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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

Resolutions and Elections! The Election Catechism.

A Few Questions for Voters with the Answers Supplied. By EUCHAN.

The Municipal Elections across the Channel take place every year in the month of November.

January, however, is the month in which the Municipal contests of Ireland are fought, and we are fast approaching the date on which they take place, the 15th

Speaking entirely from a Labour standpoint, I do think that January is the best month or time of the year to have these Municipal contests take place.

January is that first brief period of each New Year when the grand new resolutions we all make are fresh and green and in a flourishing condition gener-

It may be asked, "what has that got to do with with a Municipal Election?"

Let me assure my readers that our good resolutions have everything to do with a Municipal contest; particularly so if there are Labour candidates in the field.

For instance, should our first resolve of the New Year be to see that justice shall prevail, then there isn't anything else to be done on the 15th January but vote for the Labour candidate, for it is against Labour and those who labour that the greatest amount of injustice is being daily perpe-

Then again, should we have made up our minds that for the coming year we would keep clear of drink ourselves and seek to discourage its use in others, we could not possibly vote on election day for either any of the dealers in "bung" or for their accessories and associates.

Altogether, if there is any connection between New Year resolutions and January elections—and I do think there ought to be some—then certainly Labour ought to come out on top every time, for the Labour candidates are clean men, straight men, and men who are out against injustice, graft and corruption in every or any shape and form.

So far, of course, I have gone on the principle that the resolutions one makes at the beginning of a year are good resolutions. It may be, however, that some men may make bad resolutions. I do not say that there are, of course, but still there may be. Some men may have resolved that they will be against anything that makes for progress; that they will do their utmost to prevent anything that aims at Civic purity or even cleanliness; that they will encourage "Bung" in all its nefarious and underhand operations.

Well, if such men be, we may be perfectly certain that they will keep their resolutions intact and unbroken only by refusing to vote for Labour candidates. If a man has resolved to fight against progress, purity, or temperance; then we may safely bet our bottom dollar without the slightest fear of losing it, that it is not honest Labour men like Partridge or Brohoon they will vote for, but they will be found rallying to the side of creatures like Swaine, Farrelly, and Vaughan.

So much then for the men who make good resolutions, and the "boyos" who have bad ones. There are some men, however, who never make any resolutions at a New Year time for the reason as stated by themselves generally, "that they

couldn't keep them!" For those of my readers who are in this position and who have votes to register at the forthcoming elections, particularly in the wards where Labour men are standing for election, I would recommend the following short catechism. The: questions and their answers may make you realise that perhaps it will be as well to stand by your own class. Remember that every vote registered for Labour is a blow given

to jobbery and corruption! If you resolve to vote for Labour it is undoubtedly one of the best resolutions you could make, and as for keeping the resoa mere figure-head, you vote for yourself, for your class, for your home, for your

Wife, and for your children! Here is the catechism, and the first question is:-

1. Q. Do you believe in Labour having direct representation?

A. I do believe in Labour having direct representation. 2. Q. Why should Labour be directly

represented? A. Labour should be directly represented because it is only by such

representation its demands can

be adequately stated. 3. Q. Can Labour be represented by

dealers in "Bung"? A. Dealers in "Bung" are the greatest enemies to the working class and should be shunned and hated by all belonging to that class.

4. Q. Can Labour be represented by "Jobbers"?

A. "Jobbers" should not be tolerated by any section of 'the community, because every "job" perpetrated is an insult offered to that community's intelligence, besides being an injury to the common welfare.

Should slum-owners be tolerated as Municipal representatives? A. Slumowners should be treated

in the same way as "Jobbers" and "Bung merchants" because they also are social vampires battening on the misery and wretchedness of the very poor.

6. Q. To whom should the working classes look to for representatives? A. The working classes should select their representatives from their

7. Q. Would workingmen make capable representatives?

own class!

A. Workingmen are the best possible representatives because they have an inside knowledge of all that affects the lives of the workers.

8. Q. Is such a knowledge necessary? A. Knowledge of the life of the working classes is absolutely necessary because we are living in an age of social development !

Q. What is meant by social development?

A. By social development we mean that the State is beginning to realise that the wrongs and injustice suffered by the workers are demanding attention and solution, and working-class representatives are necessary on every public body to demand reforms and guide, shape, and control such social reforms as are granted.

10. Q. What are the qualifications most necessary for working class candi-

A. The qualifications most necessary for working class or Labour candidates are thorough honesty of purpose and complete devotion to the highest ideals and aspirations of their class.

11. Q. Is their anybody existing in Dublin that can select such candidates and put them before the ward electors with confidence?

A. The Dublin Labour Party, drawn from the organised workers of the city, selects the candidates who interests of Labour ...

12. Q. Should these candidates any time heen piedges is there any way of dealing with them?

A. The most effective way of dealing with such men would be to fire them out, and the Labour Party reserves to itself the right of "doing so. The man who breaks such a pledge is a traitor to his class, and there is no room for "that kind of man in the Labour movement!

Having put these twelve questions and lution—why shouldn't you keep it? Re- stheir answers before you, I need hardly member that Labour's battle is your battle. way more. They put the case for Labour In voting for Labour you do not vote for. representation before you in a nutshell.

Labour representatives have become an absolute necessity in the present age of commercialism They are as necessary to the wealthy classes as to the working classes, for no matter what measure of

Social Reform may be granted, such measure will be wholly useless unless the opinion of organised Labour has been obtained at its formation. On all public bodies, therefore, Labour

representatives are needed. The man who says to the contrary is a fool or a knave! It is to the working class themselves the task falls to get their own men elected. If the workers fail to return workers, then it is the workers themselves that must ultimately suffer. Don't be misled with any causuistry about "Live and let live !" Will a publican do as much in the interests of the workers as a carpenter or a docker? Will a race-course tout understand what the workers are striving for as well as a plasterer? Will any sane man say that they will? I think not?

Resolve then ye who have not yet made any resolutions for the New Year, to go to the poll on the 15th January and strike the blow for Labour by voting for Labour.

Down with jobbery and corruption! Up with liberty and justice! Remember that Labour's fight is your fight. Bring your resolutions into your elections and right shall prevail.

The Coming Fray.

Near again to the Municipal Elections! and incidentally to the paying out of the benefits under the National Insurance Act. With this latter remark we shall not deal here, but simply confine ourselves to the coming elections. January, as our readers are aware, is the month in each year when party feeling runs highest-and very often riot-in this city. It is the month, also, when Bung and Patriotism become synonymous terms. We regret having to state this; but it is a fact—an excruciatingly painful fact!

It is a matter of common knowledge that some of the U.I.I. candidates are carried at the head of the polls on a veritable ocean of porter. A distinguished ecclesiastic, commenting on a recent Municipal bye-election, spoke in condemnatory terms of strong liquor being used in election contests. We are in absolute concord with that Churchman; and so, too, should every rightthinking citizen having the well-being of his city at heart. If a man be foolish enough to swallow porter in quantities he should be careful not to allow his principle to go down with it. Principle, which is honour, is all that is left uswe of the proletariat. Without it we become mean, dejected, and despicable things-hardly fit creatures for that glorious word. Man!

At no other time, to our mind, do portion of the workers deteriorate in principle so much as at election times. For not a few of them, nothing is base or low enough to which they would not lower themselves. Every mean device is resorted to; every mischievous—nay, villainous-method is adopted. But these peculiar devices and methods have a reactionary tendency. The very people, and they are workers, or of the workers, who commit them, suffer mostly. We, of course, along with the tried and true

workers, suffer also. It is obvious that no class needs Municipal reforms so much as the toiling class; and no Party can fully accomplish these reforms except a strong, pledgebound Labour Party. It is pretty well useless putting men in the Dublin Corporation who are not actuated by a desire to socially uplift the working people. but who, on the contrary, are in the City Council for their own personal aggrandisement, and that of their nearest and. if occasion offers, remotest friends.

It is gratifying to note that an opportunity is again afforded the workers of adding some more men to the small, but are required to pledge themselves remarkably gallant, band of Labourites to work whole-heartedly for the at Cork Hill. Last January, of glorious and immortal memory, Labour swept the polls. Will there be a repetition this time? Metaphorically speaking, Labour's hands are immaculately clean; her issues are clear; her method of tactics will be consistent with everything befitting her name. Will Labour win? The ballot-boxes with every workingman's vote recorded in consonance with principle and trade unionism should answer, "Yes!"

TREDACH.

Liberty Hail. 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.

Biographies in Brief.

No I.-LORD MAYOR SHERLOCK.

Born in the City of Dublin (presumably) Anno Domino God-knows-when, he was the young hopeful of an obscure but an illustrious family whose proudest boast it was that they could trace back their ancestry to Conn of the Hundred Battles. When still quite a youth he made the momentous discovery that the forum was his destined goal, and after a brief space of time he emerged into the public lime-light and earned for himself the grandiloquent appendage of "The Duodecimo Demosthenes." In short, he became a veritable "darling of the gods," and people loved to speak of him as the Member for Mountjoy—this latter phrase being an allusion to the seat of his mightiness.

