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Edi:ed Jim Larkin bv

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1913.

No. 38. -Vol. II.]

"The Non-Militant Agnes."

A Little Chat on Ideals and Actions.

By EUCHAN.

Agnes to my readers.

As a matter of fact, I think my readers ought to know Agnes, although in all probability the good lady herself may have something to say against my presumption later on.

Be that as it may, however, I take the risk of publishing a little conversation I had with her quite recently as I think it should be of some general interest at the moment.

The conversation in question was upon that universal question of "Votes for Women," a question which is as freely discussed and very nearly as often abused to-day as is the weather itself.

Agnes, I might say at once, is an idealist, and it was during a discussion upon " ideals" that we suddenly went off at a tangent upon the "Suffrage and its

Quest." Talking about ideals, I had laid down the proposition rather inadvertently, perhaps, " that in seeking to realise an ideal. one must sometimes resort to actions that

one must sometimes resort to actions that are in themselves not idealistic." "You mean," said Agnes, "that the end may sometimes justify the means?" "Well, yes," I replied, "You may put it that way if you like. In many-cases.

the end does justify the means !" "For instance----?" she asked. "Well, there is the matter of Strikes. I confess that strikes are not idealistic, yet if the ideal we are striving to attain at the moment is to attain a few shillings increase of wages, and constitutional means have failed, then a strike becomes at once a justifiable means to that end." "I might agree to that idea," said Agnes, " still a few shillings increase isn't much of an ideal, is it ?" "Possibly not," I replied. "Still it is a great amount to many a poor devil. In any case I only stated it as an example, but in the whole war against poverty, one must welcome and utilise every means of direct action in order to achieve that desirable time when poverty will be non-existent. As it is in questions that directly touch upon the lives of the toilers, so I think it must be in all matters that touch upon any honest section of the community."

I make no apology for introducing tried until educational methods were proved hopeless ?"

"I don't think educational methods were proved hopeless by any means. At least they hadn't proved so hopeless that

violence can be considered justifiable." "I should think," I said, "that a great deal depends upon what we consider of educational value. Even violence itself may have more value from a purely educational point of view than a philosophic treatise. Why, John Stewart Mill wrote learnedly and convincingly on the question of the Suffrage many years ago, but all his philosophy was wasted when compared with the educational value derived from the use of a dogwhip by Teresa Billington-Greig at the famous

Liberal meeting in Manchester." "You believe, then, that violence is better than philosophy?"

"On, not at all; not by any means. But here you have a curious position. The philosophy of the granting of the franchise to women is irrefutable and undeniable. Hardly any person nowadays tries to deny the justice of the measure, but, forsooth, because it doesn't happen to suit the political convenience of a Party Government, philosophic truth and justice both must remain unheeded. It seems to me quite clear, therefore, that violence must be resorted to in order to prove to that particular Party Government

there is a more peaceful and a better way of getting a victorious ending to our cause, and I will keep my own ideas intact in spite of all the charges of cowardice that may be thrown at me."

"I don't think anyone who really knows you, Agnes, can charge you with cowardice," I said. "All that I per-sonally would be inclined to charge you with is, perhaps, a little lack of knowledge. On the face of it your case bears a certain amount of justification, but in the light of experience any such justification must be swept away. During the thirty years you speak of you must remember that the two great parties in the State bore the unbounded confidence of their respective adherents. As Gilbert says in one of his songs—" Every little girl and boy is born a little Liberal or a little Tory.'

That statement, though written in derision, was no more than the truth. The fetish of party worship was more in evidence then than it is to-day, and public opinion was subdivided into two sections-those who thought the Liberals could do no wrong, and those who thought the Tories' could do no wrong. Now both of these great parties are afraid of Women's Suffrage just as they were afraid of any other measure of electoral reform. In allowing a new section of voters on to the election registers, no party could be quite sure which way this section would go at the polls. In other words, both parties, Liberal and Tory, were afraid and are afraid still of this unknown quantity.

If you could assure the Liberals that every woman given a vote would register it for the Liberal Candidates, then Women's Suffrage would be practically Agnes assured. The Liberals would make It a party question, and they would be prepared to stand by it, because they would feel certain they couldn't fall by it. The

much mere government that Democracy has to fight, but PARTY government. The whole secret, to my mind, of the trickery and political manoeuvring that the question of women's suffrage has had to suffer for upwards of forty years is that it has never been made a party question. It has been tossed like a shuttlecock between the parties because both parties are afraid of it, and nei-ther Liberals nor Tories are willing to face the consequences that the inclusion of a large number of voters might have upon their fortunes at the elections. It was when certain suffragists saw how hopeless it was to attempt to get politicians to do justice for justice sake that they started the militant movement in 1905. That year was pa ticularly hopeful looking from another point of view also, and that was that a new factor had entered the Parliamentary area in the shape of the Labour Party. From every point of view I believe the Suffragist movement was justified in trying by militant methods to force the Government to do an act of justice which it would not do for mere love."

"Well, but militant methods have not yet succeeded in forcing the hands of the Government in spite of seven years of strenuous endeavour," said Agnes, a little diffidently I thought.

"No," I replied; "but they have raised the women's question to a preeminence unequalled by any other measure of reform. Not only that, but the women have so relentlessly shown up the mean and unscrupulous tactics of the party politicians that they have almost smashed the party fetish altogether." "You're a great man to talk," said

"It's the thing men are best at," I replied. "It's the women who act."

"So you think militant methods must win?'

An Open Letter to Lord Lansdowne.

VIDE REPORT OF HIS SPEECH ON HOME RULE.

My LORD,-I hope I can address you with equanimity, although I belong to that class which you in your aristocratic wisdom despise, and to whom you would deny even such a miserable measure of self-government as the present Home Rule Bill provides. You would say we do not understand our needs, and that you would save us from ourselves, and that-great and glorious considerationyou would retain us in the Empire for our own good-for our national salvation. I, being an I ish peasant, do not, of course, understand this; the reasoning is too subtle and the logic too profound for one of my mental calibre. But, my Lord, I will tell you what I heard over the griseach in that God-forsaken county to which I belong. You know some of it; but, perhaps, you have forgotten a little which it might be well to call to mind, and to do this I must, of course, argue the past as well as the present.

