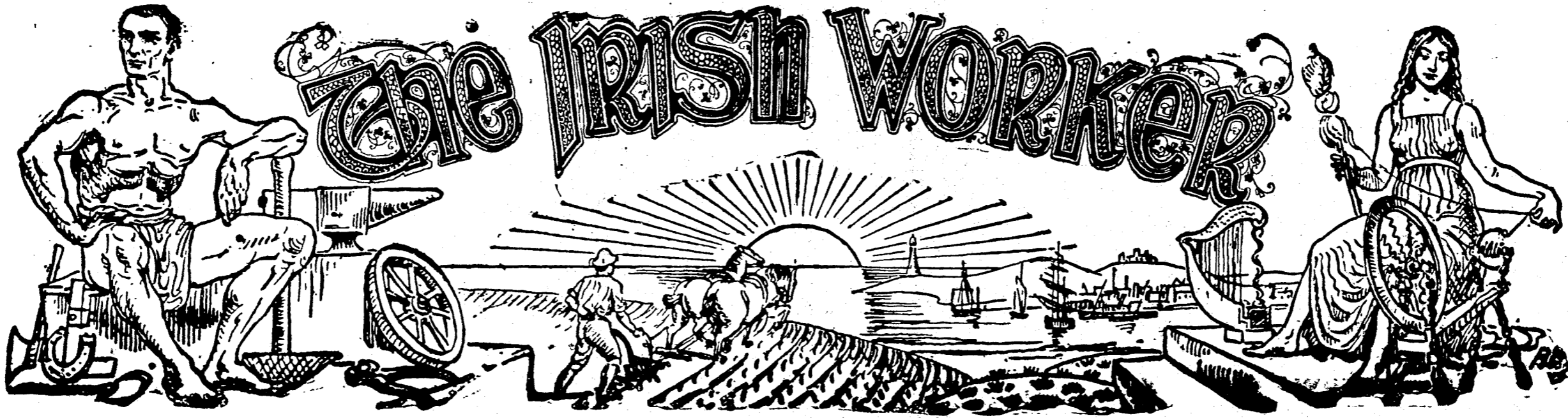


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."  
James Fintan-Lalor.



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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 31st, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

## LABOUR AND FRUGALITY.

### NO. III.—THE FALLACIES OF THRIFT.

By "EUCHAN."

This week I promised to deal with some of the fallacies of thrift in relation to the problem of poverty.

I have already tried to show how badly the practice of thrift works out in the case of an individual workman, although that is the veriest fringe of the question.

There can be no doubt of the fact that the advice to economise is very unpopular among those it is purported or designed to help, and deservedly so. One is forced to admit that there is a peculiarly amiable philanthropy in this scheme to advise people, who complain of their deprivations, to help themselves through further deprivations, and though one may ask most justifiably: "How can a workingman save anything on the starvation wages he is getting?" there are far stronger arguments than that to be found, and arguments, too, which are much more likely to give the "knock-out" to the thrift advocates.

Adherents of the theory that thrift can save the working class, can always, in support of their contentions, refer to several instances where persons have risen from the non-property owning class to the class of property-owners through prudence and severe economy. All such instances ostensibly tend to weaken the argument concerning the workingman's starvation wages, and one critic has already honoured me by trying to knock the bottom out of my argument on this very case.

This critic took exception to my example of A.B. and showed how he would be able to save much more than I gave him credit for doing.

Whatever A.B. could save or would save, however, does not help the advocate of thrift in the slightest respect so far as his remedy for the solution of poverty goes. Though a single individual may save part of his earnings, get together a certain sum, employ it in production, and so let his capital from time to time yield a revenue, or surplus value, yet all this is conditional. He can only do it provided he holds an exceptional position.

He must have constant employment; he must possess the best of health, and he must have the instinct of an expert financier in order that he may put out his money to the best advantage.

Yet the thrift advocates base their arguments on the obviously foolish foundation that all workmen possess such an exceptional position, and hold that by the exercise of frugality all toilers could save sufficient capital, the interest upon which could keep them in comfort all the remaining years of their lives.

The advocates of thrift forget that capital is a privilege, so to speak, and no privilege can be enjoyed by all.

They also forget that a system under which everybody possesses capital is not only a contradiction, but is an impossibility.

Suppose a workingman did save some portion of his income, and after a few years had a capital of, let us say £1,000, which brought him in interest at the rate of 5% a year. Taking that man as an example, would all workmen, that is, the great mass of the people, if they had simultaneously made like deposits, would they also be able to get 5% interest a year on their money?

If any man thinks that they would, then I leave the riddle to his solution.

When all enjoy interest, who then pays it? In other words, interest is in its character, an income derived without labour; but if all enjoy incomes without labour, whose labour is it that creates all these incomes?

If the advocates of thrift could by any chance produce a system of society whereby, with all its forces, could be constrained to act in the service of man as a mere automatic machine, which, without any physical exertion on man's part, would obey his will and bring forth all his needs, then frugality might prove to be the glorious thing they say it is. In other words, if hunger could produce food, or cold produce clothes, then perhaps all workmen might be able to sit with their arms folded doing in idleness, as the capitalists are now doing. Until such a happy system of society can be produced however—which of course will never be—then no incomes can be derived from capital without labour on the part of some other person or class.

If one wishes to redeem the working

classes from their precarious position by giving them the thoroughly philanthropic advice to be frugal, he must of necessity mean a general, all-comprising practice of frugality. While no one can deny the advantageous results from partial frugality, it must be explained that the results also can only be partial. That being the case, one is not justified in pointing to frugality as a virtue having its positive reward for all those who exercise it; No, certainly not. All men by leading a sound moral life will have a general reward in good health, but no such general reward can be hoped for from the universal practice of frugality.

Frugality or its practice is like unto a man in a crowd. If the man in the crowd wants to get a better view he may do so by raising himself on the shoulders of those nearest him. If every man in the crowd, however, is actuated by the same desire all the pushing, jostling and struggling tactics they might adopt will not raise that crowd the slightest fraction of an inch. It might result, however, in the whole lot of them falling on the ground and being still lower than they were before. So is it with the practice of thrift. One man by its help may raise himself above his fellows, but if all men try the same tactics of living upon interest derived through the exploitation of labour, then they will end in a worse plight than they were in before they started to be thrifty.

No one has any right to preach to the people that everybody can become a capitalist by saving. To do so is nothing short of ridiculous. Frugality, exercised with an aim to cultivate capital, will at the most, benefit a few would-be capitalists, but put forth as a working method of combating poverty, it is not only foolish but devilish, because it is the holding forth of straws to drowning men.

Suppose all workmen were to try a combined experiment at saving, what would happen? Remember, frugality demands reduced consumption and a reduced demand upon necessities.

In the course of the experiment at saving—granting its possibility, of course—a great amount of money, now spent in the consumption of necessities, would go to the savings bank. From there the money would naturally be lent out again, which would work harmoniously—for a time, until the reaction came.

The reduced consumption had compelled retrenchment in production. Reduced production had less need for advances from the banks.

The money would lie fallow or untouched in the banks, and as money does not breed and multiply of itself, where then would the interest come from?

When the banks could no longer lend out any money for productive enterprises, neither could they any longer make it fructifying, no matter how fervently the printing of notes or minting of coins went on.

Under these conditions the difficulty of investing money would have as a consequence a constant and absolute falling of the interest rate for which there could be no other limit than 0.

That would be a crisis, indeed! The merchant would sell no goods, and his reduced orders would affect the manufacturer, who in his turn would have to curtail his output and lay off his workmen.

Then the workmen, who had saved and saved on the advice of thrift advocates, would realise that instead of there never being a day upon which they could not save something, there had come a day upon which they could earn nothing.

They could do nothing then but draw their deposits, stop saving, and start consuming again, in order to set the wheels of production in motion once more.

The gospel of thrift is almost amusing when closely inspected. As to its fallacies, I think I have given enough to be going on with.

I wonder do the worthy people who advocate the blessings of frugality as a workable remedy for the evils of poverty ever pause to seriously consider what sort of nonsense it is they talk? If they did, and they realised the utter foolishness of their gratuitous advice, would they stop giving it?

I don't think they would, for it is such an easy thing just to preach and never to

practice. The problem of poverty is too serious a matter just to be tinkered with. The gospel of thrift is a tinkering policy. It is one, too, which the workers have no use for.

Next Week's Article—"The Effect of Frugality upon Wages."

### Dark Doings on the G. S. & W. Railway.

There was a flutter in the dovecot at Inchicore on Saturday last when THE IRISH WORKER made its usual weekly appearance. Those who rule the roost out there, and are in the habit of having their own sweet way in everything, were astonished to find that Partridge was not going to take his beating lying down—like all other victims of the despicable clique that run the Works from the "tin hut!"