On the memorable occasion of the great Cattle Embargo in Ireland he rendered lasting services to his country, and when it was sought to compensate him therefor he proudly disdained the filthy lucre. To mark the people's estimation of his scholastic learning he was in due course endowed with the magic LL.D., much to the chargin of a hated rival-one Dr. M'Walter.

As a Member of the Irish Parliament he completely out-classed all contemporary politicians, not even excepting the then Prime Minister-Mickey Swaine. He was eventually offered a Knighthood by his Britannic Majesty but de-

clined the honour on democratic principles and in deference to the wishes of the residents of Summerhill. As a litterateur, however, he made but one venture, namely, when he published his autobiography under the title of—"Amongst the Lilliputians."

As Lord Mayor of Dublin he attained world-wide popularity owing principally to the "greatness of his smallness." He was an ardent temperance reformer and was said to have put down drink with a strong hand. (This sentence must be read carefully). He had a horror of all the common vices of mankind, and almost induced the legislative assembly to pass an Act prohibiting the sale of tobacco.

After a lengthy career of extraordinary brilliance he "shuffled off the mortal coil," and the pathetic note about his death is that he passed away in the arms of his life-long friend, the renowned Alf. Byrne. He was laid at rest beneath the green sward outside the Mansion House, and the marble slab above his grave bears an inscription that closes with the following touching lines inscribed to his memory by the immortal "Delia," of Princes street :---

"He lies beneath the dewy mould; In life he scorned the dross of gold' And does not now complain of cold-Amen !"

A Song With a Moral.

In a wind shook shack, on a mountain. He saw the high seas, and he heard the By a lonely belt of pine.

On a Christmas Eve, in the long ago, Sat a veteran grey, and his head hung

While outside there, in the drifting snow, He could hear the sledge dogs whine.

His eyes were fixed in the flashing glare, And deep in the curling smoke, And his lips were bent in a silent smile, Though a tear trickled down his old face

the while As he gazed deep in the embers, many a And the past in the glimmer spoke.

In the gleaming depths of his drift wood fire,

He saw his Irish home His father, his mother, and his kindred dear,

Who loved him well, and kept back the tear, That would sadden his heart as the day

drew near. That would send him over the foam.

He saw his first start on the pathway through life, In the days when the world seemed

bright. When in youth and strength, and right good will, He footed the roadway, and breasted the

hill, And the dews of the mornings refreshed him until He laughed in the gay sunlight.

There in the sparks was the laughing eye Of the girl he was to wed, When he struck it rich in that distant land

Where gold was as plenty as the salt sea sand That fringes the coast of his own native strand When the ebbing tide has fled.

Once more he felt his heart strings snap. When the time had come to go, When all in the world had loved him

Stood on the beach, till the horizon's Shut them out, and he followed the sun to the west, With a heart grown sad and low.

SIMPSON & WALLACE, MEAT PROVIDERS,

Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

storm roar

As the good ship forged ahead, To the land of gold, with a daring crew, To grapple with fortune, and their lives renew, And the pictures of wealth that daily

they drew. Had well nigh turned his head.

But years have gone by since those giltedged days. And his dreams have not come right

For a stranger in a strange land he had ever been, And the glitter of the wealth he had never

seen. And the days had slipped away until Time quite unforescen, Gave him warming of Life's dark night.

He remembered at home a rut-marked road,

That led to the churchyard gate, And a quiet sward of short-cropped grass, Where the mourners from the coaches to the church would pass And he knew there was resting his kindred

and his lass, Under moss grown slabs of state.

And the fire burned low, and the sparks grew dim, And the old man shook his head, Where was the fortune he had come to

find. Across the wild ocean, leaving love behind, The snow-clad mountain and the howling wind. The remains of hopes now dead.

And the sun broke over the mournful pines.

And shone with a luminous glow, On the old log walls of that dreary shack, That stood at the end of that old man's track. And stretched to green valleys right away

back. From the icy mists and the snow.

At last he has reached the promised land, Where eternal life shall last, And he now holds the hand of his heavenly bride,

And he sits by his well-remembered kindred's side, And he fears no reverse in Fortune's tide. Nor storm, nor wintry blast.

SHELLBACK.

CAUTION. The Pillar House,

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

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER

Dublin, 6th January, 1913. SIR,—At the Municipal Council meeting to-day Councillor Richardson said that a certain weekly paper had stated that a School Inspector, "whose children were suffering from an infectious disease, had been sent out amongst the school children, and forced to remain out," and he desired to contradict that statement.

As the Inspector referred to, I beg to point out that Councillor Richardson misquoted the paper referred to, whose statement was "that the Inspector has been kept at his post," which was quite

The facts are—On 8th ult. my eldest boy was removed to Cork-street Hospital with scarlatina. Next morning I notified the Secretary Mr. M'Carthy) by telephone, and asked for instructions. He said I was to come into the office usual, which I did, and he informed me that evening that my doctor when telephoned to had said there was no danger in keeping me in the office amongst the staff, but I had better not visit the schools for a few days. On the 13th ult. two more of my children had to be removed to hospital with the same disease, and all these are away still. I was only absent from duty on 11th to 14th ult. owing to a very bad sore foot which had been troubling me for a good while, and, with the exception of the dates mentioned, I have been on duty every day the office was open, as the official time book will prove to Councillor Richardson. The district I am in charge of has been reeking with scarlatina for a long time.

Thanking you in anticipation, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM J. FEGAN, School Attendance Inspector, North-East Division.

[Copies of the above letter were also sent to the "Evening Mail," "Evening Herald, "Evening Telegraph," and "Irish Times.—ED.]

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THE LABOUR BATTLE!



WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, New Kilmainham.



THOMAS IRWIN. Wood Quay.

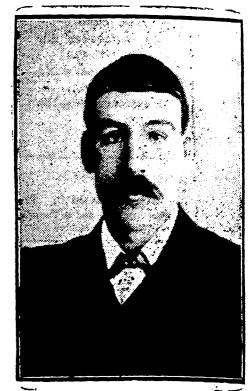


COUNCILLOR THOMAS FARREN, Ushsr's Quay.



Municipal Elections.

ANDREW BRESLIN, Merchants' Quay.



MICHAEL BROHOON, North Dock.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN. citizen. A man who possesses valuable

ESTATES AND FINANCE COMMITTEE.

ABATEMENT OF TAXATION.

Applications for Abatement of Taxes on Dwellings suitable for, and occupied by, artisans or labourers, in respect of the year commencing lat April, 1913, and ending March, 1914, will be received by me up to, but not after, 1st February, 1913.

Applications must be made on Forms to be obtained at my Office, as under. [By Order] EDMUND W. EYRE,

City Treasurer, Secretary.

Municipal Buildings, Cork Hill. 3rd January, 1913. "An injury to One is the concern of All."

___THE___

Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN. THE IRISH WORKER will be published weeklyprice one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Jan. 11th, 1913.

The Eve of the Battle.

Friends, comrades, and fellow-workers, the hour is approaching which shall decide whether the cause of truth, honest administration, and probity in public life shall, in the person of the Labour candidates seeking confidence of the peope, get a set-back or advance another stage. This statement applies not only to Dublin but to many other towns in Ireland. It were well that we should not under-value the forces arrayed against us. The citadel of corruption—the fall of which is certain-still retains strong, defensive walls. Though we have captured the outer works, we must not hesitate. There must be no cessation of the attack-constant, unremittingly must we assail the enemy; no compromise must be allowed; they must be obliterated; there can be no arrangement or truce between righteousness and evil. Think of the results of the present administration. Every woman or man who tries to live a decent life according to God's Commandments is assailed, villified, victimised, starved body and soul, whilst our enemies, sheltered by the citadel of ignorance, greed and corruption, sally out and attack weak, detached bodies of our comrades and destroy them. And the pity of it is, that sections of our own ranks—who would gain more by acting loyally in concert with their own class-sell themselves to the enemy for a mess of pottage, and so delay the day of our entering into our own inheritance. What have you, workers who act the traitor, to gain by betraying the cause of Labour? You have perforce to associate with the foulest, parasitic growths in the body politic; you have to accept the mean doles handed out to you as the price of your recreancy-nay, they even treat you in a more insulting manner. They boast they can buy some of you with a pint of porter! What miserable, ignorant, debased creatures you must be to allow these beasts, in the shape of men, to traffic in your honour and disgrace. Judas sold his God for thirty pieces of silver. But that was ordained. He was born to commit that heinous crime as a warning to all God's creatures and for a sign. But we of the working class are erucified daily by Judases from our own ranks. Let us come down to concrete facts in connection with the fight locally. We will take ward by ward. See what is happening in Kilmainham. The chosen champion of the workers is William Patrick Partridge—an intelligent, sober, skilled workman; a man of principle: a loval member of his trade union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; a Catholic Home Ruler in the broadest sense. Not a man or woman can point to one unworthy action in Partridge's life's-work--a man who has sacrificed himself for his class, at all times willing to spend himself for their betterment; a mood husband, a good father, and a good