I heard that your love of the Irish peasant is phenomenal. It has curious ways of manifesting itself; but when speak of your love I mean the love all of your ilk with which we are cursed to-day-the alleged aristocracy of the country. Some fifty or sixty years ago you were so enamoured of us that you exterminated us directly and indirectly until your organ, the "Times," boasted that we were dead. But, my Lord, we have a strange vitality, and some of your ilk have met us in unsuspected places, and to-day we cross your path again and laugh as you shriek in your impotency. The crowbar brigade and the battering ram and the prison cell-these curious manifestations of your affection-have failed, and are just as impotent to day as they proved half a century ago. We do not care for any further manifestations of your affections; we have had enough of them. For well nigh one hundred years you were the brutal tyrants that made the agrarian struggle in Ireland a bloody war; you were the bloated bigots of a brutal and cowardly government, and some of you met the fate you richly deserved. We, ignorant Irish peasants, have not short memories, and even though we had, the moss grown hearths and the depopulated countrysides remind us of your sway. My Lord, your cult is destroyed, your sands are run. Aye, I could almost weep for you so poor and impotent are your dying exertions. Your loyalty is refused, your patriotism rejected, and you stand somewhere between Ireland and England, unfriended, alone ! You fear to let the Irish peasant have a say in the management of the Empire. Well, my Lord, the Irish peasant does not want your Empire, and he has no more use for John Redmond's Imperialism than for your Unionism. They are both despicable. But leaving these things aside let us test the logic of this state-ment of yours. You fear to let us have a say in the management of the Empire, but you would let us do the fighting. You wanted the Irish peasant at the Tugela and at Lucknow and at Delhi and at the Crimea. Yes, my Lord, it was Irish soldiers tore down what represented a national flag on the walls of Lucknow, as they marched over the corpses of their friends. It was Irish soldiers relieved Ladysmith; it was Irish bravery retained India for you. Poor devils, they shed their blood in an inglorious cause for your robber Empire ! Their bravery perhaps you acknowledge, but their intelligence-oh, you say it is not there. You know the Irish peasant has been too intelligent for you, and you know he has pricked the bubble of your power, and you fain would relieve yourself of the nightmare of his presence.' But, my Lord, if we have no say now in the destinies of the Empire, how will Home Rule give us that privilege; or if we have now no voice in Imperial matters, why do we pay for Imperial upkeep and ipso facto belong to the Empire, and why does such intelligence as yours say: Do not divorce Ulster

ONE PENNY.

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from the Empire? You say, not in so many words, that we are ignorant; but, my Lord, is it not very strange that we have not grown educated under your wise, gentle, and God like Imperial Government for the past century? The Irish peasant knows what your threats amount to; he knows what he has to thank for his own freedom to-day-it is mainly himself.

My Lord, take the verdict of the people as you will only hurt yourself in your rage. Not alone has that bloated thing—the Irish aristocracy—gone, but the democracy has torn the foundation from that high but inelegant edifice in Britain which was known as the House of Lords, and you with the rest are sinking into the debris. Be calm.-Yours in all sincerity,

An Claipin Oub.

AN ALLEGED M'SSTATEMENT OF FACT BY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

THE P, F. COLLIER MEMORIAL

"I don't think you are quite safe in generalising in that fashion," said Agnes in a rather bellicose fashion. "You may find it rather difficult in some cases."

I'm not quite sure whether Agnes threw it out as a bait or not, but if she did then I swallowed it.

"Upon my word, Agnes," I said, "I don't think there should be much difficulty in proving it so far as any bona-fide movement for reform is concerned. Why, take the case of Women's Suffrage for another example."

"Well, let us take it then."

"You believe in the Suffrage Movement, don't you ?"

"With all my heart I do," said Agnes, fervently.

"You believe that the extension of the franchise to women is sufficiently idealistic in its conception to be worth striving for ?"

"Yes, I believe that and more. I believe that by allowing women to exercise the franchise. the whole political machinery of the buntry would be made to work more humanely and equitably than ever it has done.'

"Then, believing that you must also believe that any action utilised in attaining this end must be institled? In a word, you must believe in, militant tactics?"

"No, I do not."

I must have looked surprised. I certinly felt surprised, and Agnes must have realised that I was so for she went on.

"Don't misunderstand me. I can and do appreciate the motives which cause the bulk of the Suffragists to become militant, yet I do not believe that militant methods are justified yet 'awhile." " And why not ?"

"For one thing I don't believe that violence is ever much good, and in any case it should never be resorted to save in a last extremity. For another thing I don't think educational methods have beeh tried sufficiently enough."

" But is it not the case, Agnes, that militancy, or violence if you like, was not

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that political convenience must stand aside in order that justice may be done."

"But don't you think that an educated public opinion will have more weight with a Government than mere violence ? "

"Yes, but you are overlooking my point that violence itself may be one of the principal factors in educating public opinion. Certainly, since militancy started, a greater and much wider section of the public have grasped the true signifiance of the women's question. and uphold it, than ever was the case when peaceful persuasion held unques-

tioned supremacy. "You believe, then, in militancy?" "Absolutely."

"But don't you think it irritates the public more than it educates them ?"

'I can't say that I do. It irritates bigoted partisans of some political parties, certainly; but these people are the better of being irritated. It is the only way you can disturb their belief in themselves and their party fetish. My sole quarrel with militancy is that it has only succeeded in irritating this particular class of individuals up till now. Militancy would have more successful and speedy results if it could terrorise the party man instead of irritating him.'

Agnes evidently thought that I had been monopolising too much of the conversation, for she ignored my last statement completely and went back over one of her own.

"I still think," she said, "that educational methods didn't get the chance they deserved. For the thirty or forty years that the Suffrage question was in vogue before the outbreak of militancy. I don't think educational methods got much of a chance' so far as the general public was concerned. The small Suffrage societies then existing were principally composed of ladies attached to some political party or another. The small annual subscriptions of Is. or so enabled them to hold an annual meeting at which they passed pious resolutions, and at which some member of Parliament would make a charming address, but it did no more. They never attempted to instruct the general public upon their aims, and evidently preferred that they should go untaught Had they strenuously sought to create public opinion during all these years I fervently believe that women would have had the franchise long e'er this, and that, too, without ever

needing to resort to violence." Do you still believe in this method of INSTRUCTING public opinion, rather than in the militant' way of CREATING public opinion," I asked.

"I do. If I did not, then nothing could prevent me joining the ranks of the militants. As it is, however, 'I believe same thing applies equally as much to the Tories of course. I trust I am not boring you.'

"Certainly not. It is rather interest-ing, I assure you," said Agnes. "My whole point is that it is not so

"They must win in the end." "Well, we shall see," and with that she left me.

As I said at the beginning I make no apology for introducing Agnes to my readers.

Biographies in Brief.

No 5 .- "LORD" ALFRED BYRNE.

Alfred Byrne, formerly known as the the role of "gentleman," which he "Boy Publican," first saw the light 'neath the sunny skies of North Dock, though some folk hold the belief that he originally came from the County of Wicklow, like other immortals who have almost as important a postion on history's pages-Sir Shakespeare Farrell as an instance. His pater was a respected member of the mercantile marine, but the younger blood did not adhere to the family preference.

He began life as a janitor in a native gin palace, thus qualifying for a place in the Dublin Corporation, to which-like his cheques-he was returned. Elected to stop jobbery, he only succeeded in stopping brickbats, and found sticking plaster an admirable cosmetic.

Having drawn on his account in the Post Office Savings Bank, and after a number of visits to the South Circularroad, he in "Jew" course opened a bungery on his own, which at least went to show that he was not so "Verdant" as he looked. He now figured largely in the current Press, monopolising the ends of all the columns in the "Saturday Pink," much to the annoyance of the Beecham's pill proprietors, who had envious eyes on the advertising preserves.

