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

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

QUESTIONS. SAILORS'

BY SHELLBACK.

(Continued from last meck.)

appearance among the crews of the war ships laying at Spithead in the early part of the year 1797. The result of the agitation was the first sailor's strike, and after work had been knocked off for some time, and after three men had been shot on the "Red Sands" of that year (the 7th of May) the strike ended entirely to the satisfaction of its promoters. On May the 10th of the same year Richard Parker, a supernumerary seaman on board the "Sandwich," headed another sailors' strike for the men forming the crews of warships laying at Sheerness and the Nore. This strike is officially labelled "The Mutiny of the Nore," and it was not so successful.

On Monday, June 26th, 1797, Richard Parker was condemned to death by a jury of admirals and naval officers, and within 24 hours was hanged like a felon at the yard-arm of his ship by the very men he had endeavoured to benefit. Hundreds of others were hung, or sent to long terms of imprisonment for the part they took in that strike, although at its settlement "agreements" had been entered into and "concessions" promised, and although the Government of the day had promised that there would be no "victimization," The immediate effect of such unjust tactics was to stifle any further attempt to redress grievances by agitation, and to a certain extent right up to the present day discipline in the navy has only been maintained by the fear of drastic punishment rather than by the hope of any reward, for it is common knowledge that a crime that would be adequately met in the Civil Courts by a punishment of a month's imprisonment might easily spread to ten years' penal servitude if tried under naval disciplinary measures. However, reforms are slowly making their appearance under the white ensign, and though many of the grievances that Parker died trying to redress still exist, the sailors' pocket money one cannot call it wages—shows an upward

We are more interested in the mercantile marine, however, and bad as things were in the navy it must be admitted they were infinitely worse in the merchant service. Brutal, murdering, and thieving owners controlled this business absolutely. They employed the most refined scoundrels of the profession to aid them in their villainies as masters of their vessels. They made riches by shipwreck They starved their seamen. They plundered the merchants they carried for. They engaged in every trade, no matter how horrible. We have read of the horrors of ment of the poor, iron-bound, sea-sick slaves that these old villains stole from their native freedom. What heartrending tales could be told about the doings of these so-called God-fearing gentlemen, who were in reality devils incarnate, who controlled the over-sea carrying trade of this country, and upon whose liberality the old-fashioned sailor depended; for until the passage of the first "Merchant Shipping Act" of 1854 he had no "rights" of his own. Even after that Act had become aw the drowning for insurance money was continued, and the feeding of merchant seamen upon the rotten refuse of the Navy went on. So that, in conjunction with the horrible living accommodation on board ship, thousands of seamen's brutality.

Scurvy and other terribly disfiguring diseases were things every sailor made the acquaintance of. No wonder the sailor was painted as a "Jolly Jack;" no wonder he sang his lively songs of the sea; no wonder the sanctimonious people who profited by guiling him built Bethels for him. He, indeed, was good company; he, indeed, was a careless Jolly Jack; he,

indeed, was a balmy, blithering idiot. Bad and all as his conditions were, there was no attempt to hide them from public knowledge, and when Jack was thrown ashore penniless, and his money kept from him by the thieving shipowner, It was put down to "Jack's jolly, careless nature." When he was sold like a bullock at Smithfield, it was only another proof of his carelessness, and the crimp went to church and thanked God that he had

To begin with, the agitator made his first and compelled a careless, jolly sailor to obey the law and eat not idle bread.

When a ship disappeared with her crew the song was changed, and the bravery of British seamen took its place. Never a word about insurance money!-never a word suggesting murder.

But that was not to go on for ever, at least not so openly, and one day in the year 1875—the 22nd of July—a gentle-man, Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, Member of Parliament for Derby, in moving the adjournment of the House of Commons, during the discussion concerning the withdrawal of a Government's Merchant Shipping Bill, said-

"I beg to move the adjournment of the House. I earnestly entreat the right hon. gentleman the Prime Minister not to consign some thousands of living men to an undeserved and sudden death.

"I believe, and do not hesitate to say, without charging the President of the Board of Trade with a breach of faith or trickery, that after the first thirty clauses of the Bill (that which was being withdrawn), which merely related to matters of slight alteration in the law, the rest of the Bill was so drawn as to afford the greatest facilities for death dealing and for hostile amendments. I adhere still to that opinion. I want the House to understand the position of this have allowed matters to get worse and worse—(here the hon. gentleman spoke with studied emphasis)—and they have, with the aid of shipowners of murderous tendencies outside the House, but who are amply represented by shipowners of murderous tendencies inside the House - (cries of "Order")-frustrated and talked to death every effort to procure a remedy for this state of things. (Cries of "Name"). I will give names presently. I ask hon. members if they have seen in the papers Lord Gifford's judgment respecting the ship 'Bard of Avon.' If not, I advise them to read it. (Cries of 'Order.'). I must and will speak out. A friend of mine has told me that he doesnot know of a single ship which has been broken up voluntarily by her owners because she was worn out for thirty years, These ships gradually pass from hand to hand, until they are bought by some needy and reckless speculator, by whom they are sent to sea, with precious human lives on board. I have had a list care fully prepared from 15,000 vessels classed at Lloyds. No fewer than 2,654 vessels have gone off their class and have forfeited their position. And what are the the Middle Passage and the terrible treat- consequences of this? It is that hundreds and hundreds of brave men are continually being sent to death, and their wives are made widows and their children orphans, so that a few speculative scoundrels, in whose breasts there is neither

> and "Oh.") "There are shipowners in this country who have never either built a ship or bought a new one, but are simply what whole lot together going to the bottom in are called 'ship-knackers'."

the love of God nor the fear of God, may

make unhallowed gain ("Hear, hear,'

The Speaker—"I must point out to the hon, member that his speech—or the greater part of his observations - have reference to a Bill which is set down for consideration this very day. His observations would be quite in order if made lives were sacrificed yearly, to which must on the order that that Bill be discharged; be added many more murdered by direct but he is not at liberty to discuss on a motion for adjournment the merits of any Bill which is before the House." ("Hear,

> Mr. Plimsoll "Then, sir, I give notice that on Tuesday next I will put the following question to the President of the Board of Trade. I will ask the honourable gentleman whether he will inform the House as to the following ships, 'Thetis,' 'Melbourne,' 'Norah Grey,' all lost in 1874, with 87 lives, and the 'Foundling' and the 'Sydney Grey,' abandoned in the early part of this year, representing in all a tonnage of 0,000 tons; and if he will tell the House whether the registered owner of these ships is Edward Bates, the member for Plymouth, or some other person of the same name (loud cries of "Order" from the Conservative side, and ironical cheering and

of this side of the House also (laughter on the Conservative side and severe cries of "Order" on the Liberal side). I am determined to unmask the villains who send to death and destruction (loud cries of "Order" on both sides, in the midst of which Mr. Plimsoll left his seat, and walking up to the table, stood in the middle of the floor facing the Speaker; he then went towards Mr. Disraeli and shook his clenched fist at a few feet from Mr. Disraeli's nose, and having done that, shook his fist at the other side of the House, and, amidst the greatest uproar, resumed his seat.

Everyone knows how Mr. Plimsoll fought. his fight for seafarers and everyone knows he was successful. He saved thousands of sailors' lives, yet sailors are such jolly, careless fellows that there is not a single monument to him in any of our seaports; though one cannot see the trees for effigies of men, whose fortunes were built upon the bones of drowned sailors and washed with the tears of their women kind and their children. His grave is unmarked by a single wreath expressive of the thanks and admiration of the sailors he helped. What a lot of jolly dogs! They say sailors don't forget; they do.

Up to the time that Mr. Plimsoll changed the law, there was no national movement for seafarers, but well on in the 80's a pioneer in a national movement made his appearance in the person of Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, and as he was better versed in the requirements of seamen, and personally knew all their grievances, Mr. Plimsoll gladly supported his leadership, in a movement destined to remould the conditions of a sailors employment in every grade.

There is no need for me to recount all that Mr. Wilson has done. He is still question. Since 1862 the Board of Trade alive and "kicking" for the men. The success of his attacks on the citadel of corruption and robbery that was the stronghold of what is styled the shipping interests is evidenced by the existence of that costly "ragged army," the Shipping Fede-

> Some of the little benefits sailors received through Mr. Wilson's efforts, backed by the support of the Union he organized, are - Wages increased 50 per cent., conditions

> improved, quarters made healthy, food improved, and quantity and variety increased, compensation for accidents, passage home expenses from Continental ports, &c.

> These are just a few of his victories. Time enough to write his biography when he is no more, and a better pen than mine is available. I hold no brief for the gentleman, but I trust that it will be permitted for me to express the wish that in his case sailors will not forget.

> And so we have reached the present day. Sailors split up into sections, aristocratic master sailors, scientific mechanical sailors, marling spike sailors, steering sailors, sudgee-mudgee sailors, and clinker picking sailors, each with their own little grievances, each opposed, bitterly and classically, to the others.

The port watch doing a little more scrubbing or coaling than the starboard watch, which in turn will try and beat the port watch. The fireman claiming a superior right to consideration because he shovels coal only. The master and officers maintaining a class or cloth distinction that is at least amusing. And the engineers claiming some sort of superiority because an engine they never built goes as fast as its builders intended it to go And the such a huddled up mixture that no one, in the course of a week or two, could distinguish who it is that is entitled to the brass handled coffin, or who the fire bars and

Sailors, you are still the jolly, careless Jacks of old, though dressed in modern clothes. You are still the balmy idiots you were If you weren't you would recognise that your interests are so bound up together that you are all being exploited by a far more clever foe than formerly the paid manager. You would recognise that not one of you, including the brassbound captain aft, is paid wages equal to that of an ordinary servant girl when comfort is considered. You would recognise that for you to be paid on the same standard that ordinary labour demands on shore the minimum wage for sailors should be at least £10 per month and a guarantee of continual employment.