references and recommendations from Cardinal Logue, the Bishop of Achonry, his employers, his schoolmaster, his workmates, and his own family, is opposed by one, Eager, a member of the Fowler Memorial Hall, a member of the Orange Order; one who signed the Covenant, and who now betrays the Lodge and Party he was associated with by order of his employer, Mr. Boydell, J.P., Unionist, and under instructions from the Employers' Federation becomes the tool of J. S. Kelly and the alleged United Irish League. And who are his backers ?-John Saturnus Kelly, thief and blackmailer, liar and hypocrite; Bill Richardson, political corner boy and tool of Alfy Byrne, publican; and O'Hanlon, an alleged trade unionist, who is not only assisting a known enemy to trades unionism, but is associating with known blacklegs O'Hanlon boasts he is a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and that with their authority, he is opposing a Catholic Home Ruler and trades unionist in the interests of a man (Eager) whom he knows is a member of the Orange Order, and one who on the authority of a member of that Order who is no ashamed of principles, signed the Covenant. We leave this unholy alliance to be dealt with by the honest electors of New Kilmainham-Catholic and Protestant. Then let us come along to Usher's Quay, where Tom Farren, General Secretary, Stonecutters' Union of Ireland—a life teetotaler, good Catholic Home Ruler, good intelligent Irishman, and a good trade unionist, is opposed by Hughie Doyle, son of Mosey Doyle, who was sent to Manchester to indentify Kelly and Deasy; the spawn of a creature who sold his principles, country and conscience for England's blood money; a creature who in '67 pnt the men of Usher's Quay in gaol as suspects. Hughie Doyle, butcher, is such a good Irishman and United Irish Leaguer that no school in Ireland is good enough for his offspring. He must, forsooth, send them to England. It would have been a good day for Ireland that his father had been sent to England when he was whelped. Anyhow, Mosey is where the toads won't spit at him. Now, does Hughie Doyle think the workers of Usher's Quay have no memories? Only a few months ago Hughie, with his gang, raised the price of beef one penny in the pound. The 15th of January will put "paid" to Hughe's account. What price Mrs. Delany and the other virgins of Dolphin House owned by Hughie Doyle? And now to Jimmy Vaughan—trickey Jimmy—who got a member of the United Irish League, who was nominated, disqualified because he was named James Vaughan and described as a merchant, while Ducker is described as a gentleman. This is the cruellest blow of all.

Ducker described as a gentleman! We wonder if the workers of Merchants' Quay are going to vote for a publican, who had to resign the Chairmanship of the Public Health Committee and a creature who waxes fat on the degration of the foolish poor. A drunkards' labourer is a splendid way of getting a living. And then to Wood Quay, where "Also Ran" will be run into well-merited oblivion. But let us pause and study this problem. Here is creature-Swaine-whose only prayer is a blasphemous, obscene oath; a creature who is a byword and reproach to all decent men; whose career has been one debauch of drunkenness, vice, and sin; whose very name breathes pestilence, standing as the champion of Religion and Nationality. "Live and Let Live" is Ducker's motto; "Live on those who Work" he means. A creature of profligacy and vice, a creature who would have contaminated Sodom and Gomorrah if he had lived in those days. No deed too foul, no language obscene enough for Mickey. His very presence is an abomination and a disgrace to any city. And, then. his colleague, Edelstein -a criminal lunatic, who has been found guilty of the most abominable offences; a creature who outraged and destroyed a little girl aged eight; this abominable beast is also a champion of Religion and Nationality. He is paid to try and influence the Jewish voters into voting for his Christian fellow-blackguard. What do the honest members of the UIL.

J. M'Intyre, emergemcyman's son and renegade; a creature who has been living on proselytising all his life; another champion of Religion; a creature who at the present time is living in a Smyley, a Nest in Swift's Alley. Well might Mickey put the words "God Save Ireland" on his bills. So say we, God save Ireland from beasts of the of Swaine, Edelstein M'Intyre, and J. S. Kelly. Down in North Dock Ward what we said we have done. We said we would run Mr. Farrelly, bung, into obscurity. He is gone, not having enough grit to face the music. We have now Kavanagh, who alleges he is a trades unionist, is Alf Byrne's latest tool. Kavanagh, who as a second Chesterfield after the Swaine type, has been in all camps—a discarded and expelled Sinn Feiner. We wonder does his leader, Lorcan, remember Kavanagh's historic sgeech, when he threatened to drawn Lorcan in a summary but most objectionable manner. But Kavanagh is a political joke. Nobody but Alfy takes him seriously. Brohoon will canter home.

By the way, Alfy, you have not sent in your resignation yet? We are waiting patiently. We will give you the same dose your blackleg tools got. Let us have the resignation, Doggy Byrne, and no equivocation. You might ask your political corner boy, Richardson, why he did not deal with our charge that he was reported for his children not going to school, and he used his position to stop his own prosecution. We leave Inspector Fegan to deal with Bill on the question of infection.

We have dealt with the official candidates of the party. In Dublin two other men are fighting Labour's battle, unofficially as yet, but their endorsement is sought from the party. Both are members of the Transport Union. Thomas Foran is fighting South Dock. Foran is President of the Union, and was only defeated by 127 votes against the strongest man the U.I.L. could put forward. The man he is opposing is not a bad sort, the best of a bad lot; but he is not a Labour man, and that makes a difference. Joseph Byrne, who is also a member of the Union and Vice-President, is nominated, but is only running to stop impersonation; for if anyone dares to do this election what was done last election, he will get a dose, and the employers can look out. Michael Mullen is fighting Inn's-quay. He is Secretary of the Dublin Executive Gaelic League and a member of the Transport Union, and is the man who exposed the unjust and unchristian treatment of the infirm paupers in the South Dublin Union.

Joseph Byrne is agent for Thomas Foran, at his Committee Room, where all Workers must report at once.

We have to thank the Lord Moyor and Councillor O'Beirne for the prompt manner in which they dealt with the grievances set forth in our hurried letter addressed to them and delivered at Board meeting on Thursday last. Owing to their action the dismissal of 17 men was referred back to Oustomhouse Committee.

A meeting of Unemployed Men and Women of Dublin will be held in the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, on Monday Night at eight o'clock. Councillor Laurence O'Neill will preside. Miss Harrison, all the Labour Councillors, and Jim Larkin will speak. All Unemployed women and men should

We make a special appeal to all our readers to give one night to assist in canvassing or distributing literature, and all shop assistants ought, in their own interests, to give Wednesday afternoon to working for the Labour candidates.

Jim Connolly, M. M'Keown, and D. R. Campbell are fighting Labour's battle in

Goodison, Corish, Bergin, Walsh and Martin are the Labour champions in

Lynch, President Sligo Branch Irish Transport Union, is Labour candidate. think of this clique? And then Patrick in Sligo. He wins easily.

And out in Bray Nash is going in for Little Bray Ward. Nash is one of the

NORTH DOCK WARD.. A Band Parade and Torchlight Procession will take place on Tuesday, January 14th, leaving Liberty Hall at 8 o'clock. Several meetings en route.

NEW KILMAINHAM WARD. Parade of Ward on Mouday, Jan. 13rh, starting from Emmet Hall, at 8 o'clock.

REPLY TO JIMMY VAUGHAN.

To the Editor Irish Worker. 49, Cuffe Street, Dublin. January 10th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,-In last week's issue of your valuable paper you publish a vague letter over the name of James Vaughan, who accuses me of making some statement or other which he alleges to be libellous and malicious. But I observe that Mr. Vaughan is most careful not to quote the alleged statement. I presided at a meeting held in New Street on Sunday, 22nd December, in support of the candidatures of Messrs. Irwin and Breslin. At that meeting I made several references to Mr. Vaughan's conduct as a public representative, but as to which of those statements Mr. Vaughan takes exception 1 am not quite clear.

It may be that he objects to my referring to his tenure of office as Vice Chairman of the Public Health Committee, which position he held in 1903. At that time serious charges were placed before the Committee against two certain firms in the city—one charge under the Adulterated Foods Act, and the other under the Shop Hours Act. Ex-Councillor Lyons was chairman of the Committee then, and, as I said, Councillor Vaughan Vice Chairman. However, the Committee made no order on these two particular cases. But when the meeting was over, and the members gone, Messrs. Vaughan, Lyons, and another Councillor, who has since gone to render an account of his stewardship, returned to the Committee room and made an order, in effect, that the two offending merchants should not be prosecuted. In other words, that they should be permitted with impunity to poison the working people and their children with adulterated food, and compel their unfortunate shop assistants to work hours calcnlated to tax the last drain of strength and energy in their bodies.