In collaboration with a renowned amateur playwright-Bill, the Ten-pound Champion of the Pit-he produced a 'touching" melodrama entitled "The Private Secretary," in which the said Bill showed his accomplishment as a con¹ tortionist by taking the part of the "tumbler;" while Alf himself adopted

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almost succeeded in pourtraying correctly, it being acclaimed a "counter" stroke of genius.

During "Fireball" Carson's march on Cork Councillor Byrne's premises passed into the hands of the invaders. Here he did yeoman's service in his country's cause, for one round of his nectar proved more effective than several rounds of grapeshot. For this and other signal services he was, on the opening of the College Green Parliament, accorded a peerage, taking the title of Lord Verdon de Talbo. Arms: on a shield vert a keg of Guinness rampant; crest: a jar of J.J. and S. proper. Motto : " Beer is thicker than water-slightly."

Conscience afflicting him in his old age, he announced his intention of retiring from the City Council. He "got religion," and was observed one Sunday afternoon, evidently in a moment of mental aberration, wearing an anti-treat: ing sutton, and devoutly perusing a copy of the "Umpire," at a Salvation Army meeting.

His end came suddenly, for he died after a fatal seizure at a caucus meeting in Wynn's Hotel. The Poet Laureate of the period addressed the dead statesman after the manner of Kipling's famous ballad, "Gunga Din "-

"Oh, Bung ! Bung ! Bung ! The angel host we know you are among.] We have drunk your beer and paid you; 'Twas our tuppences that made you, But we're better men than you are, Mr.

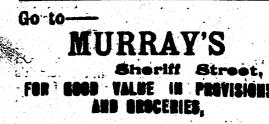
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Bung."

7.



NOFENOAKY. The first Annual Report of the P. F. Collier Memorial Dispensary for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Charles-street, Dublin, contains the following extracts:

"In 1909, however, the Countess of Aberdeen, when visiting New York, received a generous offer from Mr. Robert J. Collier, of New York, son of the late P. F. Collier, of that city, whereby he empowered her to erect in Lublin a tuberculosis dispensary in memory of his father, who was so well known and so deservedly popular in Ireland. He also undertook to contribute a further sum for its maintenance for a certain period, hoping that it would then have demonstrated its necessity and usefulness so clearly that the citizens of Dublin would take it over."

The report is dated 16th December, 1912, and is signed by Isabel Aberdeen, President; William J. Thompson, Hon. Secretary.

On Tuesday last, at the meeting of the Public Health Committee, the question of the maintenance of this particular dispensary came up for discussion, and upon I asking what became of the money mentioned in this report as contributed by Mr. Collier for the maintenance of the dispensary, the Local Government Board Inspector, who was present, contradicted the statement made in this report-and persisted in his contradiction.

The Collier Memorial Dispensary has been taken over by the Dublin Corporation as its chief tuberculosis dispensary, with the understanding that certain monies would be available for its support under the provisions of the National Health Insurance Act. For reasons best known to the National Health Committee the money is not forthcoming, and it looks as if the ratepayers of Dublin are to be burdened with this additional tax.

Daniel O'Connell's successor, the one and only Lorcan, is doing a war dance over the affair, and is threatening the scalp of the National Health Insurance Committee; but, strange to say, the "Doctor of Literature" has ignored the specific grant for the maintenance of the dispensary. The warrior from Mountjoy would evidently feel more at home attacking a Committee, who probably are doing their best to assist the afflicted, than he would in leading an assault upon the legal George. There is to be a conference between the Public Health Com-mittee and the National Health Committee on this question in the immedia'e future, and as her Excellency is at presert in Dublin, she could not do better than drop in and renew the acquaintance with the Local Government Board Inspector, who has stated in effect that her Excellency has made statements that well, are not "technically" correct.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, Kilmainham, A

WIMEN WORKERS' COLUNN. THE TOLL.

A quarter to eight on a December morning offers no allurements of comfort or pleasure to the well-fed, well-clothed individual, cohsequently to the ordinary factory girl who emerges breakfastless and shivering from the cold, draughty room of a tenement house, it means just another added source of misery to her already miserable life. But she has no time to condole with herself on her life and its miseries: too well she knows that it has already turned a quarter to eight, and if she hopes to be in the factory by the dreaded eight o'clock she must run all the way. It matters little that she is anæmic and breathless, she must get to the factory; she cannot afford to be fined for being late; she must make sure of getting the full two and-sixpence on Saturday. or elseno, no, she must not, cannot think of the awful consequences if she doesn't get it. - She reaches the factory gate only to

hear roared out by the all-powerful timekeeper, "eight o'clock, close that gate, any who come now must be fined."

Breathlessly the girl rushes up to the gate-keeper just as he is closing the gate: "Oh, do let me in, I'm not late, it hasn't struck eight yet"

"Can't be done," says the gate-keeper; "Orders is orders."

"For God's sake let me in, you don't know what it means to me," pleads the girl.

"Take your foot away out of that, before I report you and get you sacked."

This threat from the gate bully has the desired effect. She obediently takes her foot away allowing the gate to be slammed to. At five minutes past eight she will be allowed in and fined a penny. Unconsciously she speaks her thoughts aloud—" A penny fine ; that means only 2s. 5d., and this is only Tuesday ; whatever shall I do ? A shilling out of that for just sleeping in the room, and I'm getting that weak for the want of food that I'm hardly able to stand."

Presently the gate is opened and the girl passes in, to be jeered at by the gate bully, reprimanded by the timekeeper, and cursed at by the foremen. But, like the hopeless slave she is, she murmurs not, but, removing her hat and jacket, takes her place at the machine she dreads. For some time now she has had the feeling that this machine, which has claimed so many fingers and hands, will also claim hers.

Silently and mechanically she works on looking more like a wraith than a living human being. The manager, going round with the foreman, and instantly noticing her worn-out looking appearance, draws the foreman's attention to her. "Can't afford to keep girls like her here; get rid of her."

"Yes, sir," replies the foreman, "But how am I to do that; she has been here a long time, and she does more work than the others."

"Can't be helped ; treat them all the same. Scon as they get to look pale and

caught by the right hand in the machine. Some of the more cool-headed of them run for assistance to get the girl released, others simply re-echo her awful scream. The foreman appears on the scene, and they all scatter out of his way. Even the sight of the fainting injured girl does not prevent him from roaring out at them, "Now, then, you lot of lazy, idle swine, get back to your work. The least thing is an excuse for you to stop working, Here, stop a minute, you," pointing to a tall, strong-looking girl. Get a cab and take this one away to the hospital. Silly ass, causing such a commotion and mucking up the machine like she has done." So the girl, with her crushed and mangled hand, is taken off to the hospital, and work goes on the same as ever in the factory.