Now, I am done with soft talk. We have had many professions of good-fellowship and declarations of tolerance. But men who preached so profusely practised the reverse, and now pretend to be scandalised at my conduct in pointing out the injustices they have accomplished. I want neither friendship or sympathy from such ardent hypocrites. If the grievances I complained of justified my complaints, then my dismissal was unjust, and should be resented by every man who is not a bigot. If I was not justified in my protests, then my dismissal was but proper punishment. And I ask not the sympathy of even my own brothers. In this fight I shall neither give nor take quarter. Life is of duration too short, of termination too uncertain to admit of any sensible man playing the part of the tyrant or the slave, the liar and the rogue. Let us, therefore, be straight and honest in both our speech and actions.

There is no room in the labour movement for religious intolerance and dissension—but tolerance must not be interpreted as the confiscation of all the rights of Catholics by non-Catholics—and that brotherly spirit sought in genuine organisation can never be established if one section be permitted to do the other an injustice or secretly rob them of their rights. What I aim at is to establish real confidence amongst workers of different creeds, and kill for ever that spirit of suspicion and distrust.

Now the man who uses his religion as a means of promoting his worldly affairs—be he called Catholic or Protestant—is possessed of no religion. And my experience has proved the correctness of this statement.

I have had to defend the Protestant minister against the attacks of Protestants who have scarce darkened the door of the Church since the day they were carried there to be christened. I have heard such men by the foulness of their expressions seek to show their freedom from religious prejudices. And I have been told that these very men (?) send their wives to attend "mothers' meetings," not for the purpose of partaking in the legitimate work of such gatherings, but with the hope that through the medium of conversation there with the wives of some highly-placed official in the works, they might be able to obtain some advancement for themselves or a member of their family, or their own shopmates and his. Now such underhand methods are despicable—and the creature who would resort to such is a mean, cowardly sneaking bigot—a liar of the lowest type, in comparison with whom the Belfast bigot with a brick is a gentleman and a saint.

The G. S. & W. Railway Works of Inchicore shall not be made the property of two or more local families, with their numerous followers and retainers. Every honest worker employed must get justice and fair play. I am not concerned if a one-time trade union stalworth, in the excess of slavishness upon been unjustly promoted to foremanship should desert from his trade society, and as if to grovel still more before his "masters" should not allow either of his sons to join their trade organisations, in the hopes that in consequence of such cowardly conduct their deficiencies might be overlooked; and that they in turn might also be promoted to positions they could never obtain by merit. But I am concerned that the skilled workman who belongs to his trade organisation, should be denied recognition for his services and skill, and I mind not the religion of such a man—even if the man promoted unjustly be a member of a trade society—I still stand for the rights of his better qualified brothers who were contributing to the trade union funds, and fighting its battles before he

was born. In a word, my fight is one for justice and fair play.

I am sorry if persons whose friendship I value feel aggrieved because the persons whose conduct I assail happen to be their own blood relations; but I cannot allow any consideration to stand in my way in my performance of a public duty. And too long these unworthy people have been permitted to pursue their unjust way for fear of displeasing their respectable relations. Mr. Robert Stephens may have a perfect right to employ his own brother-in-law as a machinist—even before he is discharged from the Army—he may have the power to have him taught the machine, and while learning it, pay him four shillings a week more than was paid to the highly-skilled machinist he replaced. But Mr. Robert Stephens had no right to send the Catholic highly-skilled machinist to do unskilled labouring work for me; while his own Protestant brother-in-law, who, as an anonymous correspondent, said in your columns at the time—never did any drilling only on the barrack square—was paid four shillings a week more for learning the machine of which the other man was master. Mr. Robert Stephens may have a perfect right to promote his own brother-in-law, who joined the company's services on the 22nd of February last, or to raise his wages twice as alleged since that date. But Mr. Robert Stephens has no right to tell the highly-skilled machinist—who is a Catholic, and who after a number of years ventured to seek an advance in his wages—that the world is wide. Yes, the world is wide, but it may be made equally wide for all. The man whom this creature Stephens would send adrift is as dear to his friends and relations as Mr. Stephens' brother-in-law is to his. And surely the Irishman has the best right to live in Ireland, and shall not be transplanted by this incompetent importation.

I must now conclude my contribution for this week. Next week I trust my remarks will be of more general interest. In this "preliminary canter" it may be well to remind my traducers in Inchicore whether they be employed by the Railway Company or by the Co-operative Stores, that should they persist in their present conduct I shall deem it my duty to expose them in the columns of your fearless paper, and hold as 'twere a mirror to the creatures."

The Catholic employes of the works who are intimidated from assisting me by veiled threats of dismissal, and who are afraid to be seen speaking to me—who was never afraid to fight the cause of all—are right to run no risks. I have explicit confidence in the justice of my cause to rid us all of such unscrupulous tyranny, for—

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur in illis"—"The times are changed and we are changed with them."

WILLIAM P. PATER DOE.

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### "DREAMLAND."

Last Sunday I went on an excursion! About ten in the forenoon I sallied down to Beresford place, and went off in a drag for a day's outing organised by the Women Workers.

Let anyone should think by my title that the destination of the party was "Dreamland," let me at once state that such is not the case.

Our destination was the "Glen-o-the-Downs," and we got there all right. "Dreamland" was only an incidental feature of the day; sometimes a melodious feature, and sometimes—but no matter, I will explain in detail what it was shortly.

It was a large party that left Liberty Hall, and it occupied in all sixteen drags or carriages. In the first carriage was the band—the Transport Workers' Band—and they thoroughly deserved their pride of place.

This band not only renders excellent music but it renders it in abundance. Their sense of melody, as a matter of fact, is only equalled by their sense of duty.

Their duty to the excursionists was to play, and they played almost the whole way to the Glen. They played very nearly all the time they were at the Glen, and they played practically all the way home from the Glen.

That they played well goes without saying. It was the 'Transport Workers' Band' as I have said, and to anyone who knows about "bands," that is sufficient guarantee as to its quality. It was the champion band for 1911, and it bids fair to remain the champion one for 1912 also.

The best intoned band in the world, however, must pause to take breath occasionally, and our band on Sunday had to stop at intervals for this purpose.

In the intervals we had "Dreamland." We had it served up in two forms. We had it sung, and we had it squeezed out in the wheezy and spasmodic notes of several melodions.

The principal exponent of "Dreamland" was 'Father' Dudley, who rendered it both with voice and with the melodious bellows.

If my reader does not happen to know Dudley, then it is undoubtedly my reader's loss.

Dudley is a happy individual. He has a benign, cheerful and expansive countenance, which perhaps explains one of the reasons why he is always known as "Father." He has also a large fund of native and unconscious drollery and wit, and like most unconscious "drolls" he takes himself seriously.

Particularly was this the case when he sang "Dreamland." He sat up on the box beside the driver of carriage No. 3, and when ever the band ceased "tooting" and "drumming" Dudley fixed up his face in stern aspect, squeezed his melodion, and started to sing.

Of course "Dreamland" is alleged to be a sentimental ballad and in the tearful accents of Dudley it was ludicrously so.

This was most evident in the chorus. Dudley seemed to have a particular love for the chorus also, for we got that time and time again and quite independent of any preceding verse.

The woful words run into my head even yet, so I will write them down to try if by that means I can get rid of them.

Here they are:—

"Meet me to-night in dreamland,  
Under the silvery moon.  
Meet me to-night in dreamland,  
Where love's sweet roses bloom.  
Come with the love-light gleaming  
In your sweet eyes so blue.  
Meet me in dreamland,  
Sweet dreamy dreamland,  
There let my dreams come true."

That is the chorus in all its insidious repetition and tearful plaintiveness. The writer of that had as much native raffianism in his composition as had the author of Mark Twain's famous brain-teaser:—

'Punch in the presence of the passenger!'

However, to return to "Dreamland."

Though Dudley was the worst offender in this respect, he was not the only one.

The plaintive request for someone unknown to meet them in dreamland arose from the occupants of every carriage. Even the bandmen wasted some of their precious moments devoted to rest in a brief, dreamy dreamland. Now and then some ardent patriot made a valiant endeavour to start an Irish air, but his "Boys of Wexford" generally wandered off by the time the fourth line came to "Where love's sweet roses bloom" and they refused to come away from such

### CAUTION.

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In spite of "Dreamland," however, or perhaps because of it, the excursion was a great success. We have heard so often of the discontenting and disgruntling influences of the workers' organisers that it might have struck a stranger as a surprising thing that anything so completely pleasant or happy as this excursion should have been organised in the precincts of Beresford place.

I wonder if it ever strikes the critics of labour organisers that these men whom they have dubbed "agitators" are out not so much to cause trouble as to create and foster the social happiness of the toiling poor, to whom just a little more comfort, or the money which secures comfort, means so much.