Now, if Mr. Vaughan holds that this statement is untrue, I am prepared to go to court with him and have the whole matter thrashed out there. The only proof I have are the minutes of the Public Health Committee and the evidence of a number of Corporators who were interested in those two cases.

I also stated at the meeting in New Street that Councillor Vaughan had been accused in Council of stealing a sample of butter out of the pocket of a Food Inspector in order that it would not be used in evidence against one of his friends. And I can prove that Councillor Vaughan was accused of doing this and can produce the man who accused him. And, further, the accusation has never been repudiated by Councillor Vaughan or anyone else. I can understand Mr. Vaughan trying to deceive his constituents, but I really gave him credit for more sense than to endeavour to b uff men who know him. However, I want it thoroughly understood that I bear Mr. Vaughan no personal spleen. I am not in public life for personal motives; I am merely actuated by a desire to purify local administration in the city where I have been born and reared, and to improve the hard lot of the toiling masses who have been so long deceived by men of the Vaughan type.

Why do I object to Mr. Vaughan being in the Municipal Council? Is it because he is a member of the United Irish League or is it because he is a publican? And if these are the reasons, how does it come that I have personal friends in the U.I.L. and others in the licensed trade? Those who are acquainted with Councilor Vaughan's record in public life know full well that the grounds of my objection are sound and not far to seek. Will Councillor Vaughan answer me this-Had he to resign his position as Vice-Chairman of the Public Health Committee? And, if

so, why?

In conclusion, I declare that the statements referred to herein were made by me on a public platform in New-street on the 22nd December last, all of which I am prepared to prove in a court of justice. Awaiting a writ from Councillor James Vaughan—I remain yours fraternally,

R. O'CARROLL.

From Pope Leo's Encyclica NATURE OF THE EVIL-A FEW RICH AND MANY POOR.

"The result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into

two widely differing castes. "On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth -which has in its grasp the whole of labour and trade, which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purpose all the sources of supply, and which is even

represented in the councils of the State itself. "On the other side there is the needy powerless multitude, broken down and

suffering. (51.)
THE CAUSES OF POVERTY. "It has come to pass that workingmen have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hardheartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men. To this must be added the custom of working by contract and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery

THE RIGHT NOT TO BE SWEATED. "Religion teaches the wealthy owner and the employer that the work people are not to be accounted their bondsmen . that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. THE RIGHT TO LIVE BY WORK.

"The preservation of life is the bounden duty of all. "It follows that each one has a right

to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than through work and wages." THE RIGHT TO A LIVING WAGE.

sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort." (49.) THE RIGHT TO THE FULL RESULT OF

LABOUR.

"A workman's wages" (should) "be

"It is just and right that the results of labour should belong to those/who have bestowed their labour." (II.) THE RIGHT OF ASSOCIATION-

TRADE UNIONS. "The State is bound to protect natural rights; not to destroy them.

"And if it forbid its citizens to form associations it contradicts the very principle of its own existence, for both they and it exist in virtue of the like principle, namely, the natural tendency of man to dwell in society." 55.) THE WORK FOLKS' SPECIAL RIGHT TO

"When there is question of defending the rights of individuals the poor and helpless have a claim to special consideration.

PROTECTION.

"The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be especially cared for and protected by Government." (40.)

BAD LAWS ARE NO LAWS. 'Human law is no law only by virtue of its accordance with right reason. Thus it is manifest that it flows from the eter-

"In so far as it deviates from right reason it is called an unjust law. In such case it is no law at all; but rather a species of violence." (56.)

THE STATE CAN CONTROL PROPERTY. "The right to possess private property is derived from Nature, not from man: and the State has the right to control its use in the interests of the public good alone, but by no means to absorb it altogether." (51.)

WHAT GOD HAS DONE—WHAT THE STATE Must Do.

"God has granted the earth to mankind in general, not in the sense that all without distinction can deal with it as they like, but rather that no part of it has been assigned to anyone in particular, and that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and by the laws of individual races." (9.)
[Therefore, Vote Solid for the Labour

Candidate.]

rish Stationary Engine Orivers' Firema and Cranemen's Union.

Aggregate Meeting will be held in Trades Hall, Capel Street, on Sunday, January 12th 1913. At 1 p.m.

All Members must attend. Important Business. Old and New Members take notice.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER, Block, Old Bride-street,

Dublin, December, 19 DEAR SIR, — Our illustrious fellow-

countryman, George Bernard Shaw, has told us that you never know what? scoundrel you are until you become candidate, and I am now realising how true this is. In my campaign in Wood-quay I have

not hitherto paid any particular attention to the usual election criticisms. Eva when told that I had no business seeing to represent Wood-quay because I in in a top back in Bride-street, I answere politely, with becoming humility and all the dignity and composure at my com mand after so crushing an exposure that my accuser was misinformed, and that #

a matter of fact I lived in a top front. But now I am undone; the mask is torn from my face, and if I am and again to look an honest man in the fact I feel it is incumbent on me to mis some reply, although I know in my hear of hearts that it must of necessity be poor and halting one.

A speech of Mr. Cunniam's, of Christian Speech of Mr.

church-place, is reported in the proceedings of the Wood-quay U.I.L. After telling his admiring audience of the great work done for Dublin and Ireland the Councillant Committee the Councillant Councillant Committee the Councillant Counc by Councillor Swaine during his the years in the Corporation, Mr. Cuntillor Christian of Christchurch-place, paid a little atte tion to my humble self, and final crushes me to earth by stating "the he didn't know me." Needless to say, I am shocked as

humiliated; but, nevertheless, I take in pen in hand in a meek and chastene pen in hand in a meek and chaster mood to say whatever can be said in modefence. The bald fact, of course, can be denied or explained away. Mr. (in miam, of Christchurch place, doesn't be me, and there's an end of it. But I put it to Mr. Cunniam, of Christop place, that I have struggled through place, that I have struggled through up to this without his acquaintance, never (until now) felt the loss of it an explanation might in any way! ate the enormity of the offence, pe it may be due to the fact that I am in the habit of leaving my wages of publichouse counter, believing that wife and family could make better of them: I know, of course, Mr. Cunniam, of Christchurch place point out that this is foolish part; but, then, the fool will per his folly. After all, if Mr. Conference of Christchurch place, does not me. who knows but the loss may Mr. Cunniam's side? I seem to ber that last January Mr. Common Christchurch place, didn't know cillor Lawlor, and in a number of culor Lawlor, and in a number of culor transfer. quent speeches said that nobody vote for an unknown tailor, and and sundry that his own man to win. And I am somewhat or in my present discomfiture where member that the man that known by Mr. Cunniam, of Chief place last January polled twelve odd votes; while Mr. Cunniari odde got less than half that mr. Was it because the elector bell

minent persons.

unless accompanied by parents. Doors

open at 3 o'clock, and close at 3.30 every Sunday. Short lectures delivered by pro-

vated, and the game is in full swing,

commencing each evening at 7.30.

The "House Room" has been reno-

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

THE BONN E BUNCH OF ROS'S. O!

(N.B.—This is a poetical name for the

North Dock Ward.)

There are giants on the earth in these

days.'

A crowd of knights went forth to woo The Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O,

For the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

With Baron Alf of the North Dock Ward.

O. F. and Bill of the conscience charred;

Oh, have no fear, for I have them tarred,

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

With hats and caps in hand they kneel

For the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.'

We claim your hand in wedlock, dear,

For Kavanagh bold—this gentleman here, My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

"Your hand for him—don't be a fool,

It's work well done to secure Home Fule,

"He's a Knight, 'sans peur et sans

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O;

For Asquith whispered in my ear,

If he were elected in this year,

reproche,

Ireland had nothing then to fear,

My Bonni · Bunch of Roses, O!

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O,

And fit to go in the Mayoral Coach,

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

He's a silvery milliflurus 'gift o' the gab,

Aye, it's deeply engraven on Memory's

That he shoed the horses of many a scab,

"He's a Nationalist grand, you, too, must

The proof? Why, the man himself says

And he'd wear a kilt, too, only-well,

"I'm for Labour myself, and I love the

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

He's a member sleek of the U.I.I.,,

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O?

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

my choice,"

of Right;

chance,

worse,

So long as—well, you understand,

Did I ever spurn them from my door?

For them I've always a welcome bland,

They've the jug and the money in their

"Too late you've come, for I've made

It's Brohoon shall make my heart re-

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

If with yours or Kavanagh's my arm I'd

"It's lower and lower down I'd sink,

D'ye think I want to live on drink?"

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

"I'm heartily sick of your ceaseless

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

He's a Leader true in the toilers' fight-

He's making Day where once was Night,"

Set the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

Too long we've left all things to

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

'And Farrelly's led us a merry dance,'

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

But soon ye'll dance to a different tune.

And the piper bold will be my Brohoon,'

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O!

"Your tricks do often make me curse,"

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

" I've foolish been and still am weak,

But now true men and pure I seek-

Ah! the back of my hand to your dirty clique!"