After wrok is over in the evening the girls who were working with her call at the hospital to see how she is. They are only factory girls, and it is only a factory girl who is injured, so scant courtesy is paid to them. The gate porter at the hospital tells them that "the girl's hand had to be amputated, and that the doctors did not think she would recover. She was suffering from shock and exhaustion, as well as from the injuries."

So they had got rid of her; but what does it matter? She is only one of the numerous workers who pay the heavy toll demanded by the ever-devouring monster, Capital.

D. L.

The Reverend Mr. Good Taught a Lesson

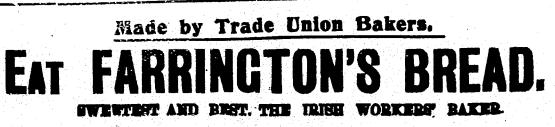
We stated last week that we would take it upon ourselves as a duty to teach the Reverend Mr. Good and his wife what "Christian Charity" meant; that we would give them a practical lesson on "Justice and Injustice," and we have kept our word. The ambassaders from the "good" establishment stated that they were going to keep the girl's references for a month to punish her. Well, we have taught them that what they "intend" to do and what they are "allowed" to do are two entirely different things.

Our solicitor was instructed to send them a letter demanding the girl's references and her week's wages. The references and wages were immediately sent on in reply to our letter. When Mrs Good thought she was dealing only with a servant she ruled with a high hand; but when she found that the girl was protected by her Union she soon became meek and tame. What paltry cowards this class of person is 1

Women workers of every description will have to realise that as individuals they are entirely at the mercy of mean, unscrupulous employers, but as an organised body they are powerful, helpful to themselves and all other workers, and in a position to demand respect, better conditions and proper wages for their services. Therefore they should all make a point of joining—

(Head Office-Liberty Hall.)

(Head Omce-Liberty Hail.) Entrance Fee - 6d. Contributions - 2d. per week. Join now. 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 Union. The Irish Worker.



owners and merchants concerned in the strike with a view to a settlement. This meeting took place in the Castle, Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant presided. There were present Mr. Samuel M'Cormick, Mr. Hewett, and Mr. Ed. Watson, representing the shipowners, Mr. Kenny (since dead) and Mr. Larkin representing the men in the dispute. The Lord Lieutenant, in the course of the discussion, suggested that a wage board should be arranged, so that in the future all questions with reference to hours, conditions, and rates should be relegated to such board. Mr. Edward Watson, with his colleagues, signed the articles ageement, which included a proof vision for calling such a board together. It was then agreed that the Sailors and Firemen should get certain wages, and that the demand of the Dockers and Carters would come up before the board to be thereafter appointed, the Lord Lieutenant undertaking to get such a board appointed after consultation with Employers and employees. Since that settlement was come to over eighteen months ago we are waiting for the board to be arranged. We are still waiting for the Lord Lieutenant to carry out the undertaking entered into. We are still waiting for the board, and throughout the whole of this period we have been met with this position that we have had either to have recourse to the arbitrament of the strike or submit. to have our claims ignored. Every week practically throughout the past eighteen months have we had complaints from the employees of the City of Dublin. Our written communications have been ignored. When we have presented the claims in person; we have been denied audia ence. The whole work of the port is in a state of chaos through this Mr. Edward Watson, for other shipowners and merchants, who would be glad to see such a Board established, are debarred from enjoying the advantages of such a means of stopping disputes and settling the many questions which are continually cropping up in such an industry as the transport of goods. Though every shipping firm in Dublin are prepared to discuss matters in dispute with the accredited representatives of the workers, Mr. Watson is not. Mr. Watson thinks he is living in Putmayo. We opine, and the gentlemen who are responsible for the LEADING and LYING articles in the Daily Lyres which are run by the capitalist class in this country, under the guise of newspapers, will realise that they; too, . are living in the twentieth century. Mr. William Martin Murphy's RAGS, the "Independent" and "Herald," are, as usual, on the warpath condemning the strike and strikers. Well, if Mr. William Martin Murphy, the blood-sucker and sweater, had anything to say in favour of the men we would have to reconsider our position, and the rancher organ, the "Freeman," they join the chorus to those patriotic journals the "Times" and "Express" the men who are responsible for this strike should be driven out of the country. Yes we agree, and God send the day quick and sudden when the working class will awaken to the cure. It will mean a long goodbye to the William Martin Murphy, the Edward Watson, and the other smaller fry who think the working class are but beasts of burden. In conclusion this strike is the outcome of the Lord Lieutenant's failure to carry out the undertaking entered into in 1911, and dishonourable conduct of Mr. Edward Watson, who again as in 1908 broke the promise he made and pledge given. Some five weeks ago, when the sailors and firemen made a demand for a revised scale of wages and conditions, when all other shipowners agreed, Mr. Watson acted the dog in the manger. We agreed on that occasion to take the word of another shipowner that the matter would be arranged ; we allowed the men to resign when it came to the increased wages for the boys and ordinary seamen and bullockmen. Again Mr. Watson went outside the bargain. This time we are determined to have the agreement direct with Mr. Watson as Manager of the City of Dublin Co. This is not a strike to compel four men to join the Union, but a fight to make Mr. Watson carry out his pledges. When Mr. Watson undertakes to do that the strike will finish. The men desire improved conditions; they are prepared to submit their claims to a wages' board; if that wages' board cannot agree, we are willing to leave the matters at issue to a mutually arranged arbitrator. That is our position -that has been our position for the past eighteen months. Practically every man and boy who works for the City of Dublin Steamship Company are in the Union. We have their authority and their instructions in this matter. We print below a circular published by the Company in which they state they have had no complaints, no notice, no request. That is a lie. They say there is organised terrorism! We challenge Mr. O'Callaghan or Mr. Edward Watson to accompany us to a public meeting of the employees of the Dublin Steamship Company. Let each state their case. We are prepared to abide by the result. Now what say the two gentlemen? Where is your courage and intelligence? We will, on the other hand, attend a meeting of the shareholders of the City of Dublin Company, and if we cannot conv nce them that the men's claim is justified, and their present action is justified, we call the strike off. Mr, Watson is using other people's property to vent his spleen on the workers.

OFFICIAL NOTICE. Eden Quay, Dublin,

5th February, 1913. SIR,—On Thursday morning, January 30th, without any notice, previous complaint, or even any request, the quay porters in the Company's employment at North Wall refused to work, and in consequence the Company are unable ts discharge or load their steamers.

City of Dablin Steam Packet Cs.

On similar occasions in the past the Company succeeded in supplying the places of the men on strike and carrying on the business; but now, owing to the organised terrorism and intimidation that is allowed to exist, the Company find it impossible to do so.

In these circumstances the Company are forced to suspend their sailings until further notice, and are not responsible for any loss, damage, or delay to goods.— Your obedient servant,

A. J. CALLAGHAN, Secretary.

We are compelled to hold over a number of important matters, including th Hunt Fraud Case. Look out for next week's "Workers."