畫If there is the least doubt about this, just consider over two-thirds of the people of this country depend upon the sailor for the very food they eat. Without him hunger and want would stalk, gaunt and grim. through the land. If shipowners made no profit by his labour the Nation would have laughter from the Liberal side)? And, sir, to provide for him out of public money or plucked another brand from the burning, I will, ask some questions about members starve. One branch of the sea service—

the Navy—is publicly owned, is non-producing, and most costly. Yet, there is no limit to the money that the country willingly pays to maintain an efficient Navy. There is no position in the Mercantile Marine as good as its corresponding position in the Navy. The commander of the finest and the fastest of our merchant vessels is not the equal of an insignificant commander of an obsolete floating battery that flies the White Ensign

Yet the merchant ship is far more important. The food of the people is far more necessary than "Dreadnoughts" that would be absolutely useless as grain carriers, and without the merchant sailor the Navy would be at the mercy of the smallest maratime power that chose to

Now shipowners do make a profit by a sailor's labour, and a profit that is far in excess of that made in other forms of business ventures The average shipowner is at least a millionaire as can be easily proved by reference to the published wills of deceased members of that class. They have all been guilty of using the national resources to keep their sailors at the lowest standard of life and wages. They have filled their ships with cheap Lascars and Chinamen to force the standard of life of British seamen down to the level of these nationalities. There is at the present moment between forty and fifty thousand of these cheap, unwanted foreigners in the British merchant service. while hundreds of thousands of our own people are being driven from their homes to a strange land. The shipowners have opposed every movement that has been attempted to improve the lot of every sailor. They have sent their ships to sea badly found in every requisite, even short of the means of saving life. They have so codded their master sailors into the belief that they are something different to the sailors who live forward, and have succeeded in obtaining his assistance in keeping the shackles on the unfortunate men in the lower ranks.

The case of the "Titanic" is sufficient proof of the carelessness of shipowners in the provision of suitable life-saving requirements, in ships where their own kin may be passengers. How much more careful do you think they would be when it is only the lives of their sailors that are to be considered?

What are the people of this country doing to allow such a pack of vultures as the shipowners are to jeopardise the existence of the men they must depend upon for their means of living? Why don't they see to it that out of the fabulous fortunes they make sailors should be paid not only a living wage, but one that would induce our young men to take up that profession as one that would give them the opportunity of comfortable old age if storm or strife did not claim them before that day was reached.

Of the dangers that dog the wake of the ship we are often reminded. Now and again we read in the papers of beaches speckled with the swollen bodies of sailors. Now and again we are reminded of men who were expected home but who never arrived. Here and there we may hear opinions expressed regarding the possibilities of dear ones coming home whose bones are lying deep in coral caves or fast coffined in the sunken fabric of what once was a seaworthy vessel, forging her way ahead along the sea. We can fill in the necessary details, of gathering clouds, darkening to the horizon; the leaden-hued waves, that gradually assume greater proportions, until, with white-topped curling heads, they smash over the vessel's rail, and send streaming cascades along every part of her deck and down every opening. We can, in our mind, see the oilskin-clothed figures of the men as they go about, lashing and securing, waist-deep in the rushing waters; the captain on the bridge; the man at the wheel; the man on the look out; their faces streaming with the sea spray; their eyes red and sore with the salt of it. The rising gale, howling in the night, and the terrible sickening rolls into the troughs, until one last smash of water, one last roll, and hatches are in, the cargo shifts, and one more vessel has gone off the register, another crew has gone to join the long list of the unknown mysteries of the sea.

One has to be a practical sailor to know the awful thing a moving mountain of water is when it curls its head and rushes roaring on its prey.

When the steersman feels the sickening calm, that tells him that the rolling, watery mountain is gathering at his stern, he will grind his teeth, hold tight, and wait. He -will not look astern, for the terror of his peril would paralyse him. He waits, and if she "poops" he will go to his death, as sure as his owners will draw the underwriter's money.

Then close up the ranks of the sailors. Let captain, seaman, engineer and fireman, steward and cabin boy, join hands, every one of them, and give practical support to Mr. Wilson and that movement which has already done so much for the bettermentof you all.

You belong to a profession that is absolutely necessary for the continued existence of your country as a Maratime Nation. You are the providers of the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers of the greater part of her people, and surely are entitled to something more in return for your service than an unknown grave, at the bottom of the awful ocean, or a bed and a chair in an "aged mariners' home.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS FOR IRELANO.

Another milestone in the road of Time has been reached; another leaf has been turned over in the book of our lives; another wave in the river of opportunity has flowed past, and 1913 stands at the deathbed of 1912. But hark, as we write the bells have broken the midnight stillness, and 1913 steps on the stage!
The New Year is not a time so much

for retrospection as for anticipation. If we ever look back it is to prepare ourselves for the future, and whilst the bells of the New Year are ringing "out the false and in the true," the one predominant thought in our mind is Ireland. And the many phases of that thought, and the innate love that our readers bear for their country, give us hope that you will bear with us to the end.

We have not any fear of repudiation when we say that the majority of the Irish people are patriots, that they love their country with a love as passionate and as true as Mitchell or Tone, and as pure and as holy as maiden ever was honoured with by man; they love the grass of her fields, the pavements of her streets, and the wind that blows across her hills.

And why not! Great heavens, there is not a hill nor a valley that is not sanctified by the blood of her martyrs, and blessed by the footprints of her saints! Her cities and towns have been sacked and beleagured; her altars have been desecrated; her temples razed, and you are the descendants of the men who fought to save her, and died to shield her from the foreign marauders.

And ever in the forefront of her fight for freedom was the workingman.

So much for the past, now for the future, that mysterious, uncertain future. which may decide so much and bring us so much weal or woe.

There are so many people who sit idly by, waiting for one great opportunity to benefit their country, that the little things which help are allowed to pass by unnoticed. Whoever may assert the contrary, we know, have positive proof of it that we could do more for our country, and we may very well ask ourselves shall we allow this to continue. Never in the history of our country was a clear national issue placed before us that the country did not respond. And if there is one placed before the country to-day, we have little fear for the answer.

The separation of Ireland from England, the support of Irish manufacture, the spread of the Irish language, are all national issues, and have all been answered unmistakably until some red herring was drawn across the track and the country misled. But, perhaps, there is one movement that it has never struck the majority of Irish people as necessary and worthy of revolutionising and nationalising, and that is the Labour movement. We do not deny that in most cases the cause of Labour is the same the world over; but that we should confess our inability to grapple with such problems by placing our headquarters in London or Glasgow, and sending Irish money to these centres, and seeking instructions from foreigners, is not the way to prove our ability to govern ourselves.

This is a clear national issue, and one that deserves a clear and distinct answer. The national forces of Ireland were ever composed mainly of workingmen, and if One has to be there to understand it. there is a future for Ireland, it is the workingmen who will achieve it.

To Irishize everything from Dunleary to Ceann Leime is our object, and to do this we want the workingman—and we should cut a sorry figure trying to Irishize Ireland with a man acknowledging as his headquarters London or Glasgow. Our metropolis is Dublin-bad as it is: rotten as its civic authority is; refuge

CAUTION.

The Pillar House, 812 HENRY ST., DUBLIN, -IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE-BARCAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man. No fancy prices; honest value only. Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs A SPECIALITY

of a capitalistic snobocracy as it is; full of prigs and shoneens and police poltroons as it is, we want it all the same; we want the workingman to Irishize it, and to begin by Irishizing himself.

If we are true to our class in the nation we cannot be false to our country. neither can we be false to our class outside the nation. In the strenuous days of the Land War it was the Irish Labourer bore the brunt of the battle. and it is on him beyond any other class to-day that the hopes of Ireland lie. Almost every other class have an ulterior object, but with the working class the liberty of Ireland is the one pure idea of idealistic liberty that Ireland knows.

We reiterate again and again that the Irishizing of everything within the four seas of Ireland is our object, and we have set our hearts on it with as much earnestness as with we wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

An Claipin Out.

Dublin Trades Council and the Distress Committee.

At next Monday's meeting of the Municipal Council the following resolution will be moved by Councillor Thomas Lawlor .--

"That, as Mr. John Simmons has resigned his seat on the Dublin Distress Committee as representative of the Dublin Trades Council, and as that body has unanimously nominated Mr. James Larkin to fill the vacancy, this Municipal Council hereby appoints Mr. Larkin a member of the Distress Committee in room of Mr. Simmons.

IRWIN FOR WOOD QUAY.

Said the Bookie to Labour one day, When touting for votes in Wood Quay, You vote now for me, And surely you'll see Your interests I ne'er will betray."

Said Labour to Mickey that day. "You'll not take us in, in that way; Our interests we know, So out you must go,

For Irwin's the MAN FOR WOOD QUAY."

Liberty Hall. DON'T MISS THIS SUNDAY

AFTERNOON

LECTURE AND CONCERT

Doors open at 3 o'c. p.m., close 3 30 p.m. Small charge for admission.

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Very many important matters are engrossing the minds of the working men at the present time. Their own industrial conditions were and in some cases are, so bad that their fullest attention is being given directly to their own immediate concerns. But in the desire to improve their condition, and in the enthusiasm that exists among them to build up and make a powerful organisation as a means of delivering the male workers from slavery, they have in the meantime either overlooked or forgotten the fact that there are women workers; and although they, the men themselves, are marching on towards freedom, and may go far on the road to it, they will never reach the desired goal nnless the women of the working class march with them. No people can ever be free while one-half of them are bound with the chains of slavery.