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

"Now Labour blows on his lusty horn,"

Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

Dark Night has given place to Morn," Ses the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

They'll soon embark on a moonlight flit

S. O. CATATAIS.

Byrne, Farrelly, and William "Pit," Will soon receive an ejectment writ;

"I'm bad, God knows! but I might be

But now we're awake and very soon

In gold Jim Larkin's worth his weight."

He stands for the poor and the Cause

A story in Irish he'll glibly tell:

To the Bonnie Bunch of Roses, O.

"Oh, who can tell the love we feel

Alfie sighs and sheds a tear:

A blundering, blustering, beery crew

But alas! What shall it profit a man if he is known to all the world, but not to Mr. Cunniam, of Christchurch Place. Yours, etc.,

THOMAS IRWIN.

WOOD QUAY-BAND PARADE.

Grand Parade of the Ward, headed by Ireland's Own Ban I and assisted by St. Patrick's Fife and Drum Band, Blackrock, will leave leave the Boot and Shoe Trade Hall. Cornmarket, on Sunday 12th inst., at 1 o'clock p.m., sharp.

Dublin Municipal Elections.

JANUARY 15th, 1913.

Inn's Quay Ward.



MICHAEL MULLLEN.

I beg to solicit the favour of your vote and interest. I am a member of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and go forward as a trades unionist who has shown practical interest in the affairs of my brethren in the Labour movement, If elected I will use my best endeavours to improve the condition of the citizens and of the city.

I shall, if elected, do my utmost to secure that Night Sittings shall be held of the Dublin Corporation and of its Committees; bath, and wash-houses for the workers; the carrying out in full of the programme put in operation by the Dublin Labour Party, whereby houses shall be built of the proper cubic-air space and let at a shilling per room; the strict application of the Public Health Acts; and the penalsing of the food-sellers who adulterate the materials they sell; and, in short, I pledge myself to work in the interest of my own

I am an ardent advocate of the Irish Language, and if elected shall do my best to forward its interests. Yours fraternally,

MICHAEL MULLEN. Remember a Vote for Mullen is a Vote for Progress. A Vote for his opponents is a Vote

for Reaction. Mullen and Labour for Inn's Quay.



THOMAS FORAN, South Dock.

WEXFORD NOTES.

In a few days the workers will be called on to do their part at the polling booths, and we earnestly hope that everyone who has a vote will exercise it to the interests of his own class.

The Labour candidates in the various wards are making a very strong canvass, and have great hopes of heading the poll, even though some of their opponents allege they have the key of one of the wards in their pockets.

Frank Carty is very indignant over being opposed, and that he has always looked after the interests of the workers (at election times).

In St. Iberius Ward Willie M'Guire handed in nomination papers signed by no less than twenty persons (if that will do him any good), very prominent amongst them being Philip Cowman and Jack M'Goldrick, who supplied the scabs in Doyle's and Pierce's with porter and meat during the recent lock-out.

The "white-wished man" also had Cowman's stickback on his paper.

Councillor Kelly is also very indignant that the Labour Party should run a man in St. Mary's Ward; and now a word or two to the brave Joe? Have not Dick Corish and John Walsh more right to represent the ward they were born and bred in than Robert Coffey, whom we never heard tell of till a few years ago, and who would not be here unless he was making his pile?

And as for James Hore, he would not trouble St. Mary's Ward only that the people in St. Selskar Ward threw him out with scorn. We wonder Jamesie is not "posing" as a Labour man, too.

Eddie Cullen seems to be very anxious about the Municipal Elections this year He says that there could be more respectable men nominated. We wonder which of our opponents is he "digging" at in particular. For our part we can go as far back as he likes, and defy him to prove anything against us. But may-hap Eddie wouldn't like that incursion into the "lights of other days"—or should it be the shades?

Do the workers in St. Selskar Ward remember a meeting of the Corporation early last year when Councillor Clancy called on them to protest against the way P. T. Daly was thrown into prison? Mahoney and Connors, each in turn, were pouring out abuse on his head, when a Labour member, on the point of order, asked the Mayor to stop the outlandish conduct.

Immediately he did Councillor Carty jumped up and asked the Mayor for privilege for Mahoney and Connors to proceed in their vile abuse.

This is the man who now seeks the votes of the workers in Selskar Ward.

Workers, be men and vote for Martin. Will the aristocratic voters of Spawell Road vote for Martin? No; they will vote for their own class. Then, why not the workers take a leaf out of their book and do likewise?

Now, as we have said above, the elections are at hand, and we earnestly appeal for your support, Let nobody absent themselves; take no bribes in the shape of drink.

And now a word to the women voters. You can vote for whom you like. Nobody will know who you vote for, and, above all, vote for people who will fight for you, and who will know you when the election is over.

Labour cannidates-St. Selskar Ward. MICHAEL MARTIN, St. Iberius Ward. JAMES GOODISON, MYLES BERGIN. St. Mary's Ward. JOHN WALSH, DICK CORISH.

Corporation Officials and Municipal Elections

Our attention has been called to a number of employees of the Dublin Municipal Council who are busy canvassing for some of the outgoing Councillors. As these men are aware they are liable to INSTANT DISMISSAL by taking any part in the Dublin Municipal Elections other than recording their votes, we now give fair warning that we will deal with any officials who take part in the forthcoming elections after this appears. We refer in particular to Wood Quay and Merchants Quay Wards, where we have under observation quite a number of employees doing a bit for Mickey and Jimmy. They seem to lose sight of the fact that after January 15th Vaughan and Swaine will both be found amongst the "Also Rans."

The distribution of premiums to the bound to have beneficial results. A time there was in Inchicore when all low-paid workers were eligible for premiums. It is a practice that could be revived with advantage, both to the Company and to the men concerned.

I have before me two Quarterly Reports of the Inchicore Co-Operative Friendly Society. When the sales amounted to £1,696 os. 10d. in 1912 the net profit was only £29 6s. 10d., while in 1911, when the sales amounted to only £1,549 8s. 9d. —that is £146 12s. 1d. less than in 1912, —the net profit was £84 14s. 8d., or £55 7s. 10d. more profit than that earned on the larger sale.

The more we sell the less we make is the order of the Company. Therefore the shareholders would make more money if they ceased selling altogether. After the elections I shall give a whole article

mis-representative of Kilmainham, had his dishonest and dishonourable actions exposed at the monthly meeting of the Corporation on Monday last by Councillor Fatrick O'Carroll, of Inchicore.

The Right Honourable(?) the Lord Mayor and Mickey Swaine, Esq., sought in vain to screen their comrade. It was the first meeting of the Council since the evidence of Councillor Kelly's guilt—as a civic representative—came into Councillor O'Carroll's hands. And the latter took the first opportunity of exposing it, and protecting the employees of the Corporation from BLACKMAIL.

" Canty," who was one of the men instrumental in having Councillor John Saturnus Kelly sent to gaol for misappropriation of the Labourers' contributions to their Society. And the crawling Alderman Farrell, whose testimonial from the Corporation Labourers might be happily described as "Scientific black-

A meeting was publicly called, and is alleged to have been held, in the rooms over the fried fish and chip potato shop —95, Emmet Road. The-One-and-One-Councillor-John Saturnus Kelly, John S's Alderman, Alderman Murray, and John S's Councillor, Councillor O'Hanlon, were all there according to John "S's" paper, the "Evening Telegraph."

A previous meeting had been held in Caulfield's "Drunkery," Chapelizod. A the small hours of the morning. It was here they decided to borrow the "Protestant Prop" to sustain a cause that was collapsing through the rottenness of its own supporters. Protestantism in Kilmainham would be at a low ebb, indeed, if it lent itself to John Saturnus Kelly in his career of misrepresentation.

who is also alleged to have signed "Carson's Covenant," is now presented in the Robert Emmet costume to the burgesses of Kilmainham as a Protestant Home Ruler. And the "Father of Lies" asks the votes of the people on the plea of

The people of Kilmainham have given too much toleration to the Kelly Gang. It is Partridge who is truly fighting for toleration. When the bigots of Belfast drove the Catholic workmen idle upon the streets, and sought to burn them in the furnaces of the factories, Partridge stood at the gates of the Inchicore Works, where he was then employed, and despite the sneers and frowns of your local bigots collected money for those in

minister who had assisted in the scheme.

Councillor John Saturnus Kelly was in gaol when some of these things were being accomplished for his second offence of misappropiation—which is a legal

honesty to complain of the injustices done to men of his creed in that Company's employment. All God-fearing men will vote solid for Partridge.

The nomination of bogus candidates is

Inchicore Items.

Inchicore Apprentices in order of merit has given general satisfaction, and is

Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, whom Councillor O'Carroll charged in the open Council with dishonesty and blackmail, was arm in arm with the present paymaster of the G. S. & W. Railway and past secretary of the bogus Benefit Society exposed in last week's "Irish Worker," and Gogarty, the local "dead" meat butcher, were canvassing last night against the Labour representative of Kilmainham. The local officials and the anti-Catholic bigots have all joined the Kelly Gang against Partridge.