We would call the attention of our readers to the article by "Shellback" in our issue to-day. He suggests that a Holiday Camp be provided near Dublin for workers – women and men—during the summer months. We invite the opinion of our readers on this matter. We have already received a subscription of $\pounds I$ from Standish O'Grady, Esq., for this purpose, and his article also bears upon the same subject this week.

ADDRESS TO LABOUR LEADERS,

(Continued.)

By STANDISH O'GRADY.

A little world your own, no matter how small, from which exploitation is absolutely excluded. That means, if you will think the matter out, from which sweating, from which production for profit, profit-making, from which usury (interest dividends) from which forced labour, covetousness and overreaching of man by man are excluded. Exclude but one of these things and you exclude all. exclude usury alone and you exclude every other kind of gross tyranny and oppression, for, without usury in some form, man cannot prey upon man.

And therefore Moses, the greatest of all statesmen and law makers, when he was fashioning his people in the wilderness

their culture will also be above the average, and I know that good farmers grow even more than 10 tons to the acre.

Think of the 16 bags of coal which go to make a ton of coal; it will help you to imagine what a ton of potatoes actually means. Many people don't know the meaning of our large weights and measures. I had to look up the concrete significance of a bushel in writing this address—it means 64 pints. If these lads were growing for you Irish wheat or barley at the rate of 50 bushels an acre the outcome of their year's work would be more than two millions of pints !

You will remember I mentioned an English firm which last year, 1912, grew 72 bushels from a single acre. you will say those Canadian lands need no annual manuring, That is so; but there are now machines which spread out manure more evenly, and ten times more quickly, than it could be done by fork and hand. Then, with such ploughs, those potatoes might be ploughed out in a few days, and gathered, brought home, and stored joyfully by hundreds of happy children in ox carts and donkey carts. Imagine that harvest morningthe bands and banners and the shouting. We are somewhat removed as yet from the realisation of such things; but such things will be. Children, like grown-ups, have got to be emancipated. In these papers I am addressing your imagination, indeed, your sense of what might be, ought to be, will be; but in doing so always endeavour to bring along with me your reason, understanding, and knowledge derived from experience. But I know well that unless in some way I affect your imagination, I can do nothing. Without imagination the thought, picture, or mental presentation of what the world will be when the power of usury is overthrown, I would not be writing these words. Without imagination all action is impossible; without it man is as helpless as a sailing ship without wind. What makes you Socialists? What leads you to strike? What chains the working millionaire to his desk? Imagination. It is the driving force of the world.

Imagine now, if only to please me, that you control an agricultural and industrial estate in the country, consisting of 10,000 acres. It is only a small part of our noble country; also that you have here, and busily and gladly employed, 10,000 people, brought out from the congested slums and streets of Dublin. Think of the fall of rents which would follow such an exodus, of the reduction of unemployment, the advance of wages, the improvement of conditions.

To what extent would the labours of those two young men, assisted by the children, meet the requirements of such a "garden city," planted out there, and well furnished otherwise with an abundance of the necessaries of life?

Ten thousand people all told-infants, children, boys and girls, and grown-ups and aged-will consist of about 2,000 families and homes. A family will need, on an average, two stones of potatoes for the week, or 104 for the year. Multiply 2,000 by 104, and the product, 408,000 stones, represents the quantity of potatoes required by this population of 10,000. Now, reduce the stones to tons, and you find the result-2,550 tons. But these lads, well equipped with land, fertilisers, the best seed, with horse power and mechanical power, will produce some 6.400 tons; that i, a great deal more than twice as much as is necessary. I don't think I am overstating what those lads could do, observed, too, as they would be, by ten thousand pairs of eyes. many of them female ; criticised, blamed, praised and applauded, by near 10,000 persons depending upon them for the filling of their magazines, for the provision of this necessary of life, the everwelcome, wholesome, delicious, and wellflavoured potato. But, if I have made an overstatement, there is a good deal to draw upon in the way of deduction, There is the difference between the 2,550 tons required by the agricultural and industrial garden city and the 6,400 tons which, at the rate of 10 tons to the acre. I am assuming that these lads will be able to grow.

[Seturday, February 8th, 1913.

Lish Trades Union Congress,

A meeting of the Parliamentary Com. mittee of the Irish Trades Union Congress was held on Saturday in the Library, Trades Hall, Dublin, the Vice-Chairman (Mr. Wm. O'Brien) presiding. Also present: Miss Mary Galwey, Belfast; Messrs. Thos. M'Connell, Belfast; M. J. O'Lehane, Dublin; D. R. Campbell, Belfast, Hon. Treasurer; Thos. McPartlin, Dublin; and P. T. Daly, 'Secretary. Letters of apology were received from Messrs. Larkin and O'Carroll. Correspondence was submitted from the President of the Board of Trade, Messrs. J. E. Redmond, M.P.; A. Henderson, M.P., Sec-retary, and J. S. Middleton, Assistant Secretary of Labour Party; the National Insurance Commissioners, Thos. Dunne, Secretary of the Waterford Trades Council; Joseph Beckner, Secretary of the Limerick Trades Council; J. Hegarty, Co. Cork Trades Council; J. Dowling, Queenstown Trades Council; J. Houlinan, Secretary Irish Insurance Commission, etc.

The Secretary reported that the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. J. Larkin) and he had been in London during the week in connection with the Labour Conference, They had endeavoured to place the views of the trade unionists of Ireland before the Conference on the question of the extension to Ireland of the medical benefits under the Insurance Act, the extension of the Feeding of Necessitous School Children Act to this country and the amending of the schedules to the Government of Ireland Bill so as to secure that the town workers would secure adequate representation in the Irish Parliament. The Conference was engaged, he was glad to say, in endeavouring to secure that the Act would be further amended in Great Britain by providing meals for necessitous school children all the year round, holidays included. Whilst they were so so far advanced in this regard in Britain, they in Ireland were precluded from giving any assistance to the children at all. The incoming Executive were instructed to confer with the Irish representatives and to do everything possible to assist in bringing about the reforms sought.

On the motion of Mr. O'Lehane, seconded by Mr. D. R. Campbell, the report was adopted, and the secretary instructed further on the matter.

Mr. D. R. Campbell brought forward the question of the dispute in Lurgan of the weavers and winders. He said that there were 2,000 of them, and that the vast bulk of them did not belong to any organisation, but that they were putting up a magnificent fight.