Through the powers of organisation the conditions of the working men are very much better than they were. Now, the men had to be educated up to the standard of understanding what Trades Unionism meant. Mayhap they paid dearly in the learning, but the results have been worth all the hardships and fight they encountered, because at the present time they are in a position to make terms, and to demand that those terms be considered and granted by the employers. So much for themselves but what about their women folk, who are being degraded, browbeaten, and tyrannised over by employers to such an extent that the women workers are simply a vast army of crushed, hopeless slaves, living in dread of the Employer and his power, and not sufficiently well organised to be able to protest against the horrible conditions under which they work, and the scandalously low wages they receive for the work.

By this statement I am not drawing particular attention to any one class of women workers, They are all treated in a like manner—the factory worker, the laundress, the shop girl, the tailoress, dressmaker, and milliner, the typist and clerk. They are all suffering from the same tyrannical system. They are all underpaid, over-worked, and degraded. I feel sure that if some of the men knew exactly how their women folk are treated by overseers and foremen there would be an instantaneous revolution. The women are too frightened to tell them, too fearful of the results, but there must be an end to it, and the men murt help us.

Then how are the men going to help us? Well, in the first instance, let every man who is a trades unionist make it his immediate duty to see that his own women folk—let them be wife, sister, or daughter-become a member of the Irish Women Workers' Union. Perhaps these women feel they cannot afford the entrance fee. Well, bring them up to the Union Rooms and pay the entrance fee for them. Not only must you do this, but you must also teach them what is meant by Trades Unionism. In this respect the women are lamentably ignorant, and, again, I do not blame them, but I blame the men And why? Because what happens in the ordinary workingman's house when the women attempt to join in a conversation which concerns work, organization, or Trades Unionism, they are immediately told "to mind their own concerns. What do they know about such things?" And the consequences of barring them out of these conversations, which, without a doubt, are their concerns, is that they are absolutely ignorant of what organization means, have no faith in their own powers, no value of their own importance, and the result is their present condition of slavery.

Irishmen are world - renowned for chivalry towards women. Well, let that renown be practised, end practised in the first instance towards your own women folk; treat them with the same amount of respect and deference as you would treat your employer's women folk; they are much more worthy of it. Encourage them to join in the conversations, explain to them what Trade Unionism and Solidarity means, and the benefit they and all other workers enjoy through organisation. Until the men do this, until they treat and help their women as they do their fellowmen who is being crushed, they will only reach a certain stage of freedom. Therefore, from a selfish point of view, it is to their own interests to help the women.

Then there is another side of the picture which again reflects on the men. The women are not encouraged to be fearless speakers and thinkers. In their own homes they take that cowed frightened feeling with them into their work. The employers know exactly that such a feeling exists among the women workers. They consequently create an atmosphere that fosters that frightened dread of those in authority, much to their own benefit and unfortunately has the detrimental effect on the women of making them miserable, shivering slaves. Then what is the result? It is this—It is the women who have the bringing up of the children; it is the women who have the moulding of their characters in their earliest years. Well, can you expect slaves to teach freedom. You cannot. Under the present conditions the women's one idea is to please those in authority, whether they be in the right or wrong; and in the training of the children they will unconsciously imbue them with the same feeling. It is time, therefore, that the men realised all the dread results that happen from the apathetic attitude taken up by them towards the working women.

But we are now in the first week of a new year. Let it be the opening of a new era for the women workers. Let every man make a strong, firm

will become staunch trades union Members; that he will do all in his power to help the women to build up their organisation; that he will do his share to save them from the degraded conditions they work under at the present time. If every man will adhere to such resolution, the ending of the year 1913 will show that their help has not been wasted; will show good results, not only to the women workers, but also to the men

IRISH W MEN WORKERS UNION, (Head Office: Liberty Hall.)

Entrance Fee 6d. Contributions ... 2d. per week. Join nov. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. All classes of workers are eligible to join this

Don't miss the Sunday evening Socials held in Liberty Hall. Dancing and Sing ing. Small Entrance Fee. All Friends Welcome.

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and hursday evening at 8 p.m. Irish Pancing on Friday evening at 8

All communications for this column to be addressed to-

> "D.L," 18 Bereaford Place

New Year's Greetings and Resolutions!

A joyful New Year to the workers, May all your old cycles run free;
And if they do not, please remember
To bring them to 38 B.

Come singly, or come all together, You're welcome howe er you may call, To purchase - or talk of the weather -And Happy New Year to you all.

There's nothing can give us such pleasure As lightening your limbs of a load, -And always assuring full measure To every good "Kni ht of the Road." Leave office and shop to the bosses,

Go mount a new cycle and fly Away to the mountains and mosses, And feel that you'll never say die. Old bikes for a song or a story;

New racers for threepence a day; And thousands of lamps in their glory Complete the bright scene every way. The names of great tyres to conjure with;

Like Michelin, Dunlop and Max;
The kind that you feel so secure with
Instead of those made of old sacks. And now, to your new resolution, There's no one can help you so well,

To bring it to permanent fruition, As Mac. or McHugh, that's "Himsel." Perhaps in the past you have erred in Not asking the side of the street. He's over right plump on the "Verdon,'

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

So Talbot Street fame is complete.

___THE___

Irish Worker.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Jan. 4th. 1913

1912-13.

Nineteen-twelve has passed out. He was not a bad sort of fellow. He brought with him pain and sorrow, stress and strife, but he also brought compensation; a little more than the average amount of brightness and joy was distributed through the agency of organised effort to the proletarian class—the spirit of solidarity and comradeship amongst the workers seemed to have spread its beneficent spirit in a greater circle. There are things that happened during the past year we would have wished to have ended otherwise, yet there were things accomplished that were worthy of the efforts put forward. We had the satisfaction of proving in a concrete manner the spirit of divine discontent amongst the intelligent section of the working class, by the return of six tried and true representatives to our local administrative chamber, Cork Hill. We also had a continuous and successful struggle to improve wages and conditions. The iniation of the State Insurance Scheme against sickness and unemployment which when amended, as it must be amended, is something we can congratulate ourselves on. Constant agitation forced the governing classes. to recognise, in a limited manner, our claim to live. 1912 will be noteworthy for the introduction of what is euphemestically styled a Home Rule Bill; or in the technical phrase, "a Government of Ireland Bill," the outcome of which in the historic words of Asquith, we

must wait and see. 1913 seems to presage a more hopeful outlook for Labour, but as we believe God helps those who help themselves, we must determine to help ourselves, keeping in mind that success means further success. Let nothing dispirit you good Reader. Up and take your place in the ranks, and play the man, and make the young year proud of you and your efforts. Let it be a long pull and a strong pull, but all pull together. Our watch-word—The World for Labour. Equal opportunity for all.

Ducker Swaine went into a certain publichouse in Wood Quay with the gang. After they had drank the money of the muga

resolution that at least his women folk For they never work. Du ker got swanking, offered to bet the proprietor 10 to 1 he would beat Irwin. "Alright," said the publican, "I will have a bit of gold at that price." Ducker pulled out a cheque book. "Put that back," said the publican, "I don't accept your cheques; I want cash down." Ducker kept on swanking, untilfinally he said he would lay even money (of course he could not lay honest-earned money). "Alright," said the publican, "I will have three pounds with you, Mickey, either to put up or shut up." But Ducker had not got threehalfpence, so he went across to pudding-headed Rielly the eloquent statesman who keeps a bungery, but Ducker failed to kid pudding-head and had to admit defeat. Poor Ducker !-One who was there.

> By the way, if Mr. Bung Cunniam does not know Irwin, we wonder did the Widow Wren know Cunniam? Any person answering this conundrum satisfactory will be put on the Register of Merchant's Quay by Tiernan the stuffer.

> There being no anecdote or cuffer sent in for our competition which, in our opinion, was worth publishing, we are still offering the prize money under same conditions. Yarns, cuffers, and anecdotes to reach our office by Thursday next.

> Cahal Lally won the Prize Story Competition with the story we published last week, "The Man who Went Under." which, in our opinion, was not equal to some of the matter which he had submitted previous to our competition.

> We again offer one guinea for the best Short Story—at least one column in length—which reaches this office on January 20th, 1913.

> > Manager's Office, 2nd January, 1913.

To Head Foreman, SS. Mascot.

This matter has been before the Board

By a unanimous vote the matter was left in my hand to deal with as I think

I think fit to deal with it in a strong and, if necessary, in a merciless manner. Neither the consignees or myself will move one inch, and the steamer will lie. With regard to our own men there is at the present moment sufficient work to

keep them all going. This cannot last. If our own men are not permitted by their Union to do the work for which they are engaged, when the slack time comes I have no option but to dispense with their services.

Of course this option will not be exercised so long as the work lasts for the

It is therefore up to them to see that they are permitted to perform the work

for which they are engaged. EDWARD GRANDY, Manager.