Cards now issued to intending members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Trades Union and to those wishing to become members of the Emmet Hall, by

Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, the

mailing," joined the other "tugs."

taxi cab was kept standing outside until

This alleged Orangeman and Freemason,

When a Protestant workman was dismissed from Inchicore, Partridge was the man who got up the testimonial for his reinstatement, and when the local Corporation buildings were complete Partridge was the man who had one street named after the priest and another after the

term for robbery.

Partridge was dismissed for seeking toleration in the works. He had the

an old game with those opposing the Labour candidate in Inchicore. Kicking up rows is another of their trump cards. But the people are beginning to see through their tricks. They have cried "wolf" too often.

The Sunday Afternoon Concerts in the CURTIS, Emmet Hall are becoming deservedly popular. These concerts are intended for adults. Children will not be admitted

Trade Union Shop.

LETTERPRESS AND PRINTER.

BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER,

DUBL OFF DAME STREET,

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Woderate Prices.

Тилирионе 3492

" Bung in Battle Array."

It is up to you, good and true men and wemen of Dublin interested in the reform of the Capi al of your dear country, to say whether you will on next We need by, the 15th January, give another lease of office to a section of the corrupt gang who have been disgracing us in the Municipal life of our city for many years past, or whether you will wisely avail you salves of the opportunity now before you by the action of the Dublin Labrur Party, whose candidates stand for a pure and clean administration of the city's effairs, which means the vetceing of all corruption existing in the Dublin Corporation at present. Why shake your heads and comment upon the rotten state of affirs existing if you continue at the "same time to put a premium, as it we'e, upon "depravity" by returning to the Council Chamber the wretched apostles who have fattened on such work. It was Land'ordism in the past that done to reath millions of our noble peasants. Yet, in all its hideous aspect this curse, according to the voice of the Church, echoed through the Bishops at a Synod h ld in Mayn oth, was never, in its most penal forms capable of i flicting half as much ruin as the curses drink EVIL. For under it more hones were decimated more family t'es rent saunder, than ever fell beneath the crowbars in the very worst days of eviction. So much for the trade that is up against Labour Candidates securing a proportion of representation in the Municipal Council. Will they succeed? Heaven forbid that the workers would not so base to their own rest interes s. Who was it s ld the barre's of Reer which caused such grief at V megar Hull in '98, which caused our songeters to write those memorable and sad lines :-

"My curse upon all drinking, for it's made our Fir bravery won each battle, but drink lost

The Publicans Who was it assisted the C'arcy gang and John Mallon to entrap our young men into the meshes of Dublin Castle and caused many of them to end their young lives on the gallows?

Remember these facts on next Wedgesday and route the dirty Coombe publican, Jemmie Vaughan, from Merchants Quay and return young Andrew Bree'an Sweep the dirt bird and offspring of the trade, Mickey Swaine, from the other Ward of St. Patrick's Division by returning another har y son of toil, Thomas Irwin. In Usher's Quay mark in a signal manner your contempt for the base creatures who are trying so cust one of Ireland's gif ed sons, honest Tom Farren, ly their nominee, Hugh Doyle, son of an ex-policeman, of 67 fame. Give heart disease to the Bungs of this Ward by retu ning Farren by such a majority that will end for ever in Usher's Quay such an outrage being perpetrated on its people. In North Dock let us hope they will not be found napping on this coession by ignoring the Foley street candidate and returning brave Michael Brohom at the top of the poll. In cor-olusion, let us hope New Kilmainham Ward will redeem its former character by placing our fearless and indomitable friend, William P. Partridge, at the head of the poll. Faithfully yours,
Young Dublin.

Usher's Quay and Merchants' Quay.

Band Parade and Torchlight Procession, will leave the Committee Rooms, 74 Thomas Street, at 7 o'clock on Sunday, 12th inst. Several Meetings en route.

G ive me no wines of sunny Spain, And sparkling magnums of champagne; L et others order what they please— Liquors French-made, or Portuguese, A nd such strange blends from o'er the seas, G ive me no foreign drinks like these. H ere's one good toast I ne'er forget, E ach day to drink in "CIDERETTE"-(R arest of "Gallagher's" famed brands), "S uccess to Irish Brains and Hands!"

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there is an Irish Establishment which supplies goods on Easy Payment System. IT IS THE ; **DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL** ASSOCIATION. LTD.,

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Boys' Schools Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 Girls' School Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 Children's Boots at 10id. 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9 to 2/11 a Pair.
Children's Carpet Slippers, from 4id. a pair., Women's Carper Slippers, from 5id. a pair., Mea's Slippers in great Variety.

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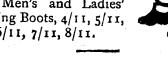
Our Stock for Value and Variety is absolutely unrivalled.

Dry all Winter.

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

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.

NEW KILMAINHAM ELECTION Partridge for Principle.

We reprint herewith an article written by William P. Partridge and published by us after the last contest for the above seat in October. John S. Kelly is again in this present election very much to the front, and for the information of anyone desiring to know the real nature of this creature we recommend the following article:-

Defeat: Mine or You's?

"A rogue paramount—ten thousand rogues among! He rose and shone like phosphorus from dang-.'

On Wedneseay, October the 2nd, the Dublin Labour Party, representing the legitimate organized trades and labour bodies of the city, contested the vacant councillorship of this district, and that contest was decided on a register upon which the Labour candidate had been defeated but nine months previous by a combined vote of 731, the Labour man on that occasion polling only 260 votes. On Wednesday week the Labour candidate was once again defeated, this time by a majority of only 23; while the votes recorded in his favour numbered 429, representing more votes than those recorded in favour of Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, whose name and reputation has brought to my mind the lines placed at the head of this article. I dispute the authority of this unworthy individual to speak on behalf of the residents of this ward, for most of the honest people who voted for him were deluded by his misrepresentations and lying promises; while the votes recorded in my favour were given voluntarilyand deliberately—in face of the most scurrilous misrepresentations that ever came from the foul lips of a moral assassin. Personally I am not surprised at anything Mr. John Saturnus Kelly may do or say, nor can anyone be astonished at the attitude or actions of the individual who to-day kneels praying before the shrine with every possible public display of devotion and piety, and to-morrow stands before the Recorder charged with the foulest crime that ever stained the annals of His Honour's Court. But we shall become more acquainted with Mr. Kelly as we proceed, and the more familiar we become with this shameless creature, the more contempt and disgust shall we entertain for this modern "Kit Kulkin."

I have already shown how the Labour Party reduced the majority vote against them on the Kilmainham register from 471 votes to 23. And anyone who voted on Wednesday week may have observed the sick Partridge surrounded by the crowd of vultures. And now they boast of victory I I present them with their

As for myself—the defeated candidate -it had for me many interesting considerations. I was the official candidate of the Dublin Labour Party, pledged to the hilt to a comprehensive and definite programme, and it was for that programme, and not for me, that every intelligent burgess voted who recorded his vote. Then inseparably associated with my name is my struggle for tolerance and fair play with the bigoted official drones of the G. S. & W. Railway. Many an innocent Protestant refused me his support under the misconception that my return to the City Council would mean the triumph of the Roman Catholic section over those of his creed. But the intelligent voter whether Catholic or non-Catholic, knew that my election would at best only strengthen my demand for a fair and impartial investigation of my complaints to the G. S. & W. Railway Board. Will they who voted against me now admit that they seek to deny to me the right that is legally extended to the greatest criminal that ever appeared at the Bar of Justice—that of a fair trial? I do not ask any man to accept unchallenged a single sentence I have penned concerning the maladministration of affairs of the G. S. & W. Railway. What I do ask and I feel justified in demanding, is that what I have written should be investigated, and I stand prepared to accept my punishment if it can be proved that I have knowingly written a false statement. Contradiction is not argument. If you dispute my statements, investigate them before you condemn, and I will present free one of my pamphlets to everyone who forwards to my address a stamped addressed envelope for same. I also offer to meet my traducers in any public hall at any public meeting called at any time in this city, and I challenge them to prove in my presence, before such an assembly, the inaccuracy of anything I have stated in that pamphlet or my letter to the Board. Then, of course, on the vindication of my cause rests my reputation and my home. And no man who is sincere in his affection for his family can easily contemplate the possible eventualities following on my failure to secure an impartial investigation of the complaints, for refusing to withdraw

I am a workingman and a Roman Catholic, dismissed for protesting against the intolerant treatment meted out to Catholic employees of the G. S & W. Railway. And having regard for the fact that I stand alone in this struggle with the most powerful railway company in Ireland as my opponent, I do not think in the whole city or in Ireland could be found another branch of the U.I.L. mean enough to support the candidature of a man to oppose such a person engaged in such a struggle. It is, perhaps, but natural that Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, who in the anti-Larkin and anti-Labour "rag," Mr. Martin Murphy's standing by her side—a tender youth— 4. Was I ever sent "Independent," condemned the railway- she pointed out a young man driving bing my employer?

which I was summarily dismissed from

the services of the Company.

members from his bogus union for daring to express sympathy with the men engaged in that struggle, and who is even alleged to have offered to supply scabs on that occasion to aid the companies in defeating the men, should now come forward to again assist the railway company and prevent my exposure of his friends, Messrs. Maunsell, Dent and Goulding. But I am out to meet all opposition in my struggle for justice, and I have no apology to offer for tearing aside the cloak and presenting to the disgusted gaze of my readers my assailants in all their rottenness and corruption. I have heard of John Saturnus Kelly giving an applicant for employment at the Kingsbridge a private letter to his "friend" Dent, and in response to Councillor Kelly's letter the applicant was given an official form to fill in. We all have been told of Councillor Kelly's intimacy with the renowned William Martin Murphy, but I can assure John S. that he will play none of his Harvey Duff tricks on me or mine while I live to expose him.

