a peculiar metaphor, seeks to pass as an Irish Nationalist organ, but the precise value of which is measured by the tons of it consigned regularly as waste paper to rag stores across the channel.

The Wexford jury has failed to fix responsibility for the murder of poor Leary. For all practical purposes the inquest might as well not have been held. From the start of the inquiry the coroner showed his active partisanship, which had its climax last Monday, when he declared that if they wished to go into a fishing inquiry into the conduct of the police they did not know where it would end; and, further, to prove his partisanship, he had Mr. Daly, the representative of the Transport Union, removed from the inquiry. If the inquest had any purpose it certainly should have been to inquire into the conduct of the baton-men, whose maltreatment of the unoffending Leary led up to his death. Coroner French very faithfully guarded the baton-men against the light which would have been thrown on their conduct by such an inquiry. Leary was an unoffending man, who had left his home to purchase tobacco, and returned home beleaguered by a baton charge, from the effects of which he died; but the coroner wanted to "take" the inquiry into the circumstances, and so the investigation has proved "vicious, except, indeed, to give a fresh insight into Mr. Coroner French.

Mr. John Sweetman, of Drumbanagh, is a diligent student of THE IRISH WORKER. It possesses more interest for him than his subsidised Griffiths and Sian Fein, and we have the outcome of Mr. Sweetman's diligence in a long manifesto published a few days ago. When the workers of Ireland, however, require light and leading they won't go to Mr. Sweetman for it. He believes that the Transport Union should be met as a foreign army introduced into Ireland by the Socialists of England; and accordingly he calls upon the English Government to take up the defensive. Truly, what a noble specimen of a Sinn Feiner Drumbanagh and Kells is blessed with; and how his indignation expends itself because Irish workers have organized themselves under Irish leaders, and leaders, too; more indigenous of Irish soil than the imported Sweetmans.

Under the caption "Larkin Tyranny," the Murphy millionaire organ has published a letter in which are given what are stated to be a few extracts which the writer says will make clear the temper and tyranny of what he describes as "Larkin and his tribe." The letter is published anonymously, under the initials "M.V.R.," and dated vaguely from Dublin. We however remove the mask and reveal the writer as the Rev. Miles Ronan, C.C. If Father Ronan has anything he can make clear about what he elegantly calls "Larkin and his tribe," why has he not the manliness to write publicly under his name? When Mr. Larkin delivers his criticisms and censures he does not do so stealthily under the veil of anonymity. He publicly associates his words with his personality. That, however, is not the policy of Father Ronan, who, by the use of an anonymous letter, adopts the policy of the would-be assassin, who shoots from behind the shelter of a hedge. What an exhibition of temper and tyranny Father Ronan displays by his veiled anonymity. Is it, we ask, fair, or even manly? We make Father Ronan a present of his conception of honesty and chivalry, which is certainly not that of "Larkin and his tribe."

Dublin's famous (or notorious, if you like the word better), Shakespearean Actor was seen in an entirely new role on Sunday last. Strange to relate the Press critics did not utilize their usual supply of eulogistic expressions on the occasion. Maybe because they did not reap the harvest of advertisements, as in the case of most "things theatrical" they do. Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that John J. Farrell (Dublin's favourite acrobat) appeared as "The Popoutjay" while the Parnell procession was en route. Perhaps the papers did not see him (moryah), or they did not "tumble" to the great event that was happening in their midst?

The ballad singer was there also and entertained the musically-inclined with a roll of palaver on the greatness of the Irish Party.

Miniature models of the monument were to be had for 6d. each; but if they were more like the original a larger number of them might have been sold. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. The man who made those could have evidently made them much better; and had he done so, would have sold a far greater number.

While the reporters were at it they might have given their readers the exact number of people in Dublin on Sunday. One of them gives the crowds' intensity (or density) at more than "a quarter of a million." Why not go the whole way, and say 250,001?

Parnell or King George of England. Who does Ireland honour most? Comparisons are odious.

'TIS THE POOR THAT HELP THE POOR.

In connection with the deplorable strike of city bakers, a pathetic and at the same time a grand example of the truism which heads this paragraph incident occurred on Saturday night. A great crowd of women and children for the most part were assembled outside a bread-shop in Wexford street, struggling to get near enough to purchase a loaf of bread; most of the children were hopelessly unable to cope with the pushing and fighting women. Some popinjays passed along and made sarcastic remarks. A man (you would know that by the very poorness of his clothes, 'tis the clothes that makes the gentlemen; the want of them that makes the man) came along, and the pitiable plight of a child of about eight years attracted his attention. She was at the very edge of the large crowd, and had not the remotest chance of ever getting near enough to obtain the loaf which she sought. The man at once did the needful, paid for the bread himself, and gave it to the child. It appears this little child was sent for the bread by a sick mother.

QUIBLING.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER

A CHABA—I beg to correct certain statements made in an issue of THE WORKER with reference to our Aeridheath held recently at Croydon Park, Fairview. In the first place you are incorrect in stating that the prize offered was a £5 note, the prize being a week's holidays in Killarney or elsewhere as arranged. It is obvious, therefore, that your statements about a boy getting the money, and that it was subsequently taken from him by the parish priest, are also incorrect. There was no money whatever given to either the boy (Master Luke Dowdall) or Peadar MacNicoill. The latter, on presentation of the ticket, secured the week's holidays. —Mise, Do Chara,

PADRAIG O RIAN, Ard-Runarde Onoigh.