When trouble arises, such as strikes and lock-outs, the critics blame the agitators as the cause. I wonder does it never strike the critics that it is not the agitators that are the cause of trouble, but the employing class through their high-handed refusal to give their workers that little extra social comfort and delight, of which this women workers' excursion is but a symbol.

To expect the critics or employers to see or admit that truth, however, is perhaps just another aspect of "dreamland," but in any case it is away from my main subject, so for the present I will leave the point.

In the Glen o' the Downs the trippers waltzed to the strains of "Dreamland." There were other dances, of course, but

"Dreamland's plaintive measure  
On Wicklow's grassy sward"

was pre-eminently first favourite.

Coming home the musical programme was practically the same as upon the outward journey. Band selections interspersed with plaintive requests for a meeting in dreamland.

The drag in which Dudley held principal sway was considerably behind the one in which I was, therefore I cannot tell what he was at during the homeward journey. When I was standing in Beresford place some time later, however, I heard his melodion going as the drag in which he was crossing the Butt Bridge.

He was also singing, but "Dreamland" had now given place to "A Nation Once Again." Dudley probably meant "Dublin once again," but in any case it was a welcome change of melody.

A friend clapped me on the shoulder and asked how I enjoyed the excursion? "Fine!" I replied, "how did you?"

"Oh, it was a grand day," said he, "but if I could get that son of a gun who wrote 'Dreamland' I'd knock daylight through him!"

I expressed my cordial sympathy with his feeling, and went home.

"MAC."

TELEPHONE No. 961.

Telegraphic Address—"Sugarstick, Dublin."

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

It is no uncommon statement to hear "that the working class women of Dublin are thrifless and are very indifferent housewives." This statement is usually made by the class who do not know, and who do not want to know, the conditions which make these women take no interest in themselves or their home...

There are many bright spots in the lives of these women which in any way tends to make them try and rise above their unwholesome surroundings? There is not. One has only to take a walk through the tenement house and slum districts to become fully convinced that such places would dishearten the strongest natures.

Then why are these women such indifferent housewives—and I grant you they are? The reasons are very apparent. Their lives start by going to work in a factory at the age of 13 or 14 years; their hours are generally from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m.

There is no time during the day to learn the rudiments of housekeeping and cooking, and after working hours they are too weary to attempt to do anything else than rest themselves.

When they marry they must of necessity go to live in one of the tenement rooms or slums, because no workingman's wages will allow any other district. They naturally start off with great ideas of what they intend to do. All very well. The desire to get on and try to learn how to manage a house well is without a doubt an essentially womanly trait.

Here in Dublin a room in a tenement house costs anything from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per week, no accommodation whatever, and the apartment always in a bad state of repair—more often than not actually unfit to live in.

In Belfast for 4s. or 5s. per week a four-roomed house can be rented. These houses are not all we would like them to be, but still a vast improvement on the unhealthy hovels in Dublin.

We have just heard that a certain lady who runs a small waterroom in Henry street and has working for her some young girls treats them shamefully. They are supposed to get an hour for dinner, they only get ten minutes, and are not allowed to leave the premises. No table is provided for them to eat their food off, they have to sit on the edge of a coal-box while eating their lunch.

There is no time during the day to learn the rudiments of housekeeping and cooking, and after working hours they are too weary to attempt to do anything else than rest themselves.

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR.

Choir practices will be as usual on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing Thursday and Friday evenings.

Irish Women Workers' Union, Liberty Hall 18 Beresford Place.

Entrance Fee 6d. Contributions 2d. per week

Intending members can see the Secretary any evening after 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L." Women Workers' Column, Liberty Hall, 18 Beresford Place.

National Club, Dolphin's Barn.

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At Towerfield House Grounds, DOLPHIN'S BARN,

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Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford 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, Aug. 31st, 1912.

Mutiny, by Gad!

So the worm has turned! And what we have pointed out time and again has at last been proved out of the bullock's mouth (well, any rate, a donkey dressed in a bullock's hide); for, lo and behold ye! the jobbers, graziers, money-lenders, and gambler men met yesterday in the supper room of the Mission House, Dublin, under the chairmanship of the cowboy, M.P., assisted by boundary rider Lorcan George Sherlock, Lord Mayor, LL.D. of T.O.D., and passed resolutions and said things. Their resolutions, of course, will receive that attention which the fatherly and benevolent Liberal Government will be allowed to pay them by the Shipping Federation, cattle shippers, and cold storage magnates of England. The intelligence displayed by men who think that Runciman, Minister for the English Agricultural Department, Vice-President of the Shipping Federation, owner and manager of steamers principally engaged in carrying cattle from U.S.A. and South America ports, will take off the restrictions as applied to Irish cattle, makes us think that the bullocks should have met and passed a resolution to demand the immediate shipment of the graziers and jobbers. Again, we repeat, the things that were said by these whole-souled patriots chills our blood. Listen to the Mounjo oracles!

He said, however, and said deliberately, that "any attempt at moderation by the farmers of the country from this out would be tantamount to treachery to Ireland and ruin to themselves." They were the only people fit to judge." In fact, Lorcan might have gone a stage further and said what he meant, that they (the cattle-jobbers) were the only people who counted for anything in the country. And Lorcan gets well paid for saying such foolish things. He should not hesitate, therefore, or the jobbers and graziers might get another secretary. But that whole-souled patriot and subscriber to the only Home Rule Party, the U.I.L.—Mr. T. J. Byrne, of Cattlemarket—takes us to the fair, taking, as he does, the cue from his leader, Lorcan. He rushes in where—fear to thread, and demands—in the bullock's voice he is so renowned for—"turn out the Government; not Irishmen, nor Irish cattle, is our votes they want." (Oh, wise young judge). And then Patterson (if he has a very Irish sound that name "Patterson") complained that John Redmond took as a left handed compliment their deputations waiting on him, even though introduced by the one and only Lorcan, LL.D., of T.O.D. and other voices (plural, mark ye) demanded that the Party should turn out the Government, and the Mounjo oracles made no protest. Mutiny! rank mutiny! What has that honest sterling patriot, the Chairman of the Mounjo United Irish League, to say to this rank treachery. Talk of Sinn Fein! Here we have Sinn Fein of the most virulent type. Because the graziers, eleven months' men, pawn-brokers, and money-lenders cannot bulldoze John Redmond, they want the Government turned out. Oulles, though you did eat the rosb, we don't believe you will allow Lorcan to blackleg on the U.I.L. We expect to see an expulsion resolution moved and carried at the next meeting of the Shelter of Scabocracy, Mounjo U.I.L. And now to be serious, for this is a fanny world, my masters. How is it Irish beef can be sold in Birkenhead, after paying freight, etc., at 4½d. per lb. whilst we here in Dublin have to pay 8½d. per lb. for wasteful portions of the best and 1½d. and 1s. per lb. for the choice portions? We wonder what the whole-souled patriots who belated and wax fat on the needs

of the poor sweated worker would say if we cried "turn out the Government." Every Act of Parliament which holds within it some hope of betterment for the Worker, it was the publican, grazer, swarting employers who control the Party were the means of strangling it. They stopped the feeding of needy school children; they compelled the emasculation of the Insurance Act, and on local administrative bodies the same creatures are always on the side of reaction. They own and conserve the slums both in town and country. The grazer has done more harm in the country than the publican, and both together more injury than all the hated laws of England. Never mind, then, John, though they pretend and subscribe the paltry pittance to the U.I.L. If you had to depend on them to back up your demand for Home Rule neither Liberal or Unionist Party would worry themselves. Better for you and the Party that this rump were against you, for you, sir, know that all their blessing and bellowing go for naught. It is the fearless, under-paid, honest worker who is determined to get Home Rule, no matter what the cost, who matters. It is he, the backbone of the nation, English and English parties, Liberal and Tory, fear, and knowing they are behind your demand for Home Rule (whatever our opinion as to the method) compels the Government to bow to that demand, though the publican, the grazer, the slum-owner, the place-hunter and the sweater, may mutiny. Depend on the common people, John. Mind not Lord Mayors or M.P.'s. We make them, and can unmake them. Turn out the Government when you think it judicious, but don't come back without Home Rule, for we are tired of waiting.

Salvation Army and its Methods

Out of the numerous letters received in connection with our comments on the death of one of the world's showmen, General Booth, only three disagree with our point of view. Two of the three, written in disguised handwriting, complain that we had taken up a sectarian point of view; they make other complaints, but like honest (?) critics, they forget to append their names. Well, if these two anonymous scribblers who wrote claiming to be Protestants were Protestants, they would do as all Protestants should do—sign their protest. So much for this course we have in Ireland—the cowardly anonymous writer.