Mr. Bung Byrne, of the scab shelter, the Verdon Bar, Talbot street, and Mr. J. P. Farrelly, who supplied the imported scabs with refreshments during the late strike, also Mr. Murtagh O'Beirne and the Lord Mayor, are members of the Board who gave an unanimous vote and instruction to Mr. Grandy to try and compel one section of workers to scab on another section. Mr. Grandy's friends of the scab shelter will find out that Councillor Richard O'Carroll, Leader of the Labour Party, was not present to make a protest. The trade unionists of this city will make a protest against these double-faced rascals who are playing the game of "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds." As for Mr. Grandy and the consignee, that is another story. Alfie had the impudence to make a pointless remark about Carroll's nonattendance; but if Carroll had three underpaid, sweated wage slaves handing out alcoholic poison, spreading misery amongst women and children and damnation amongst the breadwinners, he (Carroll) could do like Alfie—run about from Board to Board, corrupting public life and carrying on a system of whole-sale jobbery. Alfie talks about fighting the aldermanship. Now, we challenge him to retire. We will find an opponent to fight him. If our nominee does not beat him, Alderman Macken will retire, and give Alfie the aldermanic seat without a contest. Have you any guts, Alfie? If so, send in your resignation and face the fight, Alfie, and we will chase you, like Ryan, back to the bungery with your tail between your

Our good comrade, Partridge, in another column exposes the Bogus Benefit Society run by the Great Southern and Western Railway, and if this is a sample of ability as exemplified in Auditor Howell's report, the sooner the employees of the G. S. & W. R. open their eyes to the facts the better. Trust your employer, and be sure he will do you every time. Talk about balance sheets and overpaid officials of Trades Unions. We have something to learn in the way of mismanagement. After perusing the disgraceful exploitation of the workers, it has been proved by the aforesaid report a young man under 20 after paying 2d. per week for four years, is entitled to receive of the accumulated funds ONE PENNY. He ought to go at once and buy a pamphlet called "How the Workers are Robbed with his Penny," or else send it to John S. Kelly, blackmailer. We hope the employees who want sick and funeral benefit will join a Trade Union Society at once. By the way, why did not Howell, the Actuary, print a balance sheet of the fund? We suppose he was so ashamed of the report he was scared to produce a balance sheet. Let us draw a compari-

son. The Irish Transport Union is established four years. Every man paying one penny per week was insured against death to the extent of £3. He had paid in four years in subscriptions and mortalities fi 1s. 11d., and received back fr, not a penny like, the G. S. & W. Railway. Don't forget that pamphletone penny—"How the Workers are

To the Electors of the Wood Quay Ward

"Ducker Swaine's time has come," Says the Honest Labour Man, "But now that it has come show him

and his clique some fun, And from public life he'll have to run," Says the Honest Labour Man,

"Voters, do not hesitate."

Says the Honest Labour Man, "And above all don't be late,"

Says the Honest Labour Man; " For Irwin is the man, So do the best you can, And get rid of the Also Ran."

Says the Honest Labour Man.

"We know Ducker is no use." Says the Honest Labour Man, " For he's as dull as an old goose," Says the Honest Labour Man.

"So no more he'll shout the odds, Nor will he swear and brawl, disgrace the City Hall

And do no good at all," Says the Honest Labour Man.

"So I think you know enough," Says the Honest Labour Man, "For Irwin is the stuff,"

Says the Honest Labour Man; "So work with might and main. And get rid of Ducker Swaine, And keep Irwin on your brain,"

Says the Honest Labour Man.

BELFAST KOTES.

We are informed that the Labour Party in Belfast are putting forward three candididates-Jim Connolly for Dock Ward; Michael M'Keown, member of I.T.W.U. Executive, the retiring Councillor for Smithfield Ward, who has been dropped by the U.I.L. because of his connection with the Trade Union movement, is to be run as a straight Labour candidate against the U.I.L. nominee, Martin Burke, solicitor. We have also arranged to run D. R. Campbell, President of Belfast Trades Council for the Aldermanship of Smithfield Ward against Alderman Byrne, U.I.L. and

The Trades Council of Belfast endorsed the candidatures of Connolly, M'Keown, and Campbell. We wish them the best of success. Next week we publish full list of Labour candidates for Ireland.

Mickey Swaine.

I have come to make a bet, Mickey Sw(a)ine, 'Tis the greatest ever yet,

And I'll take ten tens to one, That you're sure to get the run From the Ward before we've done,

And where did you rise the cash, Mickey Sw(a)ine? Sure I thought you went to smash, Mickey Sw(a)ine;

Mickey Sw(a)ine.

But 'tis grand to have a wife That will keep you up for life, And give cash to kick up strife, Mickey Sw(a)ine.

But I-hear them say you're out, Mickey Sw(a)ine, That Iim Larkin is about, Mickey Sw(a)ine,

With Tom Irwin and his band, And each working hand in hand For to clear you from the land, Mickey Sw(aine).

For a while a fond good-bye, Mickey Sw(a)ine, 'Till we meet you eye to eye, Mickey Sw(a)ine.

Now get on your box and yell All the lies that you can tell, For you're going this time pell-mell, Mickey Sw(a)ine.

THE RAILY OF LABOUR.

Rally, rally, Irish Workers! Rally, rally for the fray, E'en though slaves and servile shirkers Strive to bar our onward way; E'en though some we once called brother With the foe are now allied: One and all they soon shall smother In the flow of Labour's tide.

See, a new year lies before us, Past defeats we must forget; With the old flag floating o'er us We shall win our freedom yet. Be it known our cause is holy, And by it we stand or fall-'Tis the uplifting of the lowly And the common good of all.

Yes, our cause is blest in Heaven. For we preach the Master's creed— That the tyrant's bonds be riven And our own dear people freed. Ah! it is a holy mission. And if some are sacrificed, What redeemed us from perdition? Was it not the death of Christ?

Rally, then, ye Irish Workers ! Rally, rally, one and all; Spite of taunt of craven shirkers Rally to your leaders' call. In the year that lies before us We must never bend the knee, But let all join in the chorus— Irish Workers must be free!

(Tames MacGowan, Pound-street, Sligo.)

FERGUS.

An Appeal to Shop Assistants

MORE ESPECIALLY THOSE ENGAGED AS GROCERS' AND PUR-VEYORS' ASSISTANTS.

> 76 Grafton Street, Dublin, December, 1912.

DEAR SIR,-

It has occurred to me that the time is opportune to endeavour to consolidate the movement for the better organisation of shop assistants and clerks, and more especially those with whom we are directly concerned, viz., those engaged as Grocers, Purveyors, and in kindred callings. Whether we should join in this endeavour under a particular organisation or under any particular banner is, in our opinion, immaterial. Our anxiety is to weld all shop assistants and clerks in Ireland into one composite body aiming at the betterment of the conditions of shop assistants and clerks generally. Whilst expressing these views, we feel that, for the moment at least, in so far as organisation is concerned, we must make a special appeal to Grocers, Purveyors, and kindred trades assistants to organise, and in this connection we desire to state that our main objects are:-

The payment of benefits during unem-

ployment and illness;

The proper observance of the Shops Act, and an extension of the provisions to shop assistants engaged in all callings as well as the limitation of the working hours of a 1 shop assistants;

The abolition of the "Living-in" sys-To co-operate with all organised bodies

of workers aiming at the betterment of the conditions of those for whom they cater:

The establishment of a fair minimum

The limitation of apprentices;

The establishment of a reasonable notice in case of dismissal and the elevation of the status of shop assistants generally. In seeking your support and approval

for this programme, we feel that we are but asking you to give your sanction to ideals which must in the immediate future re-act to your advantage.

We are now but speaking on behalf of a Provisional Committee appointed to voice the feelings expressed above, and we ask you to give this idea your whole-hearted support

At foot we attach an Application Form for Membership, from which you will notice that the entrance fee is only 2s., and the minimum contribution is fixed (preliminary) ar 1s. 6d. per member per month. For this of course, sickness and unemployment benefit as well as death allowance will be paid, and in addition we hope to give the members the advantage of the benefit and protection of a well-organized body of workers.

Hoping you will fill the attached Form immediately and return it to the undersigned. Requesting you to use your endeavours to induce others in your particular line to follow your example.

We remain, dear Sir, Yours sincerely and fraternally, Signed, on behalf of the Pro-

visional Committee, J. O'HANLON, Chairman, J. O'CONNOR, Vice-Chairman. M. M'Hugh, Treasurer.

P. GILES, Secretary. 76 Grafton street, Dublin.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

DEAR SIRS. Having read your programme, I have pleasure in making application for membership, as I think you are proceeding on proper lines. I note that your entrance fee is 2s., and your contribution 1s. 6d. per month. I enclose postal order, or

cover entrance fee, and on a further application I shall be glad to forward the first monthly contribution.

Name Address Date

[We advise every shop assistant covered by the Union to enrol at once. Delay is dangerous. The men behind this Union can be relied upon.—EDITOR.]

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

No. 3 BRANCH. 17 and 18 HIGH STREET.

The Election of Officers of the above Branch will be held on Sunday, 5th Jan, 1913. Ballot takes place between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. Members are requested to vote early.

J. Bohan, Secretary.

Irish Transport and General Werkers' Unien.

TONTINE AND BURIAL SOCIETY. General Meeting will be held on Sunday,

5th January, 1913. All old and intending members must attend at one o'clock. Important business will be transacted re Rules, &c., election of officials.

BECKER BROS. FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST

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

> 8 South Great George's Street and 17 North Earl Street,

Wage and Working Conditions of the Carters in Liverpool.

The following are the terms of settlement arranged as a result of the recent dispute between the carters of Liverpool and their employers, and it is understood that the men at a meeting approved of the terms set out. These terms relate to wages, time, and overtime for senior and junior drivers, and are reckoned as being in operation from December 1st. They are as under:

Time—Five first days—work to commence at 6 a.m. in the stable, 7 a.m. in gears, with half-hour for breakfast beiore leaving. Day's work to end at 6 p.m. in gears, with not exceeding one hour afterwards for stable duty, and beyond which overtime commences. Gne hour for dinner, 12 to 1; not to be paid for.