I was absent in the country when the Labour Party put forward my name as their standard bearer. I returned to Dublin on the Friday afternoon previous to the election, and as I met with a slight accident and was ill. I had not an opportunity of canvassing the burgesses. On the day of the polling I was unwell, and the cars kindly lent to convey my supporters to the poll were for the most part of the day standing idle outside my committee rooms for want of local assistance in sending up the voters. My friends who work in the Inchicore Works I would not permit to identify themselves publicly with my candidature, for I knew my opponents, and I would rather sacrifice the seat than that the home of a single working man should be broken up on my account. I relied entirely on the intelligence of the people, and having regard for the unscrupulons manner in which I was slandered and misrepresented throughout the ward by the "Kelly Gang," and to the fact that these lying statements were not refuted by me for reasons given, I consider the votes recorded in my favour very gratifying, and I am exceeding obliged to the respectable burgesses who refused to be misled by the creature Kelly.

The following is the first of Kelly's lying documents that came into my hands:-

The Irish Railway Workers' Trade Union Approved Society (Registered No. 5,401)

An Appeal to the Labourers and Electors of New Kilmainham Ward.

ELECTION, THE 2sp OCTOBER, 1912,

FELLOW RAILWAY LABOURERS AND ELECTORS,-Last January you elected me to represent you in the Municipal Council to maintain peace and to do good for my Fellow Labourers and the Residents of the Ward. This in a very sho t space of time I have done to the best of my abilities, but the regretted resignation of Councillor Joseph Gleesor, Solicitor, has created a vacancy in the Ward, therefore the duty devolves upon you to elect a worthy successor, as a Home Ruler and supporter of John E. Bedmond and the Irish Parliamentary Party; therefore I appeal to you most earnestly (as you know I am personally interested in the peace and prosperity of your homes) to elect Mr Thomas O'manlow Coachmaker in Tram Works, residing at 183 Emmet Road, Inchicore. He is the adopted candidate of the U.L., and he will help me in a peaceful manner to improve the social and financial condit one of my Fellow Labourers, also the residents of the Ward.

The following extract, taken from the "Telegraph" of 21st March, 1891, shows how Mr. Kelly improved the financial condition of his fellow-labourers when he was sent to a ward in Kilmainham for their interest and principle, financially speaking —

ALLEGED MISAPPROPRIATION OF MONEY. John S Kelly, Jamestown Cottage, Inch-core, formerly Secretary of to Dublin District of the National Union of Gas Workers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Iroland, appeared to answer a new summons at the suit of Adolphus Shields, Secretary to the Union, charging him with having wilfully withheld from the trustees of the said Union a sum of £73.

Mr. Condon [ins ruoted by Mr. Gerald Byrne] prosecuted, and Mr. Nicholls [instructed by Mr. J. J.

Walsh defanded. Mr. Shields was again examined, and produced the registration of the society. His evidence was simi ar to that already published in the "Evening Telegraph." Receipts were produced to show that there had been wilf I suppression of mention of monies that had been paid by the branches and

Mr. Swifte gave a decree for £57 I4s. 6d. with costs, or in default the defendant should go to gaol for three mon he.

But to continue Mr. Kelly's infamous productions:-

THE QUERY, WHO IS HIS OPPONENT? Mr William P. Par ridge, an outsider, and the nominee of Mr Jim Larkin, the Imported Socialistic Labour Disturber and Destroyer of our Limited Irish Industries. This Mr. Partridge wants you to sleet him to the Municival Council to carry on Mr. Jim Larkin's Deviliab, Unchristian, Socialistic Work that would break up the peace of your homes by causing discension smonget the various creeds outside the Workshops which he failed to do within the Railway Walls.

Kelly's reference to my friend, Jim Larkin, invites me to recite the following truthful and interesting incident —

"An old and valued friend of mine was one day standing on the quays of Dublin, a poor but respectable woman dressed in black accompanying to school three little children similarly attired, happened to pass. Jim Larkin and two other men appeared on the opposite side. Immediately he was observed by the woman she came ho a standstill, and directing the children's attention to the tall man with the soft hat in the centre, said: 'That's Mr. Larkin, the man who helped your poor father when he was sick, buried him when he died. clothed and fed ns, and is helping to have you educated. Never go on your knee without praying for him. May God in Heaven bless and protect him." My friend turned away. Another picture came before his mind. It was that of his own widowed mother with her seven orphans. He remembered how.

men on strike in 1911, who expelled men by the door on an outside car. "That scoundrel," she said, while the tears almost choked her voice, "robbed us of your dead father's savings that I had invested in the Co-operative Stores, and that provided us with a means of livelihood. He has driven me out to work in my declining old age and compels you to go to labour when you still should be going to school. He has smashed up many a home and broken many a heart in Inchicore." The man on the car was John Saturnus Kelly, Councillor for Kilmainham Ward, who dares to assail a man with whom he is unworthy to breathe the same atmosphere. Send me on a writ, John, and in the Court I will introduce you to the son of the widow who said you robbed her and her orphans, and I may produce witnesses to prove her statement true. But to resume Mr. Kelly's leaflet :—

Remember, Fellow Labourers, that last August twelve months [1911] at the Railway Strike Meeting in the Phonix he called all the Inchicore Railway Labourers un just and unmentionable names, although we were, and are still, far superior Trade Unionists

to him as results have p oved.

Now he [Mr. Par'ridge] wants your Vite to carry on Scurrilous and Murderous Warfare in your peaceful Ward. Now it is your duty to sout Mr Partridge and his Imported Larkinite Gang of Labour Di-turbers from the Ward by your great Constitutional Power-by your Solid Voe [hat I helped to procure for you] on the 2nd October, 1912, at the Model Schools, Inchicore; for Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon is the Candida e of the People, thereby you will be consigning Mr. Partridg , the Foreign Intruder and his S cialistic Nomines [Mr Larkin] to obscurity cr the Hopfields of Kent that Mr. Partidge may be able to tell you acmething about before he know where Kilmeinham Ward was.

I appeal also to the Patriotic Women of the Ward to help me, as they did in Janua y last, to banish for ever the polluted breath of Spislism that surrounds Mr. William Partridge by your voting S led for Mr. T. O'Hanlon; thus you will save your homes and your great Railway Wor s from the destroying hands of Mr. Partridge and his S calistic Corraion [Mr. La kin]; they both are the peets of S ciety and the dest-oyers of our Limited Irieh Industries. The last word to you is -Vote Sol d for Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon and Hama Ru'e, and away wish Partri'gs and Larkin, the Imported Ev.l

> Fellow Railway Labourers and Electors, Yours Faithfully, JOHN S. KELLY,

O ganiser and General Secretary, and Councillor of . the Ward.

I must admire the audacity of the creature in referring to my remarks at the meeting in the Park that caused his bogus union to fall to pieces in 1911, when all the honest members resigned as a protest against Councillor John Saturnus Kelly's underhand effort to convert them into scabs. Then the modest (?) John refers to the votes "he helped to procure for them." Why, his meddling with the register has reduced the Burgess Roll of Kilmainham by over 400. The people who gave this creature their requisition forms, and lost their votes, are indebted to him. But I fail to understand his reference to the hop fields of Kent, for I was never out of Ireland a whole week in my life since I was born in it. I know nothing of hop-picking or oakum-picking, and I know Councillor Kelly has the advantage of me in these matters, especially in connection with the latter.