Now, as to the critic who is submitting what he claims to be a balance sheet and statement of accounts published by the Army from International Headquarters, London, for the year ending September, 1910, and who, in a very kindly and courteous manner, calls us to task suggesting that we wreathe our case by being unfair and denying credit to those we don't agree with. May we suggest to our friend to read our matter again? We state, and restate that the work of the dead man known in life as General Booth being all sound and fury, having no foundation, neither spiritual nor ethical, will topple, and in a few years will disappear, having effected no good results, achieved nothing, and if anything made for reaction and social degradation, and we repeat no balance sheet has ever been published, that the promises held out in the book, "Darkest England and the Way Out" were dishonest, and were never meant to be carried out. And we repeat our challenge again. Let any supporter or sympathiser with the Army work point out, or give the name of any outstanding man or woman connected with the Army or its work, give us some facts—give us some results of the much-advertised work of soul-saving (what blasphemy!) Show us the social uplifting done by the Army. Let them take any town, village, or country, and we undertake to prove our case. Now where are the Army? Our columns are thrown open to any bona fide, honest supporter. They need not append their names to the printed matter. To those who are interested we suggest they should read Manson's book on the Army and its work, or analyse the General's will. Talk of infallibility, forsooth. The infallibility of the Booth family passeth all understanding.

THEY SAY

Glasnevin Mick is an innocent. He had an unemployed horse, mark you! So Friend Scully found employment for it. Oh, Goggins!

And then the white blackbird sang his lay (or lie). He did not know any different. What simple folks they are in the wilds of Glasnevin where the stiffs vote.

Talk about "scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. Scully's reduced it to a fine art. Whoa! Goggins.

Poor Mr. Farrell's got neurasthenia. That's the new name for the walking around the railings trick.

But who carries the crossier? If you want to know how to build houses on the cheap seek Scully.

There is some nice Christians in Athy of the pubs. The Workhouse Master only broke two shillings on the boy Dempsey. Why, if Scully and Doyle had charge of that youth they would work off his surplus energy in housing for the Distress Committee.

That Boss Magee is now known as freak egg.

That Councillor Charles J. Murray, LL.D., is of the opinion that all skilled mechanics should be jobbed into the Corporation services by the clique. Why not let Scully have the appointments in his control? But what would poor Murray do, the poor thing (What of the unskilled mechanics?) the U.I.L. bosses have jobbed into the home of rest?

The public might get too much information as to the doings of the dirty Brotherhood who have run the Unemployed Workmen's Distress Committee.

That Dante has been robbed.

That Cole is missing.

Maybe Dwyer's got neurasthenia.

That Scully does not like the Shops Act. It does not give him time enough to weigh the butter correct.

That Mr. Drury does not come from Wicklow, so the summons must be heard.

That the Wicklowmen's Association is going to Bray. No light weight about this news.

That ex-Councillor Daly got home on John Doyle, T.C., whilst in the Council, the following joke:—Doyle was boasting that the finest milk in the world came from Wicklow. "Agraed," said Daly; "and so does the Vartry."

A Brave Act—Unrewarded.

On Sunday, 4th August, while the Ringend Dodder Regatta was in progress, two children accidentally toppled into the river at the deepest point, and would assuredly have been drowned had not Dick M'Conn, a common worker, who was fully dressed and wearing a heavy overcoat, dived in, and held both children until assistance arrived and brought to safety. One of the children was in a state of collapse when taken into the boat. After some time, however, the child was sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed home. Had M'Conn hesitated one minute to remove any of his clothing there is no doubt that one life would have been lost. Those who witnessed the heroic act of M'Conn were loud in their applause, but to my mind something more practical is required in this case. M'Conn, who is a Bottleblower by profession, has a wife and several children depending on him, and he is not being of a very robust nature, suffering periodically from rheumatic pains, has not been able to follow his trade since the above date, this plunge into the Dodder has been the means of bringing back the pains, and he is now under the care of a doctor, and the result is that unless some action is taken in the matter both he and those depending on him will be hungry before very long.

Probably the energetic secretary of the regatta will have the matter reported to the Royal Humane Society and M'Conn will be presented with a certificate and medal for his bravery.

These articles are very nice in their way, but what benefit will they be to a man who is confined to bed and looking at a lot of hungry children? Were he to offer them for sale, I believe he would not get the price of a meal for the lot.

Not being connected with the Regatta Committee, I am unable to state what is being done to help M'Conn while he is suffering from the pains; but this I do know—that not one of the Committee went near him to know how he was getting on since, and, I believe, they do not care.

Surely this is not the way a man like M'Conn should be treated. Actions like his deserve immediate recognition, especially when it means the loss of bread and butter to his family; and, I believe, were it sufficiently well known, those who witnessed his action would come to his rescue now that he is temporarily laid aside. Should this meet the eye of any member of the Committee, I hope that some financial assistance will be given, and I promise to give my mite.

BRENDAN STREET.

STRAND VILLA A.F.C.

The annual meeting of above club was held on August 25th at Liberty Hall, Beresford Place. Mr. Moran in the chair. After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and signed, the secretary and treasurer's reports were adopted. The following officers were elected for 1912-13:—

- President—Mr. J. Larkin. Vice-President—Mr. F. Kearns. Secretary—Mr. J. Caffrey. Treasurer—Mr. M. Timmins. Committee—Messrs. J. Caffrey, M. Timmins, J. Moran, J. Robbins, J. Doyle, J. Byrne, J. Adams, T. Adams, P. Bolger, W. M'Nally.

The club will run two teams this season, one in the Leinster Junior League, and one in the County Dublin League.

DODGIN.

A new foreman named Dodgin had been appointed but his name was not known among all the employes at the brickyard. Going round one afternoon he saw two men sitting down and smoking.

"Who are you?" asked one of the employes. "I'm Dodgin, the new foreman."

"So are we. Come and sit down and have a smoke."

ONE PLACE EXEMPT.

A missionary in China was endeavouring to convert one of the natives. "Sappose me Christian, me go to heaven?" inquired Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All life," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Ohimaman into America when you let them in heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor problem in heaven."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Horse Show.

The remnants of a "native" aristocracy that dates from the Cromwellian invasion, spend their years' savings on dress to "do" Dublin during Horse Show week. Next week the finely feathered ladies that are sweeping on side-walks round the city and going into swell hotels for high-priced lunches, will be at home in tumble-down old mansions in different parts of the country following their customary avocations of feeding pigs or rearing calves. Their hearts are fluttering this week because they happen to be in the same field as "Her Excellency," or rubbing shoulders with the titled offspring of the cars that gained position or wealth by voting for the Union. It is their way of dissipation. They spend all they have on acting theatricals during Horse Show week.

The Show itself indicates how much care is taken to rear beasts. None of the horses we saw ever went a day hungry. Some of the cows were almost bursting they were so fat. Many human beings die in Dublin of starvation; plenty are dying now for want of food. But the Royal Dublin Society, a Department of Agriculture, will not give thousands of pounds a year to fatten the poor. They prefer to give it to encourage the proper feeding of cattle. We cannot even get the Corporation and M.P.'s to strike a half-penny rate to give our hungry school-children a dinner. Thousands of pounds, however, are readily given to feed out le. Attending on the horses we saw little undernourished grooms and stable hands. The horse is so important that they breed a special type of man to ride them, or look after them. It's a good job that a horse has not the same tastes as a tiger, or they might be buying orphan children to feed them with.

We notice that the Canadians, Austrians, and other foreigners buy up the very best bulls and stallions each Horse Show and take them away out of Ireland. They mean to produce better breeds, and so ruin Irish cattle farming.

The Doctors' "Strike."

We workers are beginning to see the medical profession in its true light. In January last one doctor named Jellett, of the Rotunda Hospital, called on heaven, through the "Daily Independent," to denounce Larkin for stopping the bread supply to the Rotunda Hospital, where patients might die of hunger. This was a foul lie, as all Dublin knew at the time, and the man Jellett should have been brought before the Courts to prove, or withdraw, his statements. Now we find the gang whose hearts were breaking at the idea of their patients being without bread throwing up their positions, breaking their agreements, and leaving patients and hospitals without attendance. The Insurance Act will mean millions of pounds for the medical profession in the British Isles; but the greedy vampires want more. They have a Union, which is evidently above the law, and a system of terrorism for "scabs" that would mean penal servitude for the Irish Transport Union officers if they dared adopt it. Doctors are more "educated" than dockers, consequently they can intimidate and boycott with impunity. They are prepared to leave patients and let them die if their exorbitant demands are not met. They do not scruple at murder, and the public is unmoved. Only a bakers' strike, or a dock strike, or a coal strike call for condemnation. The doctors are educated "gentlemen," and so have a divine right to strike or to threaten murder, or even to murder patients by non-attendance if they like. Under Home Rule Ireland will not submit to the dictatorship of the medical profession. We must have a Medical Service to pay doctors by results—less disease, more pay. Now, it is to their interests to keep the nation diseased, because more disease means more pay to them. That is why they want us to put the seeds of disease into our children by vaccination, or to take the deadly drugs they prescribe for us. The workingman and woman must realize that the doctor is not a "gentleman," but an ordinary shark that haies the poor.