Saturdays—Day's work to commen e in stable at 6 a.m., leaving stable at a.m., with half-hour for breakfast before leaving. Day's work to end at I p.m. in gears, with not exceeding one hour after for stable duty as above. Overtime—First five days, from 6 p.m.

to 7 p.m., 6d. per hour, and from 7 p.m. to midnight, 9d. per hour; 12 midnight to 6 a.m., is. per hour; 6 a.m. to 7 a.m., 6d. per hour.

Saturdays—From I p.m. to 4 p.m., 6d. per hour; from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m., 9d. per hour; from 8 p.m. to midnight. rs. per hour.

All overtime to be counted by minutes and carried forward from day to day to end of week and paid half-hourly, and balance of minutes, if any, carried forward to the following week.
Sundays—Work, if required, to com-

mence in gears one minute after midnight on Saturday, and to end on Sunday at midnight; to be paid for at the rate of is. per hour, with a minimum of 4s. All time to be counted by minutes, payable half-hourly as before mentioned.

Sunday stable duty to be on the basis of one man to not more than eight

Bank Holiday Stable Duty-Same as Sunday, and if required to work in gears, to be paid at the rate of a day and a half's wages. Christmas Day and Good Friday-Stable duty to be as Sunday and if called upon to work in gears, to be paid at the rate of two days' pay.

Wages—For teamsmen—30s. ner week for one-horse men, 27s. per week. Casual men 5s. per day, and to be paid each night if not required following day, and not to be called upon to do Sunday stable duty.

Junior Drivers-Minimum wage 145. per week to any driver in charge of a four wheel vehicle, and overtime at the rate of 3d. per hour up to and including 16s. per week. Drivers in receipt of 17s. to 20s. per week, overtime .d. per hour; exceeding 20s. per week overtime

as per senior drivers. Float Youths-Wages by special arrangement. Overtime 3d. per hour. Casual traffic youths to be paid 3s. per day, and overtime as junior drivers. overtime for junior drivers, steering, traffic and float youths to be based as above, and counted by minutes, payable half-hourly as before mentioned, increasing pro rata with the senior drives.

Junior drivers not to load beyond the Steering lads loading stand waggons or casually filling the place of one-horse men or teamsmen, to be paid 5s. per day.

Wages of regular drivers to be paid on Friday nights. A week's notice required on either side. Drivers required to work on Saturdays after I p.m., 20 minutes to be allowed for refreshments, and when engaged on night work a reasonable time to be allowed for same.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION. Attend Concert on 6th January in Liberty

Hall

The old year has gone, and most of us

are making good resolutions for the new. When you are making out your list don't forget to add another resolution to attend the grand evening's entertainment which will be held in Liberty Hall, Beresford-place, on Monday next, the 6th inst., at 8 o'clock. An energetic Committee has been busy for some time past arranging a suitable programme, and the result of their labours has far exceeded their most sanguine expectations. To name but a few of the artistes, the Irish Workers' Choir and Celtic Glee Singers will contribute some rousing choruses. Miss Annie Tracey and Miss Addie Gore, two deservedly popular artistes at Gaelic League and Irish Ireland concerts, will render songs in the olden tongue of the Gael. Mrs. M. MacMahon, well known amongst the workers, will also contribute an item or two. MacCall's "Follow me up to Carlow" and Scanlan's "Fenian Men" will be done full justice to by John Rogers. P. MacInerney can be depended on for an appropriate rendering of "Brigidin Ban mo Stoir." The star of Gaelic League concerts, Eoghan O'Briain, will be at his best in some of the humorous songs he has so often delighted audiences with. When it is known that such prominent singers as Messis. Tom M'Carthy, W. Sheehan, Gerard Crofts, P. Morgan, &c., will appear, those who patronise the concert will not regret their attendance. Rousing recitations will be given by Shawn Connolly and Michael O'Maolain, and as for dancers they will be there in plenty. Dublin Feis and Oireachtas' Gold Medallists will give exhibitions. bitions. The price of admission has been fixed at 1s. and 6d. Tickets may be had at Liberty Hall. Everybody should at

Bou't forget Social, Sunday Eveniff at Liberty Hall.

tend.

DUBLIN.

SIMPSON & WALLACE, MEAT PROVIDERS,

Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

Born Andresses -57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St; 5 Wexford St; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsbere'; 26 Nth. Strand . 28 Bulton St : and 15 Francis St.

WEXFORD NOTES.

The Corporation, after putting themselves to the expense of paying lawyers, have at last pulled down Stafford's Pigeon Box, but lo and behold you the brave Jim put it up again to be beaten down with sledges and crowbars on Saturday by a crowd of the good boys, with the police looking on unmoved.

Jimmy took unto himself courage enough to attend the meeting at which the matter was discussed, and sat with a very sullen face on him all night while Mahoney and Spread-the-Light fought his battle for him.

Stafford tried every dodge to try and best the Council to leave the hoarding up, he even went so far as to bluff people into signing a memorial asking the Corporation to let it stand for the sake of the morality of Wexford. Might we ask when was the morality of Wexford placed in Stafford's and Mahoney's hands?

And was it for that reason that "Cabbage" put it up at first?

The memorial was signed by people who did not know where Sinnott's Lane was, people who are not residents in the Ward, and had no voice in the matter, against those who signed the other memorial, and who live in the locality, whose trade is seriously injured by such a procecding.

The clergymen who signed the memorial, in our opinion, had no right, one way or the other, to meddle in the mat-

The majority of the memorialists were people who were either scabs, scab purveyors, ex-policemen, or SINN FEIGNERS, the latter being represented by TommieWalsh, whom we have heard had to sign it, or would have lost his job. Well, if a man has to do such degrading things as this to hold on to a position he'd be far better without it as he is as bad as a slave, WITH THE HOARDING for his cabin (UNCLE JEM'S CABIN).

Wickham signed it, and we all know whom he represents, and, by the way, Bob Malone's name was very suspiciously near Wickham's, which goes to show where the memorial was signed, and under what circumstances, Hayes, the man alleged to have told the porters to go out in the late railway strike and then reported them,

Dr. Tommie Pierse, who was so severe on the Foundry workers for not going into thair work du ing the recent lockout, and who now refuses to work himself till he gets higher wages, also signed on sanitary grounds. We wonder what he was doing all those years that he did not find out this for himself, not to be waiting for the cabbage man to teach him his business.

Now that the hoarding is down it would be well if the Corporation would see that he would not be using the lane for a show ground for his machinery.

Tom Lane, the authority on Trades Unionism, Radford, Brennan, Urick, and the other essences of scabdom, also signed it; but, of course, they had to; if not they would not be wanted, as if they were sacked in the morning, no one else would have anything to do do with them.

The joke of the season is in Old Moore's Almanac for the year 1913 in the shape of an advertisement for Pierce & Co.; it is as follows:—

Pierce, Wexford and Paris, The Great Irish Machinery Engineers. First Prizes and Gold Medals all over. (Before the scabs came).

Irishmen are daily flying from their native land for want of HOME employment.

(Should be by the SLAVE drivers in the Folly.)

Fellow-Irishmen, help to stop the ruinous Emigration,

The true test of your Patriotism is your Help your country, help your fellow-

MAN, help Yourselves, (They seemed to look after themselves alright.)

To the above advertisement we would like to say "Hear, hear," but unforfunately these people's actions during the past year go to show that they do anything but live up to the spirit of it. Why, one would think that the manemigration ships by their actions.

Labour in Wexford has made a good move to fight at this year's elections. At a magnificent meeting, representative of the different trades in the town, the following candidates were elected:-

St. Mary's Ward-John Walsh and Richard Corish. St. Iberius Ward-James Goodison and

Myles Bergin. St. Selskar Ward-Michael Martin.

The outgoing members are as follows, and are seeking re-election with the exception of John Murphy .-

St. Mary's Ward-John Murphy and James Hore. St. Iberius Ward-James Goodison and

St. Selskar Ward-Frank Carty and Richard Gibson.

We learn that in St. Mary's Ward Kelly, Stafford, Wickham & Co., to try to get James Hore in, are running Robert Coffey; a fairly good man, but he is being run by a bad crowd.

Three years ago, when Hore was going in for St. Mary's Ward, John Murphy was pitchforked into the contest by Stafford and Joe Kelly to help Hore's candidature, as they knew he had no chance whatever by himself, as he was just after been thrown out of Selskar

This is the man who is alleged to have said at a meeting of the Wexford Guardians THAT SIX SHILLINGS A WEEK WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY WORKING MAN, We wonder how long he would exist on such a miserable pittance.

This is the man who was responsible for having five men sent to gaol for refusing to have their children vaccinated.

Workers, don't be led astray. Coffey is being run for a purpose. He is run to take a mean advantage of the poor people who are compelled to frequent his shop.

Don't be led away by sweet talk and promises which you will only hear every

Workers, support your own class. Vote for Labour. Vote for Corish and Walsh.

Are you going to take what St. Selskar's Ward refused three years ago? Now for St. Iberius Ward, where the

whitewashed Yank is going out.

Well, in our opinion, there is no need to say anything in connection with the election in this Ward, as the people will have better sense than to vote for such a man as Paul.

Vote for Labour. *** Vote for Goodison and Bergin.

In St. Selskar Ward Michael Martin is going forward in the Labour interest. Martin is a good, staunch man, who has been a trade unionist all his life, and will. if elected, be able to do a man's part for his own class.

The man who is being opposed is Frank Carty, a man who during the recent lock-out used to be down in the "Record" offce hatching schemes against the poor, unfortunate workers.

Wexford for Labour.

When the discussion was on about Stafford's hoarding, Carty fought tooth and nail for him.

Fellow-workers, Frank Carty is no friend of the working man.

On the other hand, we have nothing to say to Gibson, as he has, since he was elected to the Council, been always on the side of justice.

Workers, vote for Martin.