Miss Galwey corroborated Mr. Campbell's statement, and

Mr. M. J. O'Lehane proposed, Miss Galwey seconded, and it was resolved :-"That this meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Congress extends to the winders and weavers at present in dispute with their employers in Lurgan for better conditions their best wishes for success; that we hail with gratification the evidence submitted of the desire of the workers in Lurgan to secure better working conditions, and we heartily commend them to the consideration of workers of Ireland for their moral and material support, and that a grant of \pounds_3 35. be made from the funds to help them in the fight." In reference to letters from the Waterford and Limerick Trades Councils, in which allegations were made as to the actions of an affiliated society supplying men to work on strikes in Waterford and Derry, the matter was referred to a subcommittee of the Parliamentary Committee for investigation and report. The question of the National Health Insurance Act, in its application to Ireland, was considered at some length, and on the motion of Mr. M. J. O'Lehane, seconded by Mr. T. McPartlin, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:-"That this Parliamentary Committee voices the opinions of the organised workers of Ireland, and acting on instructions of the recent Trades Union Congress, again strongly protests against the violation of the promise that Ireland was to be given complete autonomy in the Administration of the Act, as it was upon these conditions that the measure was accepted, not only by organised workers, but by the Irish people as a whole, and we demand a reversal of the Regulations issued by the Joint Committee of Commissioners so as to secure complete autonomy in Ireland in the administration of the Act." "That we reiteriate the unanimous demand of the Irish workers for the extension to Ireland of Medical Benefits under the Act, and from our experience in dealing with chaims, although the period has been extremely short, we are now more than ever convinced of the fact that the Act cannot be satisfactorilg worked unless these benefits become part and parcel of the scheme that in regard to the proposed Commission of Inquiry, this Committee demands representation on that body, and, further, that the Committee instructs its officers to prepare and to give evidence before such Commission as to the necessity for the extension of such medical benefits to Ireland. Copies of this resolution to be forwarded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr John E. Redmond, M.P.; Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.; Right Hon. Sir E. Carson, M.P.; and Mr. A. Henderson, M.P., Secretary of the Labour Party." On the motion of Mr. D. R. Campbell, seconded by Miss Galway, a vote of condolence with Mr. E. L. Richardson, J.P., former Secretary of the Committee, was passed on the death of his wife.

ill sack them. You know the usual method—a bit of shouting at continually makes them nevous; they make mistakes, and then you can sack them."

The object of their conversation is unconscious of the heartless scheme that is being concocted to get rid of her. She is already weak and over-wrought for the want of food, and if she had heard their conversation it would surely have meant for her mental and physical collapse.

The foreman is not long in executing the orders issued by the manager in regard to the girl. He makes a point of passing her machine many times during the morning, and each time roars at her: "Now then, you, none of your lazy idling here; get on with your work. Do you think we pay you to amuse yourself?"

The girl feels desperate. She is terrified of the foreman, terrified of the machine, and terrified of her own weakness and nervousness. Oh, how she longs for the dinner horn to go! Not that she has much to eat at that time, but the half-hour given for the meal would rest her a little.

"Tis half-past twelve at last and she is free for half-an hour. The other girls are all gathered together in one corner of the room eating their meal and discussing various matters. "I say," says one of them to the girl, "why is the boss going for you this morning? He's done nothing but jaw you ever since the manager was in."

"I don't know," replied the girl; "perhaps I am slow this morning. I know I feel very queer."

"Here, take a drink of this hot tea, and don't mind him. Do like I docheek him back."

"It's alright for you to talk like that," said the girl; "you have a home to go to, but I have'nt. What I get here is only keeping me alive; but if I lose it I don't know what will become of me."

There is silence at this speech. All the girls present have been reared in a hard school, and they know that what the girl says is only too true. This, however, is only one of the many painful episodes in their miserable lives.

One o'clock sees them all back at work. There is only the ceaseless hum 'of the machines to be heard. Talking is not allowed; that would be altogether too human, and anything approaching humanity in the factory is not tolerated. What is required there is simply machines —human and mechanical.

The re-start of work for the afternoon means a re-start of persecution for the girl. The foreman ceaselessly torments and bullies her on every possible occasion. Time goes on, when suddenly an 'awful scream is heard throughout the factory. All the girls instantly stop work and rush across to where the screams come from, to find that the girl who has been tormented so by the foreman is

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

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m.

Irish Dancing on Friday evening, at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to— "D.L."

18 Beresford place.

"An injury to One is the concern of All." THE THE EDITED BY JIM LARKIN. THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—

price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 5 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Feb. 8th, 1913.

CITY OF DUBLIN STEAM-PACKET STRIKE.

WE know the readers of this paper cannot be mislead by the lying statements published in the capitalists papers in this city, and copied by the Employers' press throughout the British Isles According to these unscrupulous scribes the strike in the above company was called for the purpose of forcing four foremen to join the Union. Such a statement bears its own refutation. It is true that five men, four of whom hold the position of sub-foreman and the other an ordinary labourer were not in the Union. These men when spoken to agreed to fall in line with their fellow labourers, but Mr. Edward Watson, manager of the City of Dublin Steampacket Co., steps into the breach and tells these men he will not allow them to join the Union ; so if it were true that these men were. approached to join the Union and they agreed, what was the reason for Mr. Watson's interference ? Mr. Watson must, therefore, accept the responsibility of the stoppage; but we want to put the full facts before the public. On July, 1911, the Sailors' and Firemen's Union put forward a demand for increased wages. A strike took place. We were invited by the Earl of Aberdeen to meet representative men from the shipafter the great Trek, delivered a most solemn interdiction of its practice.

"Thou shalt not lend to thy brother in usury, usury of land, usury of money, usury of food, usury of anything that is lent upon usury."

I say that the world is rotten with usury. Then I say in order to conquer the world you must go outside of it; you must establish outside of it a human society in which there shall be no usury, none whatever, of any kind or form.

Don't you know that this world of man in which you live is rotten with usury? It is so steeped, saturated, poisoned in every fibre with usury that usury governs you, even against your will. The great English Trade Unions have some eight millions of saved capital. It is mostly out at usury, invested in exploiting and profit-making businesses.

Yet, only 100 acres, 100 acres to begin with. From that scantling of Irish land exclude usury, profit-making exploitation. Let all the human activities there be directed only upon production for use, consumption and enjoyment, not for markets, and the results will astonish you.

All the natural easy and inviting inclines seem to lead you in that direction. You have an urban headquarters, Liberty Hall, for which you pay a huge rent; for the ground rents of Dublin are awful. 1 once made inquiries into that subject. Why not have also a rural headquarters, a group of bungalow buildings, but with 100 acres attached, all your own, and establish here, cause to reign here that spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity which will animate those greater socialistic republics of which you dream. This small thing is in your power, those other great things are not. Then that group of bungalow buildings might be erected largely by the volunteered labour of the young Dublin democracy. Now, if you had on the land 500 of the 2,000 poor children, and 100 of the 500 sandwich men whom you entertained last Christmas, and working under skilled direction, might they not do much to enable you to entertain great numbers of happy holiday-making people coming out on Saturdays and Sundays to their own lands and their own rural headquarters. I can only here give a hint or suggestion of the line of action which I should like to see you adopt.

To return to the lads whom I left tilling 640 acres of land in Canada. If you had these two young Irish-Canadians working here at potato-culture as there on wheat-growing, what amount of this staple food would they supply year by year to your store houses? Seemingly, 6,400 tons, at the rate of 10 tons to the acre. Ten tons an acre is, indeed, a little above the average which for our oldfashioned farming is about 8. But as you will not stint them in seeds, fertilisers, or in any direction, I assume that (To be continued).