Maher, the Glasnevin milkman, who got his daughter a job as typist in the North Dublin Union, had a horse working for the Distress Committee. He has a large dairy farm, but that did not prevent him from applying for "distress." Another personal friend of Scully's, John White, of Towerfield, who has a big dairy farm and extensive piggeries and a large number of horses, said Mr. Scully sent him to sign the unemployed register at Castle street, which he did. He got work, but the horse which he sent was an "unemployed horse man." The Inspector laughed and said this was the best joke of all. It was no laughing matter last winter when people were starving while Scully's friends were doing "distress" work.

The Lifeboat Fake.

To-day, Saturday, there is to be a lifeboat collection, and, weather permitting, a procession, in which Union Jacks will predominate. The Secretary of this association draws over £1,000 per year salary,

and would have an objection to jumping into the Liffey to rescue a drowning man. Life-saving is being exploited by these gentlemen, whose headquarters are in London, and every year they extract a large sum, much of which goes in salaries, out of the pocket of the charitable public. We don't object to life-saving, but we object to people drawing large salaries for exploiting humble workers who do save life. Plenty of workmen plunge into the Liffey and rescue people from a watery grave and get, perhaps, sixpence. They have more right to the £1,000 than the top-hatted gentlemen to whom a lot of the money collected on Saturday will go.

GAELLS.

Will all members who are interested in forming a Gaelic Football Team attend meeting on Sunday at four o'clock in Liberty Hall large room. Team must be formed at once and ground got.

WEXFORD NOTES.

The bazaar held at Roslare recently seems to have been greatly patronized by scabs, and, according to the papers, they seem to have won (or should we use another word) everything that was in it.

The following scabs are amongst the prize winners:—Young Truck, lady's bicycle; M'Eatyre Salmon, fancy outfit; Joe Fennell (scab merchant, who was conspicuous for Stafford when boats refused to supply him with coal), case of perfume (to disinfect the rosb); M. Corcoran, "Free Press," a coach whip (scab) to keep "Tappertit" in his place; Willie Donohoe scab won a silk scarf, but when he went to lock for it he was presented with four pairs of blue and white children's socks.

Salmon is very busy going around this last week or so telling people that the foundry men are falling away from the Union, and that if they were called out by the Union officials they would not come. We wonder is Tommy sure of that. If anyone had told him twelve months ago that the foundry men would have made such a magnificent fight for six long months, when he threw them out on the roadside to starve, would he have believed it.

We hear

That the white-washed Yank was once a salesman for Mrs. Hulme. That he is very fond of Pat Daly. I don't think. That Paul Carroll bought some widow's weeds at Kelly's auction. That Tom Oallen brought his son in to scab it. That Lewis, Cornmarket, the chap who scabbed in the lock out, is gone to again to scab now.

That recently, when he was in court for stealing a box, he was let go free because he was a scab. That Dolan, who was supposed to be watching public houses on the Quay on Sunday last in plain clothes, got drunk himself first. That he is to get two stripes shortly. That he would have never got any out for the lock-out.

That he is a great scab protector. That he said there was only thirty men at Connolly's meeting. That he had that many putting up the gate in Parnell-street supplied by Stafford.

That Carr, Stafford's scab, had no clothes to go to the Circus on Saturday night. That Coopey Sianott is at it on the beat. That Sheril co found his umbrella at the back of the sofa. That one of your qualifications for getting a job of scabbing at Stafford's must be that you shall have a holding deposit of at least twelve quarts of beer. That if at any time you go to bed scab you will be sacked.

That the members of the "Froth Blowers and Beer Shifters Club" are very fond of Walker's back entrance. That the above club is composed of fiction-masters, ship brokers, and skippers. That Billy and Andy refereed the tag-of-war match in Roslare. That there is another branch of this society supporting Mike Wickham.

That it is composed of managers, assistant managers, foremen, assistant foremen, travellers, peelers, drunkards, labourers, (some of them lately in the employ of Jim Roche), Petty Sessions clerks, boat house managers.

WHEELBARROWS, TRUCKS, AND SLATES.

That there is shortly to be a treat between Ned Whelan and the Wheelbarrow clerk. That the "truck" is to be brought along an ambulance. That the result will be written on a slip. That Mahony, the Stevedore, has applied for membership of the "Bearslayers and Froth Blowers' Society."

That Jim Stafford has to pay his entrance fee. That Jim Larkin has cleared out to America with all the poor man's money. That Corish and Daly are gone to Australia with whatever Jim left. That O'Connor won't be long till he is after them.

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 House. Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

BOOTS FOR MEN, Box Call & Chrome Boots at 6/11 as sold elsewhere at 8/11. Hand-Pegged Bluchers at 4/10 AS SOLD ELSEWHERE, 6s. THE SMALL PROFIT STORE, 78b Talbot Street.

Harold Begbie on Dublin Slums.

"FOUL INHUMAN DENS."

Father Aloysius and the Poor.

A noted English writer recently visited Dublin to write up his impressions in a leading London daily. We do not agree with all that he has written, because English writers are superficial in their treatment of Irish subjects, but his word pictures of our city's dark spots are well worth reproduction. After describing the fashionable streets, the writer proceeds: "But Dublin has its slums. There are slums hidden away in the dark places of this city which are so atrocious that I think they must long ago have destroyed all virtue in their inhabitants but for the constant vigilance of a ruling priesthood. In these foul inhuman dens you come across interiors decorated with pictures of St. Mary, and discover so pure and virtuous a family life that you are disposed to believe the dictum of Dean Inge. But the

POVERTY IS FRIGHTFUL.

The struggle to keep the head above water is very nearly intolerable. People do go to the devil because all sense of heavenly reality is obliterated in these aimless alleys of earthly wretchedness. I cannot conceive of any man with one smouldering glimmer of an expiring conscience taking rent for these burrows. Yet in these slums of Dublin there is an atmosphere which clothes them with some different guise from the slums of Belfast. To begin with, they have the excuse of age. They existed before factories darkened the skies. They stem older than the city that surrounds them with dwarfing magnificence. They speak of a simpler age, a more primitive people, and of fields that were once green to their very doors. In a certain way they are picturesque. At any rate, they are only anachronisms, not contemporary sins. I paid a visit to these slums with a notable saint. Had he lived in the Middle Ages this good man would have been 'all heart,' as we say. Living in the twentieth century, he is a really 'all head.'

FATHER ALOYSIUS.

A Franciscan, a temperance reformer, and a student of municipal reform, Father Aloysius, in his thick, brown-girdled habit, his little skull-cap, and his long feet sliding about in loose sandals, seems always to be in a hurry—as if he had just jumped up from a table strewn with statistics and was afraid of being late for an appointment at the other end of the world. He walks on his toes, with a little hop in his steps; he carries books and papers under his arms, and talks at a pace that stretches the drums of our ears to keep up with it. One trivial thing in my walk with this good man made a considerable impression on my mind. Every man we passed defied his hat to the monk, and children came charging towards him with the cry "God bless you, Father." Labourers mending the road, catters driving vans and waggon, postmen going by with empty bags, limp, across their shoulders, jayvays driving their cars along, workmen lounging at street corners, gentlemen of the commercial traveller persuasion, and dangerous-looking roughs at the beginning of a slum roadway—all these men, certainly hundreds of them, looked respectfully towards the monk and lifted hats and caps. "Everybody seems to know you," I said. "Our Order has worked here for a long time," he replied. "They are genuinely fond of us, and they respect the habit. You would be really interested, I think, to discover how these poor people cling to religion and how kind they are to each other. That is what gives us such great pleasure. Their kindness to each other,

particularly in distress, is amazing. It is quite, quite beautiful." "On the whole, are they fairly virtuous?" "Their one vice is drink. People say they are lazy, but I am sure it is untrue. They grow indolent because looking for a job or standing about disheartens them. I don't think the poor of Dublin are worse drinkers than the poor of London or Glasgow. But there is too much drinking. It is our worst enemy. In every-thing else the people are wonderfully good, and as soon as a man gives up drink he becomes happy." "Do you think the slums are respectable?" "We find that very soon after a man signs the pledge he grows prosperous and leaves the neighbourhood. He can afford a better house; and as the good people go out the bad people flow in, so that we have always got a population of miserables. If the

SLUMS WERE SWEEPED AWAY

and decent houses erected," continued Father Aloysius, "the character of the people would improve, and our work would be infinitely more easy. These slums are the sink of the city, to which all the unhappiness and failure and poverty and drunkenness gravitate in a steady flow. People can live here on next to nothing. We entered some of the dens in the worst slums, and in every case Father Aloysius' visit was regarded as a supreme honour. These depressed Irish have a certain grace, a charm of manner, and a tone of voice that poverty seems to spare." The writer goes on to describe the Father Mathew Hall, and his concluding reference to Father Aloysius reads: "He is an expert in public questions and acquainted with many movements of social reform. He is a convinced and keen spirited optimist, believing that it is good to be alive and fighting for the progress of mankind."