Every Vote for Labour Means better and cheaper Houses, · Direct Labour,

Trade Union Rate of Wages for all Workers, Clean Administration, No Corruption or Jobbery,

That the interests of the Town Dwellers shall be considered before the interests of the Cabbage Men, who pay no Rates;

Feeding of all necessitous School Children without the taint of pauperism; Public Control of Public Funds. Democratic Control of Public Offices, That the Town shall be governed in the

interest of all the People, agement of the Folly had a share in the And not, as at present, for the benefit of the Sinnotts and Staffords.

THE Frasant Singer.

TO HER PEASANT LOVER.

So hushed they sat— The hundreds there, Till my last clear note Died on the air.

Like a prisoned storm, Then cheer and call Echoed and rang Through the brilliant hall.

And humid eyes Stared up to mine, From faces my voice Had flushed like wine.

But what cared I For the cheering crew? Whilst they clamoured and praised I thought of you.

Costly the bouquets They laid at my feet, But your kiss last night Was a world more sweet.

Here on my breast Like a purple stain, The violets you gave Long since have lain.

" A gift," you said, And smiled in my eyes (For we value not As the wordly wise).

Yet something within me Wakened to-night, And thrilled me through With a strange unquiet.

Something that leaped At the world's false praise— That mocked your love, And the old, quiet days.

For sake of my song And my fair, young face, For awhile would the world Have given me place.

Till my beauty waned And my song had died, Then the toy, outworn, Would be cast aside.

E'en in your eyes Is a reflex, too, Of the vain applause Of that fickle crew.

Ah! love me not For beauty or voice; These are not for ME-Nor had I choice.

As well had I been, Both mute and plain, Had my soul then called To your soul in vain.

Quick, take me away From the glitter and glow; It breathes of a world I fear to know.

Away from the self That waked to-night, When I sang and my satins Gleamed in the light,

meabb Caomanac.

Clothes for Corporation Labourers

A QUESTION FOR MICKEY CANTY.

It would be very interesting to know how the hundred pounds voted last year by the Paving Committee to provide clothes and boots for the men employed in that Department was spent. How many of Mick Canty's pals employed by the Paving Committee got the boots and clothes? Would any Councillor be good enough to ask for a return of-

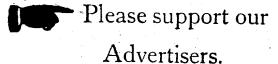
1. The men who were provided with boots, etc., their length of service in the Corporation, and whether they had pensions from other sources?

2. The men who were not so provided and their length of service in the Corporation, and why they were not? Mick Canty may be able to supply this latter piece of information.

Warkers ! Support the Only Picture Nouse in Dublin Owned by an Irighman

Capel Street (next to Trades Hall), New Open Daily 2.30 to 10.20.

PRISES, Sci., 4d., 6d. Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.



Great Clear-Out of all Winter Drapery Goods

BELTON & CO. have decided that all remaining winter stock must go before stocktaking, and the reductions made will guarantee a very speedy clearance. We bid a hearty invitation to oll our friends to come early and see the many bargains offered. All winter goods must go at any price. We are the cheapest people in the trade.

BELTON & Co., Drapers, THOMAS STREET and GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, We close on Wednesdays at 1 o'clock.

Inchicore Items.

The Irish Transporr and General Labourers' Trades Union's Annual Christmas Feast for the children, given in Emmet Hall on Christmas Day, surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its supporters.

A full description of the feast with photos of the children will appear in next week's "Worker." Don't miss it.

John Saturnus Kelly, Esq., T.C., has kept his word for once in his life—Partridge is to be opposed.

Kelly's candidate is to be a "Protestant Home Ruler." More power, John; we are eager for the fray.

This bid for the Protestant vote is worthy of the man. The election of the creature, Kelly, to the Dublin Corporation for the purpose of degrading that body may have commended itself to some non-Catholic Unionists, but the idea of electing one of their own religion to associate with the "moral" John is a totally different matter.

Every honest man on the Burgess Roll of the Ward will be given the opportunity of recording their decision. The Protestant who believes in fair dealingwho would ex end to his Catholic fellowcountrymen equal rights with those of his fellow-Protestants-will vote for Part-

The bigots of the class that roasted the Catholics in Belfast will vote for Kelly's candidate. And I make him a present of their votes. In this election we expect " That every man and woman on the Register will do their duty."

The Inchicore Co-Operative Society has paid a dividend of threepence in the pound. John Saturnus Kelly, Esq., T.C., is alleged to be the first person to start this once flourishing concern on its downward course by a double-entry system of book keeping not learned at school.

Next week we shall discuss the balancesheet of the "Co," and incidentally John

The Partridge Election Committee meet in Emmet Hall. A vigorous canvas of the ward is being undertaken, and all wishing to assist are cordially invited to attend.

The Sunday Afternoon Social Entertainments in Emmet Hall are well attended and highly appreciated.

The Emmet Dance Class is the most select and successful of its sort in Dublin, Parents of pupils cordially invited to attend during rehearsals or visit the Hall any time at their leisure,

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

Correspondence

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. 7 Dean Street, Dublin. 1st January, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—In the last issue of your paper, THE IRISH WORKER, you published a statement of a gross and libellous character against me, alleged to have been made by Mr. R. O'Carroll, T.C., at a meeting in New Street in connection with the coming Municipal Elections in Mer-chant's Quay Ward. No other paper published the statement. I am sorry they did not, because I would have been afforded an opportunity of getting the fullest satisfaction as far as my own character is concerned, and I would have been able to put Mr. O'Carroll in a most unenviable position. In other words, I would have little difficulty in-to use colloquial language—"making him eat his own words."

Without further beating about the bush, I wish to say emphatically that Mr. O'Carroll has made a lying charge against me—and a charge, moreover, he knows he cannot substantiate. I say this not so much in my own personal interest as in that of the Nationalists of the Ward who include practically every straightforward workingman therein, and who for the past twelve years have chosen me as their representative in the Municipal Council.

If THE IRISH WORKER and Mr. O'Carroll think it proper to oppose me in my candidature they have, of course, a perfect right to do so, but he has no right to utter a lie about my personal characterfor a lie it is, and a mean, deliberate one -nor has The Irish Worker-that is, if it wish to "play the game fair," a right to give it publication. I'd expect at least this from the paper that every week announces on it's placard that it is "the paper that tells the truth."

I further guarantee that if he can prove his statement is true, I am prepared to place at the disposal of any charitable organization in Dublin a sum of £50; but, on the othe hand, I ask, in all justice, that if this malicious statement is not verified by Mr. O'Carroll, that he will immediately apologise to me for his uncalled-for attack in the columns of the "Irish Worker," and otherwise as publicly as possible by giving the name of the particular Food Inspector to whom he has referred, and the date and place upon which he alleges that I interfered in the way he mentions with the said

As you have published an atrocious and baseless charge against me, I assume you will think it your duty to publish this letter of mine. I remain, yours faithfully,

> Representative Merchants' Quay Ward. This letter has been forwarded to

JAMES VAUGHAN.

CURTIS.

Trade Union Shep.

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Councillor O'Carroll, who will reply next week. Look out for a treat,

[We pub ish Councillor James Vaughan's communication, which, in our opinion, was compiled by another person and signed by James Vaughan. The gross and libellous charge Councillor Vaughan fails to quote. "The Irish Worker" always has always will Irish Worker" always has, always will give our opponents fair play. I wish we could say the same for our opponents. Councillor Vaughan boasts that he represents the working men of Merchants' Quay. Will Councillor Vaughan, who is such an upright man, tell us who nominated all the candidates named Mooney when he (Vaughan) was contesting the seat upon the last occasion? (What about Mickey Swaine, Coachman Mooney?)
Ah! Jimmy, what about your daughter's birth certificate when you jobbed her on the Technical Committee? We deal with this letter at length in our next

The Year—Old and New.

The bells of the new year ringing, The dawn of a year and a day; Like some weird wizards bringing, Thoughts that I fain would stay. The acts that still are waiting, The kind words still unsaid; And the evil, I've been relating Was not sin but youth misled.

The burthens I might have borne, The pains that I might have eased, The shelter, I might, to the shorn, Have given for Him who pleased To give with full heart a measure, So great that I might not say: A joy, a hope and a treasure. And God, that I should delay!

The bread that I might have broken, The mouths that I might have fed; The unkind words now spoken Come back on the speaker's head. To the souls that of hope were shriven. To the hearts that were sad and sore; How easily I might have given, Some of His bounteous store.

The souls that were racked with sorrow, The hearts that were bowed with grief; Each watching the mirage—'morrow To bring to their pains relief. The trifles that I've neglected, The chances I let slip past; On my memory now reflected, Come trooping like ghosts of the past.

But, ah list, the bells are pealing! 'Tis a joyous and glad refrain; For the year that now is leaving Will never return again. But what of the year that's born, What of each hour and day? What of each night and morn, And the things that we do and say?

Each morn to help a brother, To carry his load, his pain, And at mid-day to cheer another, And at midnight to help again. To bring smiles to the face that's weary, To raise the heart that is sad; To brighten the life that is dreary, To make happy and hopeful and glad.

For a smile will chase a sorrow, And a look a heart will please, And the beggar's mite to-morrow, To your soul will bring its ease. Such things are never wasted, They bring a joy even here, But what of the joys untasted, In the realms beyond our sphere? an Clainin Out

For the Best Possible Value obtainable in Winter Boots. CALL TO DAVY GARRICK,

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2/11 a Pair.
Children's Carpet Slippers, from 4id. a pair.,
Wemen's Carpet Slippers, from 5id. a pair., Mea's
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G S. & Western Railway Co.'s " Sick " Fund.