Now, I ask the respectable members of the Inchicore Branch of the U.I L., which lent its assistance to Sir William Goulding and the remainder of that crowd in denying justice and fair play to their Catholic employees, do I deserve to be described as a "pest of society" or an "evil doer"? Are they proud of helping the Railway Company to crush the man who had the courage to face the bigots' sneers and frowns, when at the work gates I stood and collected from my shopmates the sum of £12 12s. 4d. for the victims of the Belfast intolerance? Or when I personally applied to the superintendent to have the works closed on the occasion of Mr. Asquith's visit, as indisputable evidence of the desire on the part of the working classes for Home Rule and why some of the men who shouted for Redmond and Home Rule, during the recent election, complained on that occasion about the possible loss of a half day's wages. But I repeat—do I deserve to be called a "pest of society" or an "evil doer?"
That statement of Kelly's carries behind it the silent support of the people who at Kelly's bidding voted for Councillor O'Hanlon. I have in my possession testimonials from many persons-including one from a Roman Catholic Bishop, two priests, one Protestant minister, and many laymen of note-and all these people have lied if Councillor John Kelly's circular be correct. I know that I am further from my God than I was in the bygone innocent days of childhood, when I used to break out of Church and scale the walls to steal to Mas; and receive the grateful glance through the silent tears of that Catholic mother by whose side I used to kneel. Since then I have battled with a world that is most deceitful and corrupt. I am sensible as I write of my many shortcomings and imperfections, and I invite Councillor John Saturnus Kelly to accompany me in the following public examination of conscience. And since he assumes the role of Defender of the Faith and founder of the local branch of the U.I.L. and presumes to cast the "stone," let us see which before God is

the greatest public sinner .-I. Did I ever rob the people amongst whom I was born, or anyone else, of their invested earnings in Co-operative

stores or otherwise? 2. Was I ever dismissed from the pawnbroking for dishonesty, and prosecution prevented only by my promising never to enter the pawnbroking business again?

3. Was I imprisoned for misappropriation of money entrusted to me by my shopmates?

4. Was I ever sent to prison for rob-

indecent assault ever preferred against me in open Court, and did I suffer a term of imprisonment for this heinous offence?

6. Did I ever cheat a landlord out of his rent?

7. Or as a public representative did I ever vote for a rise of salary for Corpora tion employees and beg money off these poor men afterwards?

With the publican of old I bow my head and in all humility ask God to be merciful to me a sinner. And in my heart I thank Him that many though my offences be, they do not include any set forth in the above list. Can John Saturnus Kelly join me in that prayer of thanks?

John Saturnus Kelly' you are in the limelight, and every honest man is disgusted with your performance. But it is a public duty to show you as you are, so that honest innocent workers may not be again deceived.

What think the honest members of the U.I.L. in Dublin of this local pillar

of the League? WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

AN APPRECIATION AND A PLEA

By SHELLBACK. Christmas Day of 1912 is now num-

bered with those of the other years that

have passed and like them has taken with it its full cargo of experiences that will gradually develop into sweet or bitter memories, according to the manner in which we have spent it, and according to the company with whom we have been associated. Many will look back upon it as a most splendid time. They have enjoyed themselves, they have had witty and beautiful and gentle companions, their surroundings were thoroughly happy and comfortable all of which means that in their own particular case they had plenty to eat and drink, a good variety, a good fire no troubles, no worries, and doubtless they have already commenced to exchange with one another the many delightful little incidents that went to make up their very merry and happy Christmas. A few, a very small number, of other people, also can boast of having spent a very happy time, although in quite a different fashion, and I am proud to be able to number among them those connected with the "Irish Worker." Their happiness was not the result of surfeiting themselves with all the good things, but in labouring to give some small share of Christmas cheer to those who, but for them, would have had no reason to join in thanksgiving. I am more than pleased to know that I am, in my connection with the "Irish Worker," associated with people who do not believe that the word " happiness" stands only for sinful gluttony and blind selfishness, but rather that true happiness can only be attained by endeavouring, as far as one can, to flash a ray of sunshine across the path of those for whom such paganisms as "Santa Claus" does not exist; and I am absolutely certain that, although it meant hard work and a certain amount of sacrifice, Jim and Delia Larkin, and all the willing hands and hearts that helped to make a pleasant time for some of the victims of our horrible commercial system, will long remember the Christmas just passed as the happiest of their lives.

I am proud of them, and I take off my hat to them. Long may they live, and the Irish man or woman who does not appreciate them-well, all I can say is they must have come over with the foreigner; they cannot be true Irishmen or women, and they don't count.

Well now, it is worth while to consider the necessity of taking steps to widen the sphere of action of the Transport Workers and the Women Workers' Union if only to ensure the continuance of such good work as THE IRISH WORKER put in on Christmas Day, as the numbers seldom vary, that at all times are in need. It is the poor that helps the poor, and

the "Liberty Hall" Christmas Entertainment for the Sandwich men and the children was just a big picture of the heartiness and the reality of the help the poor receives from their own class the whole year around.

It is not on the same level with the Municipal "Hot Pots" got up on other people's money for mayors and mayoresses or other public officials and their wives to officiate at just once a year.

Nor is it anything like the "Beer for Paupers," that forms the hardy annual at Guardians meetings all over the country, and when adopted, as it occasionally is, the Guardians must be publicly thanked for granting what they never paid for. Neither is it anything like the "Church Dinners for the Poor" that give a lot of inquisitive women, who have nothing else to do, an opportunity to pry into the lives of better people, and in many cases insult them. No; the help given the poor by the poor is more of the brotherly love sample than mere charity, and is not only given at Christma time, but on every day in the year, and while many deserving people refuse assistance from other bodies, because of the ever present pauperising taint, no one need fear losing caste when in Liberty Hall. He joins the board of his own people who, merely by accident, and not

BECKER BROS. FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

PRIOES-2/5, 2/2, 2/2, 1/10, 1/8, 1/8. 1/4 and 1/2. 8 South Great George's Street and 17 North Earl Street.

DUBLIN.

5. Was the charge of an attempted of any right, are to-day in a position to entertain him—a position that in the course of a few years, or even months,

may be reversed absolutely. I am of the opinion that everyone will admit the necessity of organized help for the poverty-stricken, but there is a difficulty in getting the people to see the necessity of organizing. Very few of us really consider that some day we may ourselves require the help that such a body could give, and I think no opportunity should be lost for making it quite clear to every worker that a day may come, no matter how bright the prospect may be to-day, when such help will be requisite in his or her case. It may be that we are employed to-day, but many are unemployed who are just as much ent tled to our particular job as we are ourselves. There are thousands of clerks, teachers, typists, shop assistants, tradesmen, labourers, and of every other calling, who are in good situations to-day by the veriest accident, and many equally as good and clever at their particular calling who are weary and heavy laden, and needing such help as organized workers only could give. Just think of it! Over 1,000,000 unmarried women have to make their own living in Great Britain. Many hundreds of them are unemployed and in want, and those that are employed are paid such miserable wages that they cannot save themselves from poverty if through the vicissitudes of trades or sickness, or any other cause, they might find themselves on the scrap

Then why don't the workers who are able to do so now join in the workers' advance? Why don't those women workers who are at present able to do so also take their places in the workers' army. If they all would only do so, if the "Irish Worker" spoke for all the Irish workers, many thousands of lives would be made brighter without having recourse to the Municipal "Hot Pot" or the "Church Dinners" Committee, for the organized workers of Ireland, would so order things that the necessity for charity, as we know it, would disappear, poverty would be abolished and every day would be Christmas bye-and-bye.

A TOPICAL ALPHABET.

A stands for Alfy, whose day is nearly done.

B stands for Beer and Bung, which every one should shun.

C for Corruption stands; you find it on Cork Hill. D stands for Dublin or the Devil, if you

E are the Evils which the City suffers from;

F is the Filthy crew who batten there upon. G stands for Government, of which we

hear a lot. H stands for Home Rule, which as yet we haven't got.

I is for Iniquity, the council know of it.

J stands for Jackass, he's the "Spectre of the Pit." K is for Kelly-John Saturnus, don't

you know? L is the place where he will surely go.

M stands for Murphy, sometimes known as William Martin. N is his ugly Nob, a twisted one, for

sartin. O stands for Old Age, a muchly dreaded thing.

P is that Pension which seventy years will bring. Q is the Question-will the workers yet be free?

R are those Riches which they never, never see. S means Solidity—together let us stand.

T stands for Trust-let all the workers band.

U stands for Unity - by Union we'll obtain V all that this can stand for when Vic-

tory we gain. W are the Workers who work with hand and head.

Let all of you Vote Labour-X. Y. Z.

Workers I Support the Only Picture House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman. Capel Street (next to Trades, Hall), Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

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Ladies' Bilver Westohes, Iza. 6d. : Gents' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gent's Silver Watches in Hanting Cases, 23s. 6d. Warranteed 8 Years. English Lever Watches, 8 holes jewelled, compensation inlease, Hall-Marked Silver Cuess, 43 Sa. Od. Wattinteed 7 Years.

Best Houseffer all kinds of Watch Repairs Bouble Boll ALARM CLOCKS, 3/6,

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Men's Hand-Peeged Bluchers, ids. 4d.; M sold Men's Bex Calf and Chrome Stitched and Street, Sa. 11d.; worth Ss. 11d. Women's B x-Calf and Glace Kid Boots, 4s, 114.

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The Workingman's Beverage TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce, The Workingman's Reliab

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J. BYRNE'S Totacco Store, (OPPOSITE JACOBS) FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLAN

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