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.

If You Have Not the Ready Money Convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies goods on Easy Payment System. IT IS THE DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST. Office Hours-10.30 to 5.30 each day

Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30 Manager—Ald. F. Kelly.

Irish Workers! Show the sincerity of your principles by ASKING FOR TH GALLAGHER'S Mineral Waters.

The only firm in the world using Irish Trade-Mark Bottles, made by your brother workers at Ringsend.

Factory-BRIDGEFOOT ST. Telephone 2513. The Secretary was instructed, in view of the disclaimer alleged to have been made by Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., to communicate again with Mr. Barnes, and to publish the corresponpence.

Instructions were given the Sub-committee having charge of the arrangement in reference to the Congress which meet in Cork on Whit-Monday and two following days, after which the meeting adjourned Saturday, February 8th, 1913].

The Irish Worker.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Still the Czar of Wexford's Siberia (Pierce's) is showing his fangs. On Satur-day last three more respectable men were thrown out of their employment to make rcom, we presume, for more of Miley Devereux's gang.

Carr, the man who says he has an exemplary character (for what ?) has been brought up from Stafford's and shoved into the paint shop, along with a few of the countrymen, while Bob Banvill and Jem Larkin, two respectable tradesmen, are thrown out.

When Mansfield was thrown out of his job by the Education Board the whole country-North, South, East and Westwere up in arms against it (which they had every right to do), but why in the name of all that's wonderful doesn't the same agitation be brought into motion when a poor unfortunate workman is discharged under the most extraordinary circumstances as is being done in Wexford at present by one of the most incom-petent men ever elected to such a position. He seems to mind nothing from Monday morning till Saturday but pimping after workmen who were implicated in the lock-out to try and find some excuse to throw them out on the roadside.

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By the way things are going on in Wexford at present Pierce's firm won't last another two years, but the people responsible for this will have made their little pile, and of course it won't matter much to them. They can blame Larkin and Daly for it.

It's a terrible pity Larkin and Daly had nothing to do with the dockyard or hat factory, so that Stafford, Hanton and Barry could blame them for having shut them up.

An Arklow company applied for the dockyard and were refused it. If they had got it there would have been plenty of work in Wexford.

Patrons of the fistic art in Wexford will have an opportunity on St. Patrick's Day of witnessing some very fine encounters to be run by Jem Roche. Jem himself will don the "mits" against a well-known Corkman.

* * WE HEAR

That Wickam's lecture on the advantages of Crosstown sand has been unavoidably postponed.

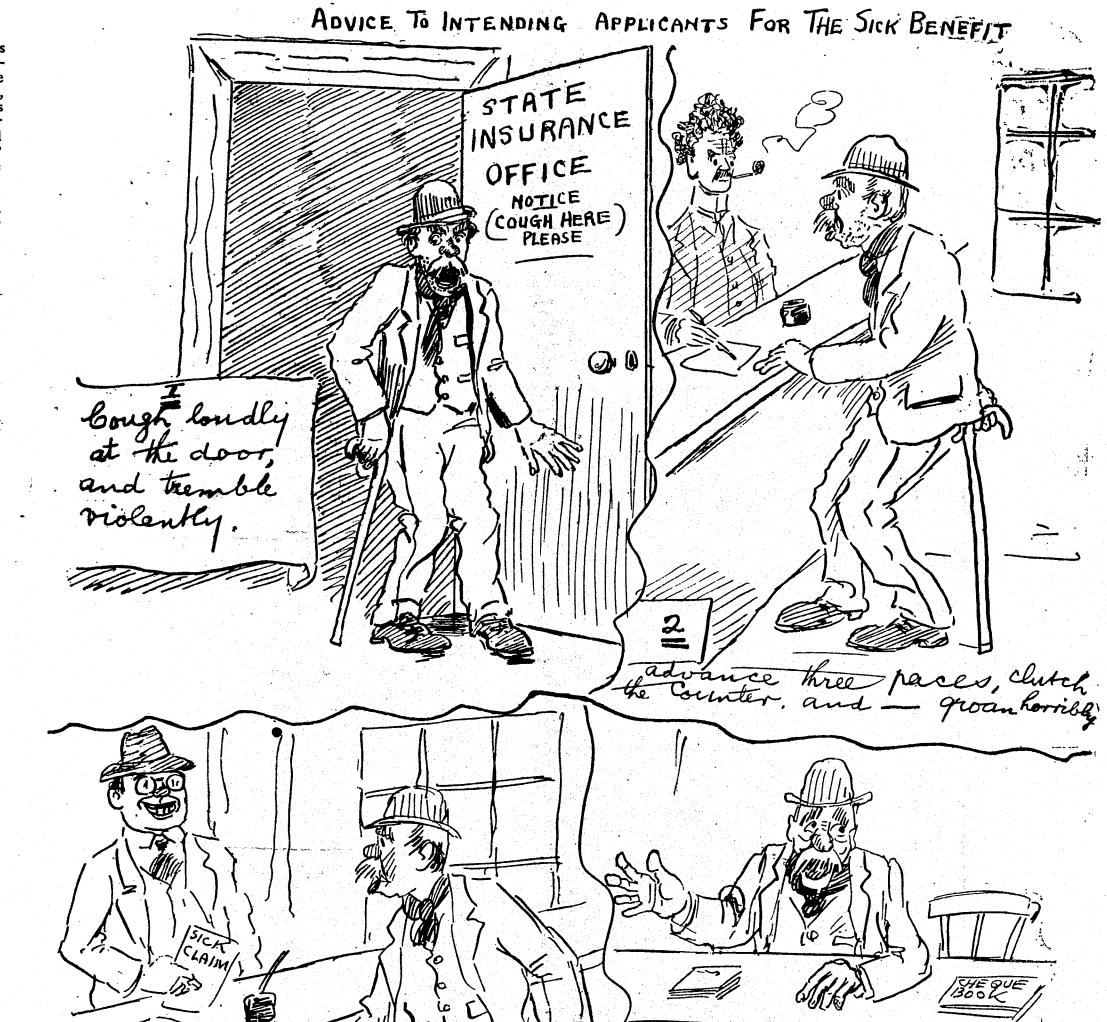
That the "Tyghe man" has been requested to give a lecture entitled. "How to Corn Dead Meat."

That the lantern will be manipulated by Spite Richards.

That Denny M'Ghee has been told off to look after the slide.

That Mike Sheridan has been hired to wheel up the lecturer.