It is, perhaps, permissible at this juncture to glance back, and in the light of recent events to examine past actions and attitudes, and discover whether the writ r stands justified or condemned.

Early in the year now passed I drew public attention to the unjust manner in which members of the above fund, who had exercised their lawful right in making their trade society their approved society under the National Health Insurance Act, were being penalised by the "Aimighty" Dent. I exposed the official ignorance or haughty indifference of the requirements of the Act manifested by the many circulars, issued invariably at the last moment, by this imported, highly-paid figurehead, compelling the withdrawal of one circular after the other, until this evidently incompetent individual staggered in at last on the lines that could have been dictated by his office boy, not to say by his junior clerk. H: dismissal followed, of course, as a " natural" consequence, notwithstanding

the assurance publicly given by Sir Willian: Goulding of the readiness of his Board to hear and redress any grievances possessed by any of the Company's employees. I was foolish enough not to know Sir William to be a liar, and through the recognised channels for complaint I dared to call attention to the unjust treatment of Catholics in the employment of that Company. An impartial investigation would have more than justified my complaints; but the father of the carrion crow that in England heaps upon the land of his birth abuse more filthy than the manure from which the family originally sprung could hardly be expected to do justice to the race his son decries. Without trial I was convicted and condemned, thrown idle upon the streets, with the gates of every factory in Dublin, if not in Ireland, closed in my face. The "Leader," as an unswerving champion of Catholic rights, recognised the justice of my complaints, and, refusing to allow itself to be sidetracked by unworthy motives, fearlessly spoke out its protests; and the "Irish Worker," as a consistent advocate of fair and impartial dealing between all parties, generously laid its columns at my disposal. And while these two journals, differing in many respects as widely as the poles, united on a question of justice, a guilty silence reigned throughout the ranks of our vaunted Catholic societies and the columns of our putrid press. The justice of my complaints could not be denied; but Jim Larkin assisting a persecuted Catholic was a bitter, bitter pill for those "trading"—I use the word advisedly—under the guise of Catholicity, who love to picture Jim as a soulless

their hand. Such is life; but to return to our subject. After my dismissal I record with pain the fact that many, if not most of the men I sought to serve, and who prior to that event were frequent companions, seemed to drop away. Possibly they dreaded punishment as severe and as unjust as my own. Consequently I do. not pretend to be familiar with all the happenings concerning the sick fund since my dismissal by the masters, and must I add to their shame by the men of Inchicore. I am not concerned with the rumours about the workmen's représentative committee receiving more than generous compensation for their labours, or the alleged sumptuous ban-Guet to which they were invited. But I am concerned with Mr Dent's circular, dated 23rd December, 1912, and the Actuary's report, dated 30th of November, 1912, both dealing with the "Sick" Fund, which would appear to be in a bad

ruffian, panting to pollute our altars, to

scatter our shrines, or burn our convents.

These picus hypocrites preferred to slink

aside while an effort was being made to

right a genuine grievance; and then they

profane the man who feeds the poor chil-

dren of our city and rescues from the

clutches of godless registry agents the

feeble victims whom their foul conniving

would otherwise have driven upon the

streets, and who helps in the noble work

to which they have not dared to put

way indeed. Friend Dent has not ceased to blunder in his circulars. He wants on this occasion the men to give their decision concerning the report of the Actuary before he has placed that report in the hands of the men. Last Monday's "Independent" published portion of a letter from me protesting against the unjust demand made of the men. The so-called "Free-man" suppressed the letter altogether. Many of the men had not received that report by the date upon which their decision was demanded. The circulation of the report was not begun until after 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, the 28th. This might possibly be one of Mr. Dent's brilliant ideas of preventing the men from having legal assistance in the matter, for that undeniably is one of the results of his action in delaying the issue of a report which, according to date, must have been a clear month in his possession, until such a time on Saturday when all the lawyers of the city had closed their offices, and then demading the men's reply before their offices opened again for business on the Monday following. Since writing the mentioned shareholders pay this modern foregoing, I learn that Mr. Dent has Oliver Cromwell £72 a week for doing the once more withdrawn another of his blundering circulars. So I shall now pass in believing that he will be permitted to on to the actuary's report. The first do anything, matter I feel inclined to dispute is the suggestion that " any monies the fund possesses are to be used, after paying off such members as may desire to retire, to form the nucleus of a wholly new society." As far as the National Health Insurance Act is concerned all societies

paying its benefits commence life on the

the contributions paid on behalf of its

management of the fund, they agreed to pay an annual allowance of £400, and made membership of the society practically a condition of employment. The men they coerced into joining this society discharged their obligations. Are the Company then to be permitted to forego theirs? Of course it will be argued that the money belongs to the members, and that they are at liberty to use it as they may. Agreed; but then are they getting all the money to which they are lawfully entitled. What of the Company's grants, and what of their obligations?

Another matter that struck me as being strange was that in considering the basis of valuation of a society about to go out of existence that the calculation of future liabilities and income should not be restricted to the time when it ceased to operate. Then the admission on the part of the actuary that the perfect course had not been followed in compiling the report renders the result of his work so much waste paper. Can he claim to have done his duty to the members by accepting, unchallenged, the published tables? I am sure the members expected more from him than that. As to the praise of the clerical staff of the G. S. & W. R. we can all join him there. Although the new Locomotive Superintendent does not seem to appreciate their abilities when discussing the staff with his workmen, as shown in last

The actuary's comments on the abnormally large number of members who claim sick pay will be best passed on to the doctors. I am sure the number would be still more increased had the new piecework scheme been in existence during the time under review. The suggestion that the funds previously recommended to be used to form the nucleus of the new society should now be employed to make good the deficiency that may be found after the first valuation shows an uncertainty that saps one's confidence in the writer; and I doubt if this second suggestion no more than the first will find favour in the eyes of the Commission; but to proceed. In explaining the rationale of the methods adopted in arriving at the valuation, the actuary is more confusing than the confusion he attributes to others in another portion of his report. Although the members will change grades as they advance in age and wages, the constitution of the society remains practically the same; for as old members go out young members come in and other members grow older. Why, then, should his calculations be carried out as on page 8? And as a result of this method the valuation of the society becomes £32,380, with a real value of £9,204 3s. 6d. Why, Councillor John Saturnus Kelly might do better than that and yet get locked up. This £9,204 3s. 6d. looks suspiciously like members' contributions alone, with added interests. And, again I ask, what became of the annual grants of £400 undertaken by the Company? The actuary makes no allusion to them-or are they themselves an illusion?

I now come to the comic portion of the report, which suggests that members wishing to retire be paid in proportion of one penny for every twopence of weekly contribution according to age. A man of thirty-seven joining the Company's service—and men do join at that age and older—and becoming a member for, say, twelve months, would have more to get out of the fund than an apprentice who joined at sixteen and paid contributions for twenty years. And the gentleman who makes this suggestion describes the draft rules, that makes no reference to age, but is guided solely by wages received, as unscientific, confusing, and unjust. Methinks, Mr. Actuary, that the boot is on the other foot. Imagine the Sick Fund getting change of a sixpenny bit to discharge its obligations to a member who, perhaps, has paid in four or five pounds

at fourpence per week. During the Strike of 1902 some members of my own trade society then dismissed were compelled to withdraw from this fund. They were then paid a lump sum of over £12; after the Strike they rejoined the fund, paid back the £12, and have since paid in weekly contributions, roughly about £17, which added to the sum repaid gives £29. The actuary would never given these men £4 8s. and say we are clear, The whole suggestion is ridiculous if the Company wish to break up the society and free themselves of their obligations. It is their wish and not that of its members, and they should be compelled to repay the members their

contributions in full. Mr. Dent, whom the Board imported, and whom the shareholders pay $\frac{1}{2}$ 72 per week, is alleged to have reduced the staff by a thousand hands, which considerably impaired its efficiency, as proven by recent accidents. Of that thousand hands alleged to be dismissed, most, if not all, were Catholics-many, no doubt, had their homes and families, Well, when Catholic shareholders, including nuns, priests and bishops permit an imported Englishman to dismiss Catholic workmen, break up Catholic homes and drive our Catholic Irish to emigrate or to the workhouse, and when the aforedevil's work, well such a man is justified

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Heirdresser, 2

new," and without funds other than 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN; the contributions paid on behalf of its members, together with the grants allowed. The Company took over the lowed. Success to the Westers' Canas.

REPORT OF MEETING HELD IN COUN-CILLER O'REILLY'S SHUG (CORNER CHANCERY-LAME) IN SUPPORT OF MICKEY SWAINE.

REPORTER - TOM IRWIN, THE RIVAL CANDIDATE.

Councillor O'Reilly in the Chair. Present—The Bird of Ill-omen, commonly called "Sparrow" Kelly; the "bould" M'Intyre, Mickey's official speechmaker, and "Lodger Stuffer" Tiernan. Crowds outside minding their own business.

The Chairman, in his opening remarks, stated that, after his exertions in the oratorical line in the City Hall for the past two years, he felt unequal to the task of making anything in the nature of a lengthy speech. He wished to correct a statement he had made on a previous occasion, to the effect that Irwin lived in a top back in the buildings. That was not so. Top front was the spot, and from that position he had an ugly habit of looking on at things that happened around his corner. He also promised to have a bye-law passed in the City Hall blotting out the buildings or granting him power to have his own public-house moved, if necessary. They were perfectly well aware that he was never opposed to anybody who lived in the buildings spending their money in his house; but he drew the line when they presumed to enter the City Hall as they knew well that it was no fit place for anyone to administrate in who worked for their living. (Hear, hear, from Mac; chipchip from the bird.)