(To be continued.)

THE REBELS' NIGHT OUT.

A Parody Most Profane.

(AIR—"Twenty one To-day.")

We're going to have a night to night, We're going to make things hum; We mean to have a bit of sport, Let everybody come. We'll gather round the flowing mead, And do the proper thing; You'll know it all by closing time When we begin to sing:

CHORUS— Good old U.I.L. Great old U.I.L. We don't care suppose, you know We are the men who run the show, We're going to rouse the country up— So about like blooming h—! Birds of a feather—together— Great old U.I.L.

We want to tell the world what we Have set our minds to do; We mean to let the people see We know a thing or two. There's no use saying Larkin fears We're going to have a row, We gladly would but we have something Else to do just now.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

The papers of the Universe With fulsome praise we'll fill About that latest health resort That men call Summerhill. We must enshrine it's fame in song, For this is only meet, Likewise the rebels' Grand Parade Now known as Rutland Street.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

You must not dare to speak aloud, If criticise you would; We are above being criticised As all true heroes should. If you dare speak unkind of us We'll swear that you're a fool, Denounce you as a factionist Who do not want Home Rule.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

The Register is filled with names Of Irishmen like Cohen. No foreigner may there intrude Like Murphy, Doyle, or Bohan. The Nation looks to us for help When things are not alright; What we were thinking yesterday The country thinks to night.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

There's no use people thinking they'll Probe into our plot; We're devils all—the most of us— The Devil guides the lot, The tyrants of the City soon Will tremble in their shoes, When College Green's the talking shop, And we control the "blouse."

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

Home Rule is coming mighty soon, Of this there is no doubt; You cannot have it otherwise With men like us about. Remember when this tune you hear, It's such a useful thing; Take care what way the chorus goes— You know the words to sing.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

There's no use kicking up a row, And making quite a fuss, If we don't do things properly— But you leave that to us. "God save the Party," say we all, This is the prayer we pray; "God save the Worker" is the cry When comes Election Day.

CHORUS—Good old U.I.L., &c.

NOTE.—The foregoing ditty is cheerfully dedicated to those stalwart champions of Home Rule who, under an imposing variety of noms de guerre, have been contributing to the general amusement of the readers of the "Evening Telegraph." One of the anonymous scribes signs himself "A Skilled Trades Unionist"—skilled, most likely, in the deft manipulation of the pewter pot. Another genius adopts the pseudonym of "Common Sense"; although we should have thought that this most desirable attribute has ever been notoriously lacking from the parvies of the Prince's Street gaitie. However, "there are more things in heaven and on earth," etc.

ORACLE.

EXCURSION TO DROGHEDA.

In our advertisement columns will be found a notice of an Excursion to Drogheda, organised by the Rifle and Drum Band of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

The Excursion will take place on Sunday, the 15th September, leaving the Custom House Quay at 9.30 a.m., and will return to Dublin about 11 p.m.

As the journey will be made by that excellent little boat, the SS. Audrey, the Excursion promises to be a most enjoyable one.

The return fare is 3s. 6d., and as the tickets are limited now is the time to get them.

Remember the date, Sunday, September 15th. Come along with the Band and enjoy the Best Trip of the Season.

TELEPHONES 1256 AND 507.

PAT KAVANAGH,

PROVISIONS,

Beef, Mutton and Pork.

GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRIORS.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;

71 and 72 New Street; 4 Dean Street,

DUBLIN.



The Hass and 'Orse Show.

'Tis the Horse Show Week; the time of the year When folk from all over the world are here. They flock through our streets in feathers so fine That you cannot forget 'tis horse show time.

'Tis out at Ballsbridge that the horses are seen. And of finer gee-gees you couldn't well dream. 'Tis in Grafton street that the donkeys parade And sillier asses can't be found, I'm afraid.

'Tis the time of the year, the Horse Show Week, When "mokes" from all climes dear old Dublin seek. The asses buy horses, though the gee-gees say "Neigh!" And the "mokes" give a "hee-haw!" and take them away.

Some asses wear hobbles and hats quite a fright Some others wear leggings and "checks" loud and bright They saunter about and say, "Fow d'yah do?" I'm awfully bored! Ain't there anything new?"

No, nothing is new, 'tis the same old tale That is told every year after year without fail The horses are shown for the asses to view And the nags have by far the most sense of the two.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Jobbery in the North Union.

Guardians' Sons and Daughters Boss the Show.

Sir,—My letter of the 17th inst., which you were kind enough to publish in the WORKER, caused consternation amongst the Jobbers.

I challenged contradiction from the "Guardians of the Poor," whose sons and daughters are at present trying to do the work in the various parts of the "Houses" Was my challenge answered? No! The "Guardians of the Poor" (?) named, could not answer, simply because I was telling the truth. In my previous letter I forgot to mention Mr. "Mickey" Maher, ex-T.O. (Glasnevin Ward, this "stump of Demons") twelve months ago driving a discussion on the employment of Guardians' relatives, said that he had "no axe to grind"; but, Sir, in a surprisingly short time "Mickey" has become an expert manipulator of the aforesaid axe. Not satisfied with dumping a daughter into a very lucrative position in the Union a short time ago, on Wednesday last he introduced another daughter, who was appointed (temporary?) typist in the clerks' office. Mickey has also his brother-in-law in the staff. If this "Guardian of the Poor" continues at this rate, in a short time he will be able to open a cutlery establishment. Another Jobber who is running "Mickey" close in the 'art of axe-grinding' is Mr. John M'Donnell (Lans' quay Ward. This "Guardian of the Poor" is blind, but he can feel a long way considering that he has got his son-in-law, an ex-bung, appointed overseer in the Union firm at O'Leary, and his son a job in the "H. Ue."

Then we have "Christy" Ryan, Molloy, Guna and Thornton. The sons and daughters and other relatives of those "Guardians of the Poor" at present on the pay-rolls of the Union numbers 11. What chance, Sir, have the several qualified attendants, male and female, who have been ousted, to make jobs for the sons and daughters of these cliques? None; I know, Sir, for a fact, that at the present moment the "House" is like a "Chinese puzzle." The "General" and his "Sab" are powerless. But what have the L.G.B. to say? In my letter of the 17th inst., I asked, Sir, if any of those "Guardians of the Poor" ever visited the male or female dining halls during the meal hours of the inmates. No, Sir, they do not. They never think for one moment about the inmates. Do those "Guardians of the Poor" ever think of revising the scale of diets at present in operation in the male and female halls? No; they do

not. God knows, Sir, it is near time that some decent member of the Board would take this matter up, and be would have the prayers of some of the unfortunate creatures who have been forced to seek the shelter of this job-making institution.

The exposure of the jobbery, thanks to THE WORKER, has caused consternation amongst the "aristocrats" who, before the publication of my letter, would not touch THE WORKER, but who, when they found that the "cat was out of the bag," bought it up, and read it with avidity. Thanking you, Sir, for publishing my letter, and hoping you will find space for the above.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Scully, the Cowardly Scallywag

As we have not yet heard from John Scully, J.P., T.O., P.L.G., in answer to the challenge published in our columns two weeks ago to retire from the Merchants' Quay Ward and fight a straight fight for its reposition against a Labour candidate, we feel ourselves justified in describing him not only as a "scallywag" but as a cowardly one, to boot.

Perhaps he feels that he dare not risk facing the electors so soon after the scandalous revelations made by the District Committee Enquiry.

Whether he comes out now or later, however, he must know that the voters in Merchants' Quay or any other ward in the city will not tolerate a convicted robber of the poor as a representative.

The electorate of Dublin has suffered many curious things to happen in the past undoubtedly, but there are a few signs on the horizon which denote that that rank and file time is passing away, and the black night-birds of jobbery and robbery and corruption will be cast out with disgust.

If Scully still thinks, however, either on his own initiative, or under the prompting influence of his friend, M. Grath, that he has a solitary chance of being returned as a representative to the City Council, should he resign, then let him come out and fight.

The offer of £20 for a Dublin Charity is still open should he do so, only we now add the proviso that it does not be handed over under any circumstances to the infamous District Committee.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse, NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street. The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin, Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

SIMPSON & WALLACE, The Workingman's MEAT PROVIDERS,

Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

NOTE ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 Nth. Strand; 28 Bolton St.; and 15 Francis St.