[We have also received a letter from Mr. MacNicoill, saying that the prize was not a £5 note, but admitting that he gave the ticket to a boy, telling him at the same time "to bring back the prize to him (Mr. Mac N.) if he won it." Now, what we want to know is, how could the boy bring back a week's holidays in Killarney to Mr. MacNicoill? And supposing the winner did not, or could not, go to Killarney, was the alternative a £5 note? Why all the quibbling? The fact remains that a boy was given the ticket, and when it was found he had won the prize, the man who had parried with the ticket stepped in and claimed it. Mr. MacNicoill and some others do not come too well out of the business, and it would have been better if they let it drop.—Ed.]

BALLAGH IRISH-IRELANDERS' SYMPATHISE WITH STRIKERS. CONDEMNATION OF RAILWAY BOSSES.

At a meeting of Ballagh Irish-Ireland Society, held on Saturday night, September 30th, Tomas O'Conchubhar presiding, the present labour upheaval formed the theme of discussion, the antagonistic attitude of the Daily Independent towards the workers' cause being sarcastically commented on. On the motion of Sean O'Siothchain, seconded by Tomas O'Conchubhar, the following resolution was enthusiastically adopted: "That we consider the railway workers at present on strike have a valid grievance, and they deserve the sympathy of all workers, and, furthermore, we strongly condemn the high-handed action of the railway management in refusing the fair demands of the workers."

Eamon O'Dubhir, in supporting the resolution, said that all who believed in a free and really Irish-Ireland should not tolerate the attempt of a gang of Freemasons, West-British "Catholics," and imported English railway managers, to erect their throne of money-bags on the prostrate form of the Irish worker.

Outside of a few selfish farmers, shopkeepers, and grasping shareholders, the big majority of Mid-Tipperary folk were in sympathy with the strikers, and also its popular paper, The Tipperary Star, had a good word to say for them, as they recognised that the worker was the backbone of the nation, and that in any effort to free Ireland they should rely on the workers and not on the Grand Sword Bearer of the Freemasons, or the wealthy proprietor of the Daily Independent. He would prophesy that however the present conflict would end, the sword and trowel of Freemasonry would yet be shattered in the conflict with Irish Labour.

X E. O'DUBHIR, Sec. X

HALAHAN & MESKELL

2 Charlotte St. and 48 Camden St.,

Butchers and Purveyors.

Best Value in the City in both Departments. THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS.

JAMES LARKIN,

Plain and Fancy Baker,

72 MEATH ST., DUBLIN.

Pure Wholesome and Buttermilk Squares a speciality.

THE WORKERS' BAKER.

Ask for LARKIN'S LOAF.

WORLD'S FAIR

6 1/2d. BAZAAR,

36 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

Established over 20 years. Everything possible for 6 1/2d. Cheap and Good.

Call into HUGHES,

28 JONES'S ROAD,

For anything you want.

Best of attention and civility.

JAMES (Irish) 2 lb. Jam; 6d.; Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant, BISCUITS, Jam Puffs, Butter Creams, Bermuda, 6d. per lb.

LEYDEN'S SO...

P. KAVANAGH & SONS,

7 & 37 WEXFORD STREET,

New Street, Dean Street, Coombe, and Silverton Mill, Rathfarham,

Wholesale and Retail

Provisioners, Grocers, Beef and Pork

Butchers,

Manufacturers of Sausages and Fancy Meats,

Office and Factory—74 to 78 COOMBE, DUBLIN.

All classes of Grain for Feeding Purposes ground at the Mill. Best Quality Goods, and after that

Prices as Low as possible. That is our idea of successful trading.

Have YOU had a VIBRO Shave and

Hair Cut? If not drop in at

Saunders' Hairdressing Saloon,

BLESSINGTON STREET.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.

Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS

19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street, Dublin.

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment

54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.

Established more than Half-a-Century.

Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every Funeral Requisite.

Trades Union and Irish-Ireland Home.

Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

G. A. A.

Requisites of Irish Manufacture at

Lowest City Prices, at

WHELAN & SON,

17 Upper Ormond Quay.

WE SELL

FOOTWEAR.

Honest Boots for the man who works—

Boots that will give Good Hard Wear.

Army Bluchers, 5s.; Superior Whole

Back Bluchers, wood pegged, 6s.; Strong

Lace and Derby Boots, from 4s. 11d.

BARCLAY & COOK,

5 South Great George's Street, and

104/105 Talbot Street, Dublin.

SAVE MONEY!

The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in

BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised.

ADDRESS—

Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

*Save your Money and think of "The

Ball of Blue."

COAL.

For Best Qualities of House Coals delivered

in large or small quantities, at CITY PRICES.

.. ORDER FROM ..

P. O'CARROLL,

BLACK LION,

INCHICORE.

PROVISIONS!

For the Best Quality at the Lowest

Prices in Town, GO TO

KAVANAGH'S

160 Nth. King Street, 41 Summerhill

and 9 Blackhall Place.

Established 1851.

For Reliable Provisions!

LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.

STILL LEAD

The Best House in the City for

BOOTS,

FARREN, 41 Nth. King St.

Workmen's Boots a Speciality.

Call round and see our Windows. Repairs

neatly done at Lowest Prices.

Printed for the Proprietor at the City

Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and

published by him at 10 Beresford Place,

in the City of Dublin.

[This Journal is exclusively set up by