Correspondence was then dealt with. A letter was read from Councillor Vaughan, promising Mickey all the help of the Merchant's-quay Ward that was no use to himself, such as dummy lodgers who would only vote in his ward six or seven times, and would chance their arm to do the same in another ward. (Loud applause.)

Brother Cunniam stated that he had received answers to the questions he put

ist. Where was he twenty years ago? 2nd. What he subscribed to the Parlia-. mentary Fund.

3rd. What he ever done for Registra-

Irwin stated that twenty years ago he

was as busy as he could be learning to work at the trade he was earning his living by, and any spare time he had he spent it in attending Parnellite meetings over Ireland with York-street Band and later with Ireland's Own Band, had been at the head of every anniversary celebration in honour of Parnell, even down to the unveiling of the Monument; also at the head of the Home Rule demonstration, likewise the Asquith procession, without being paid. As to subscribing to the Parliamentary Fund, the young Irwins passed a resolution prohibiting him from parting for objects like this. As to registration he confessed his neglect, but promised to be more alive in the future, especially in the matter of lodger stuffs, as he was anxious to find out the pert who filled in the lodger claims, and to have the opinions of the officials who passed them. At this juncture "Mac' and the "Sparrow" could hardly restrain their indignation. Eventually the "Spar-

sides). The report of the Joint Committee of the Wood Quay and Merchants Quay Housing and Unemployment Committee was then considered.

row" got on his perch and expressed his

horror at any one who had wasted their

time learning to work looking for their

support. As to Parnell, what qualities

did he possess in comparison to Mickey.

He could tell them for a fact that when

Mr. Asquith received the telegram an-

nouncing Mickey's defeat that he would

drop Home Rule (shame, shame, from all

It was pointed out that owing to the activities of Councillors Vaughan and Swaine that this Committee started its operations sooner than is usual Complaints were received from a large number of the tenants who occupied the houses that were not buil; that the chimneys were smoking owing to the entire absence of the roofs. The Secretary was instructed to look after this trifling matter. The unemployed for whom work had been procured wrote stating that they were grateful for what had been done for them; but pointed our that they were still idle, The 'Sparrow" asked that this matter be left in his hands, he undertaking to promise all the unemployed who had votes work in connection with the making of the returns of his Approved Society to the Insurance Commissioners. A paper was then read by the "Stuffer," entitled, "Why I Objected to Miss Harrison's Vote or Why I Was Employed in the South Dublin Union." This was received with great enthusiasm, especially the grateful references to Vaughan and Scully.

Mickey then addressed the meeting, and at the outset offered to lay those present 10 to 1 that he would or he wouldn't, whichever they liked. When he looked around at the large body of supporters he could not dream of defeat, and he was anxious that the victory should be won by peaceful, clean, and

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CORCORAN,

Aspital T Bonse, 27 Horth Strand Read straightforward methods. He did not mind trilling matters, such as smashing windows where Irwin's name was displayed, serenading Irwin at two o'clock in the morning, or putting an odd voter to sleep. He told those present not to mind such claptrap as the name of Parnell, or bands such as York street or Ireland's Own. As to the unemployment question, they all knew that the people who never worked had his entire support. The people who worked, that is, those common folk who were knocked idle now and again, would be looked after by his opponent on the Courts of Referees under the Unemployment Section of the Insurance Act. He concluded by asking for three cheers for the grand old motto, "Live, but don't

The "Stuffer" being at the back of the shop, the two cheers of the "Bird" and "Mac" could be heard in the buildings

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman for his eloquence brought the proceedings to a close.

The next meeting will be held in Vaughan's, and the Editor is advised to send a reporter as the present one will be too busy to attend.

Owing to the unpatriotic action of the Dublin Evening Press in refusing to report meetings which are written in public houses, except at advertisement rates, I am tempted to try your paper.

T. IRWIN.

MICKEY SWAINE, Esq.,

l Real "Sport" upon a Bogus "Sport,"

" A Bad Loser and a Person who cannot Pay Twenty Shillings or Less in the Pound."

"When the contest was over, I went to the big dressing room, and the talk was all of the decision, and whether Curran had won, or earned a draw. One individual came in and expressed himself very vulgarly, winding up with the assertion that I ought to be in a sanatorium instead of a boxing ring. This person was once a prosperous bookmaker. He may be a bookmaker yet—and he may also be prosperous—but I don't know and cannot vouch for his ability or willingness to pay twenty shillings in the £ -or less-to those he may owe money to. He, no doubt, thought his remark a most witty and brilliant one, because when I got into the ring to give my instructions to Roche and Rowan, I heard him repeat the remark about my being in a sanatorium. I made no reply, though I thought that there were some people I knew who ought to be either in a lunatic asylum or in an inebriate's home. I had regarded the individual I am referring to as a good sportsman—up to last Thursday night. I had known him for some considerable time, and always looked on him as a sport—a good winner and an equally good loser. But my eyes were opened when he came raving into the dressing room, and by the time he had unburdened himself of his vulgar tirade, he had also unburdened me of the good opinion I held of him as a

"I am sorry Curran was beaten, because he is a lad I like very much, and one in whom I have taken a great interest. But I cannot let partiality affect my judgment, and much as I wanted Curran to win, I could not shut my eyes to the fact that Greenstock was the better boxer, and so I had no alternative but to declare him the winner, with regrets that I couldn't give it to Curran, and that one whom I regarded as a sportsman had proved himself the reverse; but I regretted the former more than the latter."-J. Frank Bradley in the "Mirror of Life."

The person alluded to above is, as our readers will surmise, Mickey Swaine, of "Let-and-let-live" notoriety. At the previous show Mickey climbed into the ring, and addressing the audience in the manner beloved of Billy Richardson, of Christy minstrel stump speech days, said he was a sport, but he did not want to use the ring for election purposes. However, they should not forget that he was the first man who was ever elected to represent sport municipally. Mickey has again proved himself a liar. Patsy Gregan, who was a sport, and a genuine one, sat in the Council of the City of Dublin as representative of the Rotunda Ward years before the chamber was polluted by the presence of the person to whom Frank Bradley gives the castigation quoted above. And, strange to say, the very crowd that have taken Mickey to its bosom published a circular in which attention was drawn to the alleged scandal of electing a prizefighter to the City Council. Patsy was a prominent member of the Nally Club, with which Peter Maher, Jack Hackett, and a host of sports, who were all good Irishmen, were associated. Why, calling Mickey a sport is enough to make poor Gregan turn in his grave. So much for Mickey, the alleged "sport." We think his career is about finished as a corporator, and we know it is finished as a "sport,"

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The Tale of a "Long" Umbrella.

The day I am taking out of the many commented with my article was a very wet one. The rain was pruring down incomsautly, and those who were lucky enough to have an umbrells took good care to use it for what the manafac urer intended it, v'z., to shield the wearer from the rain.

But from a house on a road off the North Strand (a road which bears the name of a bishoprio of freland) an old w.man appeared at the door, and, glanoing suspiciously round her (as if expecting to see some wild animal rush at her), she darted at full spend across Newcomen-bridge, carrying an umbrella, not for protection from the rain, but under her exter! She emtinued her wild a west till the resched a bailding in Aniesasirest compionous by the sign (which I cannot inform my readers the meaning of) of three brass balls hanging from its front, just above the doo".

She looked round her egain, and deried through the door! Currosi'y mais me wate's and wait to see what was the meaning of this strange behaviour, and, after writing some twenty mixu'es, the old woman appeared again, beaming in emiler, not looking round her noz, not seeming to care about anything now. But one thing I noticed particelarly was that she was without the UMBRELLA.

I wa'c'ted her sgain, and noticed she turned down Oscory-road and entered a house there. This performance, I believe, takes place nearly every other week. Can any of my reacers solve the mystery?
"The umbrella was Long, and in mystery

shroaded; Its owner was short, and the morning was clouded. But he sent it to uncle, where a licket

was "writ"; Bo without it poor Long he must do for a bit."

LOVE.

What is love?—Jid you ask me, child, Will you think me strange if I answer slow?

For the years will come, and you'll grow And the things I'll tell you yourself will

You'll lisp the water, and hear the mur-

Of the atream quick rushing through your hears and soul; And the barren wieter will be as summer. And life's and coenn have a pleasing

Yu'll steel the sweetness from the horeyed woodbine. Outsing the lark in his morning strain;

And words of folly will be more divine. Than incense burned at some holy fans. You'll know it well, boy, when I am aleep-

Beneath the sod in some lenely dell; Its ewesiness tasting, its vigils keeping. You'll know what is love then, I cannot tell you.

An Clainin Oub.

BOOLEYISMS. "Thrush ivrybody but out th' caerds'." "A vote on th' tally sheet is worth two

in the box." . . .

"No men is a hayro to his undertaker."

"I don't care who makes the laws if I can get out an injunction." "An Englishman appears reserved

because he can't talk." 'I don't care who gets the vote if I do

the countin'." ' Il ye can't bate yer enemy disqualify

"The Socialists, Hinnessy, are like an Esglish family: they don't spake to each

"I'm glad I'm poor," said Mr. Hinnessy. "It gives ye less to talk about, but more to thirk about," said Mr. Dooley.

"O), well," said Mr. Hinnesty, "we are as th' Lnd made us." "No," said

Mr. D.oley, "lave us be fair; lave us take some iv th' blame ouvsilves."

If I was proud I oud say I seen more thin Julyus Oseser iver see or cared to." " Mechanical science has dens ivrything

i'r me but help me." "What d' ye think iv th' man down in Pinnsylvanya who says th' Lord an' him

is pareners in a soal mine?" asked Mr. Hennessy "Has he divided th' profits?" sa'ed Mr. Doolsy.

WEDDING RINGS. Engagement and Kooper Rings

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