Another Louis Byrneism

We have just learned of another case in the list already scheduled in references to the actions of our City Coroner. On last December, a young man named Hunt was working on the quay as a dock labourer; whilst at his work he met with an accident which necessitated his being taken to hospital. He was sent to Jervis street Hospital, and placed under the care of Dr. Louis Byrne, suffering from injuries to his leg, scalp wounds, and a dislocated shoulder. After four days in Jervis street Hospital he was discharged, but he was paid his compensation allowance until May, when he was sent to be examined by the doctor for the Insurance Company. The Insurance Company's doctor was Dr. Louis Byrne, and he "examined" Hunt at his residence in Merrion square, where he pronounced Hunt as alright. Byrne, it must be remembered, was the doctor from whose care in Jervis street he was discharged the preceding December. After the examination referred to, Hunt was detained in Sir Patrick Dan's Hospital for nearly three weeks, and up to the moment of writing we are informed he is unable to do any work, although for three months he has been refused compensation allowance from the report of Byrne. The serious aspect of the case as it presents itself to us is, that Byrne whilst a member of the staff of an hospital supported by the citizens of Dublin by a pretty large subsidy from the city exchequer, should be permitted to act as the representative of an insurance company in a case where he acted in the hospital for the claimant as his medical adviser. But how much more serious is this, when he also acts as coroner for the city! Suppose Hunt had to have been killed as the result of the accident, how could Byrne act as an impartial party in the proceedings of which he would be the official head? And yet, the citizens are paying Byrne a large salary for the efficient carrying out of the duties of his office! We hope the members of the Labour Party will raise this question at the earliest possible moment, and that the citizens, as a whole, will watch the proceedings with interest. It is notorious that every case where a post-mortem examination is held on the remains of the subject of an inquest, is almost without exception passed over to the medical man to whom Byrne's practice in High street was sold; and this fact, added to the fact that the man who appoints him is known to act as medical adviser to interested parties in a number of these inquiries, is very likely to cast serious doubts on the bona fides of inquests held under such circumstances, whilst the fact that a member of the staff of Jervis street Hospital has been engaged in the manner in which Byrne has acted in the case referred to, must make the Board of Governors take some action too.

DEBUT AT DOLPHIN'S BARN.

Arrangements are now complete for what promises to be the most successful debut of the season, to be held at that ideal place for such functions, Towerrill House Grounds, Dolphin's Barn, on next Sunday, September 1st, under the auspices of the newly-formed D'Alphina's Barn National Club. The committee in charge have spared no expense to prepare a most enjoyable entertainment, and anticipate a record attendance. Two bands will contribute to the enjoyment of the evening—the ever-popular St. James's Brass and Drum Band, winners of two cups and several prizes; Brian O'Higgins will sing, the first time in public, a new humorous song entitled, "The Peckers and the German Spies." It will be easy to judge the excellence of the programme from the following names which figure on the Club:—Siobhan Ní Cearbáill, gold medalist and 1st prize winner at the Oireachtas for seven years; Seagán na Congbáite, T. S. O'Keefe, the Misses O'Callaghan, Donnatt MacEogáin, First Prize Winner Feir Loo Samman, with Clann Naomh Paorais dancers Ua Dhomhnaigh, C. Mac Carraig, Liam Shortall, P. Ua Murrpáig, Miss. Mollie Byrne, the Misses Murtagh, O'Connell and Feir Prize Winners, and Mrs. Kenny, violinist.

A novel feature of the debut is a Free Drawing for a Suit Length of Donegal Tweed, purchased from Gleeson and Co., O'Connell-street.

As may be seen from our Advertising Columns, the Admission is the modest 3s.

Report of Belfast Commercial Traveller on return home from the West, 1912:—

ESCAPED ANYWAY.

"Here you are back again from your first trip," said the Belfast merchant to his new salesman. "Did you bring back many orders?"

"Orders!" and the salesman gasped. "I was glad enough to escape with my life, the people in the West say they are going to deal out Christianity (Belfast Brand) to all persons hailing from Belfast. Talk about getting orders—the only order I heard of was an order for a coffin, so I let out."

48 and 49 Thomas Street; 35 and 36 Great Brunswick Street. Dublin, August, 1912.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—We sincerely thank you for your kind support and recommendations during the past year. For the Autumn and Winter season we have made most elaborate preparations in anticipation of another record time, and have on show at both Warehouses the grandest display of New Goods in this City, as usual at rock-bottom Cash Prices. Our stocks are large—the variety enormous—every item new, stylish, and the latest. We take the smallest living margin of profit possible, which accounts for the marvellous value we offer. Our buyers are recognised specialists in their line, and we claim without fear of contradiction, to sell Drapery Goods superior in quality and lower in price than any other firm in the trade. Our motto has always been to press no one to buy, but instead are always delighted to show you our best lines, and we are confident the result will lead to business.

It has been wisely said that the prices charged increases the pleasure of making your purchases at BELTON & Co's. We have built up our great popularity and reputation by giving honest value.

We ask for your trade and support on the merits of our goods alone. If you are not already a customer of ours, give us a trial, we will prove to you that "we are the cheapest people in the trade."

Thanking you in anticipation,

We are,

Yours respectfully,

Belton & Co's

Great Clearance Sale OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

200 Pairs Women's Canvas Shoes, with or without Rubber heels to clear, 1s. 3/6 a pair; usual price, 1s. 11/6 a pair.

150 Pairs Ladies' Glace Boots, laced; butta or Derby; during sale, 2s. 8/6 a pair. Marvellous value.

500 Pairs Boys' and Girls' Canvas Shoes, black brown or grey, sizes, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, a pair; a size, 11, 12, 13, 1, 1s. 2/6 a pair. Rare bargains.

120 Pairs Women's Leather Shoes, smart shapes, black or brown; to clear, 1s. 2/6 a pair.

Our Men's Bluchers at 4s. 6d. a pair are elinking value. Hundreds of other money saving bargains too numerous to mention. Come early and get the pick of the stock.

Garrick's Boot Stores

61a TALBOT ST. (under Railway Arch),

AND

22 ELLIS'S QUAY, DUBLIN.

TRADES SOCIETIES,

Football Clubs, and any other

Working Class Societies requiring

rooms for meetings, &c., would do

well to call on Caretaker,

LIBERTY HALL,

18 Baresford Place.

Lighted throughout by Electricity.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

V. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser. 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

James Larkin,

Plain and Fancy Baker, 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.

WEDDING RINGS.

Engagement and Keeper Rings IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Watches in Hunting Cases, 22s. 6d.

Best House for all kinds of Watch Repairs Double Bolt Alarm Clocks, 2/6.

ALFRED ROCK, Watchmaker and Jeweller,

141, Capel street & 38 Mary street, DUBLIN.

BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD AT THE WORKERS' BAKERY.

CORNMARKET.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c., 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.

If You Have not the Ready Money

convenient there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on 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.

Support RUSSELL'S,

THE FAMILY BAKERS, TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS NATHAN'S BAKERY.

BECKER BROS.

FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 South Great George's Street and 17 North Earl Street. DUBLIN.

Go to—MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street, FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Workers! Support the Only Picture House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman.

THE IRISH CINEMA

Opel Street (next to Trades Hall), New Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d. Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.

BUTTER.

Farmers' Pure Butter, 11d. and 1s. per lb. Creamery 1s. 2d. and 1s. 3d. per lb. Branded Irish Heads 3d. per lb.

Patk. J. Whelan, 82 QUEEN STREET.

Some Definitions.

No. 3.—Machinery.

Machinery is the one intermediary between man and nature through which man is able to produce more than a bare existence.

To-day machinery is used for every branch of human endeavour and it's use is universal.

Machinery is of many kinds! Spades and ploughs; hammers and locomotives; dug-out canoes and ocean-liners; doctor's hooks and hydraulic cranes; these are all different forms of machinery.

Men had not always machinery. Many years ago the only machinery used in cultivation was a pointed stick. To-day there are steam and motor ploughs!

As it is with land cultivation so is it with all other things for supplying the necessities and comforts of mankind.

Machinery has gradually evolved from small beginnings till it has become the great, massive source of power and utility which we know to-day.

The brains and lives of countless inventors and engineers have been given for centuries to the perfection of machinery!

They thought that by their skill they would make the production of wealth easier and greater.

In that they succeeded! THEY ALSO thought that by the production of more wealth they would banish hunger and poverty from the world.

In that they failed! They failed because the machinery fell into the hands of a few individuals known as capitalists who use it to exploit the working-class.

The capitalists have no right to machinery for it is the heritage of countless ages to all men, and should be possessed by all men and used for the good of all men!

Until machinery is possessed and used for the good of the whole people it is a greater curse to the workers than it is a blessing.

(Next week's definition, Wealth.)

"OMAS"

LABOUR MEETING IN SLIGO.

Speeches by Messrs. James Larkin, P. T. Daly, and T. Foran.

A big labour meeting was held in the Assembly Room, Town Hall, on last Sunday, which was addressed by Mr. James Larkin, Mr. P. T. Daly, and Mr. Thomas Foran. The spacious room, which is capable of holding some 700 people, was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Larkin, who received a great ovation, said that they came down that day from Dublin for the purpose of enjoying themselves, and not so much for the purpose of propaganda; but their god-friend, Lynch, as usual, gave orders for them to attend a meeting in the Town Hall, so they were there.

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Mr. Larkin then proceeded to say that he was one of themselves, and that everything that concerned their welfare concerned him. If they rose in the scale of life, so he rose. If they sank, he sank, too. He was of them and with them.

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mine, and without my permission you cannot take it." That kind of thing was against morality, and could not go on, no matter who said so. If they didn't like his gospel they could go their own way and he would go his. Mr. Larkin then proceeded to say that he did not covet more than any other one. He was born the son of a labourer, and opportunities that never came to him might come to others; but he never deprived any man of the right to live. He had been lied about in a disgraceful manner in a paper in this town by a creature named M. Lacey, and the letter sent by that wretch was only too welcome in his "Champion."

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woman would have to go without a dress, children without food, if they were one week out of work. Well, the employers were always out of work, and their women did not go without dresses. While they went about on their motor cars they would say that fellow, Larkin, was preaching robbery. But he was showing them who were the robbers—the people who lived on their labour. Noticing an Englishman in the crowd, Mr. Larkin proceeded to address him, saying he was glad to see him there, and he hoped he would tell them when he went back to London that they (the Irish people) were not so ignorant as was thought. They wanted Home Rule, not because the British Empire wanted it. She was going down, but they (the people of Ireland) were going up (applause). They believed in fellowship and the brotherhood of man, and they were not going to help England to scourge India and Egypt. They were going to be free men whether England liked it or not. There were men in Ireland yet who wanted the Home Rule that the men of '48 wanted—the Home Rule that James Fintan Lalor strove for (applause). Men who would take all they got from England and try and get more. They wanted Home Rule, so that every man, woman, and child would take their part in the government of the country. It would be a lever whereby they would lift the whole fabric of their nation. That Bill which was now going through the House of Commons, and which would become law in two years after many difficulties, not before, would help them to go forward. They stood for the Home Rule that the '48 men stood for—the men who never wavered down their principles for anyone. They were the sons of these men. He claimed the land belongs to the people of Ireland, and that the Irish people should be as free as the sea that beats on her coast. They were all of the one nation, whether they came from the North or South. He came from the North—thank God for the North. Though there were men in the North who tried to divide them they were going to fail. They could not divide a nation. The Orangemen in Belfast were only the tools of the capitalist class. The politicians were only doing their dirty work because the capitalists were afraid of the combination of Protestant and Catholic workers. Mr. Larkin concluded a long address with an appeal to the workers of Sligo to avoid drink, as they never allowed any of their officials in the Irish Transport Union to take drink. (Long and continued applause followed, when Mr. Larkin sat down.)

MR DALY.

Mr. Daly said like his friend and chief, Jim Larkin, it afforded him great pleasure to be with them that day in Sligo. Like him, he came down that day for pleasure, as there was nothing in the world he was fonder of than enjoyment (hear, hear). This time twelve months they were told that the Transport Union in Sligo would be a failure. They were told that an attempt was being made to lead them all from their work and destroy the prosperity of Sligo and themselves. They were told that there could not possibly be sufficient cohesion among the workers of Sligo to enable them to win for themselves economic freedom, but they came down to Sligo and they said: "Men of the West, you have been long enough asleep. For God's sake, shake off the slumber in which you are cast. Awake! Awake!" And to day that portion of the province of Connaught was at last awake (applause). He heard his friend, Larkin, talk about a man who was gone away (laughter), and he heard him talking about his conscience. Well, he thought St. Laurence's conscience was very like an elastic stocking, because the more he put in it the longer it stretched (laughter). The elastic stocking was no exception to the general rule, and, unfortunately, it reached the bursting point at last. Laurence told him on the quays one day what was going to happen. He told him that he was going to stand on the quays at his work while the men that he (Mr. Daly) was leading would be looking on at him doing the work. But he said to the men if they only proved true to themselves St. Laurence might spend the remainder of his days praying to his patron saint. St. Laurence was gone to a place where they worshipped the god he worshipped for many years—the almighty dollar. If he (Mr. Daly) was correctly informed he was gone to a land where he would have nothing to teach the sharks.

Mr. Daly—Take care, has he his house thatched. Continuing, Mr. Daly said that Jim had spoken to them about what had been occurring in Ireland, and he was going to say a word or two on that point. Mr. Larkin had spoken to them of Home Rule, and told them what his conception of Home Rule was. He (Mr. Daly's) conception of Home Rule was that he wanted Irishmen to rule Ireland just as he expected his wife to rule in his own home. That was what they would say to the men who represented them: "We want this thing done, and unless you are prepared to do what we want done we will do the work ourselves." For the last 30 years the work of the movement in Ireland had been in a certain direction. They had been working to obtain independence for the farming class in this country. What gratitude had they shown?

Mr. Daly—Didn't they know when they were fighting recently for their rights that they had to lock for goods to Roscoe Point. Proceeding, he said the land of Ireland belonged to the people of Ireland. It was as much his as it was the farmers. They would live to see that doctrine realised. The land on which they all lived would be the common heritage of all in the near future, and if they want a

as they were going on what now looked a vain hope, would be a stern reality. Mr. Daly then proceeded to refer to the drink question. He said they were making the men recognise their responsibilities to their wives and their families. They had succeeded in making temperance men in the ranks of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. Continuing, he said they knew, and he knew, that in Ireland there was no differentiation in the manner in which the laws were administered (laughter). They had been for six solid years endeavouring to cement Orangemen and Roman Catholics together. They were told that men had been persecuted in Belfast because they were Roman Catholics. But no; they were never asked were they Catholic. They were asked were they labour men, and if they were labour men they had to go. If they went on as they were going on the day when that could take place in Ireland would soon be wiped away. They would revive the days when Neilson and McCracken and Orr, and Jimmy Hyde, stood on the top of Cave Hill, and in the name of humanity held out the hand of fellowship, and standing as men under one banner vowed to cast off the shackles that kept them in subjection and bondage. Jim had told them that the Home Rule he was for was the Home Rule that the men of '48 sought. The Home Rule he (Mr. Daly) was for was the Home Rule for which the men of '48 and '98, and the men who followed James Stephens in '67 had suffered (loud applause). They wanted to make this land a land worth living in.

Mr. Daly's speech, which lasted for three quarters of an hour, evoked frequent bursts of applause.

Mr. Thomas Foran, President of the Transport Union, congratulated the Sligo men on their victory. He referred to Mr. Lynch, who, he said, could not get work, and had been chased from pillar to post. But now the man who did so had been chased out of the country. That was a great victory. He said there should be work for all men who were able to work (applause).

A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. John Lynch, President Sligo Branch, seconded by Mr. Sweeney, was passed unanimously. Mr. Larkin, replying to the vote of thanks, referred to the proof carried on by some drapers in Sligo of sending away suits to be made in the sweating dens of Leeds and Manchester. He asked members of the Transport Union, now that they had won their battle, to back up the tailors, in their fight against those shops. A list of the drapers who employed Sligo tailors he understood was being prepared and would be sent round all the clubs in Sligo. He gave orders that none of their members were to enter any of the coat shops, and when the Transport Union gave orders they had to be obeyed. The proceedings terminated.

THE MAGDALEN.

Only a child-girl walking the street, Wistfully watching for someone to meet; Only a name on Humanity's scroll— Only a worker with body and soul

Out of employment—now wanted no more, No food and no fire, no sheltering door; No joy in the present, of the future you'll tell, The past was anxiety, the present is hell.

The carriage flash—such a gleam from the pit— 'Mid flowers on soft cushions, the placidly sits; Their cars for beds on which their dogs lie, Leaving her on the pavement to sin or to die.

The lights in the river seem pillars of flame; Hell gleams through the water—far better than shame— A young soul, yet pure as the lily and white, Alas! ere the dawn shall be blacker than night.

There are cowards in the crowd who call themselves men, Who will scoff at thy shame, whilst they share in the sin, Poor victim of tyranny, suffering, sore Though moving and laughing, life for thee is o'er.

Yes, demons incarnate shall blight thy young life, Shall deny thee thy birthright of mother and wife; But the wretches who tempt thee thy young soul to sell Are betraying their souls for the bosom of hell.

An Clairin Dubh.

—RIDE—

ARIEL CYCLES,

2/3 Weekly; TOTAL PRICE £6 15s.

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Established 1851. For Reliable Provisions!

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Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland!

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100 Nth. King Street, 41 Summerhill and 8 Minchin Hill Place.

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MINERALS.

Insist on getting your Drinks supplied in bottle like the above.

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TOBACCONIST & NEWSAGENT, 75 Parnell Street and 77 Amiens Street.

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

EVERY WORKINGMAN SHOULD JOIN St. Brigit's Christian Burial Society, RINGSEND.

Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock. One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

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