That the famons Tom Busher is still able to supply beer to Billy Byrne



"EUCHAN" AND IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR. MR. EDITOR, I would like to know what Euchan means when he writes that "Ireland's sub-conscious mind is away in the glories of the past." "The past, however, is past, Ireland can never be again the glorious nation she was." What does the writer mean by Ireland's sub-conscious mind, and what does he know about Ireland's past? Can he see farther than the soldiers, the saints and the sages of Eirinn? Has he received this message from Balor of the Evil Eye, or does he write the words whispered in his ear by Manconan Mac Lir? Does Euchan think Labour will lay a detaining hand on Ireland's shoulder? Is the hand of Euchan about to write ne plus ultra on Ireland's soul? 'Twill want to be steady and true, and very, very strong. How like is Euchan's words to those written long ago which the Gael has not forgotten : "The Gael is gone with a vengeance, Laus Deo!" The Gael is here still, Euchan, stronger to suffer than Hell can harm, and it is highly improbable that our hearts shall shake before the words of Euchan. So the Labour Party are "not making pikes," but are "making intelligent So, Euchan, you sneer at the voters" pike. It's not the first sneer that winked at the Gael from the face of "The Worker." This weapon only bruises the hand that flings it. And we learn that new gods have come to Eirinn with gifts of intelligence in their hands, and Euchan is one of them. Ah! I fear we Irish will prove unpleasantly unreceptive. Attacks, ignorant and presumptive, upon our cherished ideals will do no good to the Labour movement. The Labour movement can afford to lose some of its friends; 'tis wise to convert an enemy to friendship, who will dare to say that it

is wise to ignorantly offend a friend. But we laugh at Euchan; "Ireland will never again be the glorious nation she was," is comically equal to the statement by the same writer, "that Bobbie Burns was, perhaps, the greatest of all Scots" .---Perhaps he was, Euchan!

S. O. CATHASAIGH.

EUCHAN'S REPLY.

Through the courtesy of the Editor of the WORKER I have been handed the foregoing letter, so that I may make any reply I may deem fitting.

Though I have read the letter with the gravest and greatest attention I can find nothing in it that is worth replying to. If my good critic would try to write less prettily and more logically I might endeavour to make something of his charges. As it is, I must say a suitable reply seems hopeless If I say that Ireland's " past is past," I can't for the life of me see how I can be said to be laying a "detaining hand on Ireland's shoulder." Will my critic read the article again, without prejudice, in full and not in part, and then he may realise that I was discussing the commercial present and not the romantic past. If he reads the article as I suggest, he may also see that when I talk about "pikes" I am not sneering at them. Pikes have served their day, but their day is past, that's all. When it comes to be a case of removing corrupt politicians from a nation's progress. I submit once more that intelligent voters are of more use than pikes. What does my critic think? As to his closing remarks about Robert Burns, I am afraid I'm once more at a loss regarding my critic's meaning. It may be my density, or, again, it may be that the writer's logic has been lost amidst his flowers of rhetoric.

Briefly re-stated, the arguments of the article were : --

- (a) That the present is purely a commercial age.
- (b) That the coming of Home Rule will bring Ireland into commercial line with its neighbours.
- (c) That the battle of the future in Ireland will be between Capital and Labour.

(d) That the workers of Ireland must prepare now for that battle.

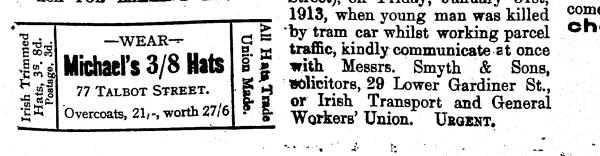
An intelligent critic will either attempt to refute or to further these arguments in whole or in part. Would he mind writing again after he has READ the article. "EUCHAN."

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

"Reform or Revolution" is the title of a Lecture to be delivered at the Antient Concert Buildings, Great Brunswick Street, on to-morrow (Sunday), at 8 p.m. Admission free. Questions and discussion invited.

WANTED a Bandmaster for the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. Applications to be sent in writing, giving qualifications and remuneration required; trade unionists. No blacklegs or non-unionists need apply.

James Larkin, Plain and Inney Baker. 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN Pars Wholemeal and Buttermilk Squares a specialit THE WORKERS' BAKER. ASK FOR LABKIN'S LOAF.





REMEMBER-THE IRISH TRANSPORT & GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, APPROVED SOCIETY under National Insurance Rules, requires no Medical Certificates, except in cases of malingering. All genuine cases accepted on the merits; no delay in settling claims. Maternity claims settled in 12 hours after application. Transfer now-no applications to go across to London; no waiting for a fortnight. We pay sick claims from first day of illness, and full thirty shillings maternity claims. Transfer now to the Workers' Insurance Society; branches throughout the country. We paid the first maternity claim in Ireland; no deductions, no delay; not a profit-making society, but a genuine Insurance Society. No highly-paid officials; no titled ladies and gentlemen managing this society; working women and workingmen control and manage this society in the interest and for the benefit of the working class.

Tram Fatality at Nelson's Pillar. Great Clear-Out of all Winter Drapery Goods

Any person who witnessed accident at Nelson's Pillar (O'Connell Street), on Friday, January 31st, 1913, when young man was killed by tram car whilst working parcel traffic, kindly communicate at once with Messrs. Smyth & Sons, solicitors, 29 Lower Gardiner St., or Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. URGENT.

BELTON & CO. have decided that all remaining winter stock must go before stocktaki g, 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, GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,

We close on Wednesdays at 1 o'clock.

and Co. on Sundays. That Spite Richards is up in arms against the Insurance Act.

The Lurgan Cambric Weaver's Strike.

There is only one industry in Lurgan, viz., the weaving of cambrics, and men employed in this occupation earn only from 10s. to 12s. a week of 551 hours. Women have to toil hard to help to keep the home.

There has been no increase in the wages for years. The last change in the scales, about thirty years ago, was a substantial reduction. A little over five years ago the Ulster Weavers' and Winders' Trade Union was established in Lurgan for the purpose of making an attempt to fight for a living wage. The fight is now on, and 1,700 workers are on strike since 13th January last. Local funds are exhausted. The people are suffering great distress, and must surrender soon if aid is not forthcoming. There is no nobler action than to assist the sweated worker to a living wage for his toil. The cost of living has considerably increased, but Lurgan workers' wages have fallen so that it is now impossible to earn a living, and a great deal of suffering is the result. The General Federation of Trade Unions has gallantly come forward to our aid, but it is impossible for it to bear the whole burden. We have the sympathy of the public with us; but yet the pinch of poverty is felt, as we have hitherto been only able to pay an aver-

age of 5s. per week to each striker. We urge the speedy assistance of your Union to help us to win our fight, otherwise we must surrender, and our case will then be worse than ever.

A Wages Board for the linen industry in Ireland is urgently needed. Help us to fight for better wages and a Wages Board; help us to fight for a living

We refer you to the General Federation of Trade Unions and to the Belfast Trades Council.

Your obedient Servants,

H. CUMMINS, Chairman. H. MAXWELL, Treasurer. 17 Hamilton street, Lurgan, Ireland. WILLIAM O'NEILL, Secretary, 123 Victoria street, Lurgan,

Established 1851. Reliable For **Provisions**! LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.

The Irish Worker.

CHIEFS OF THE G.N.R.

" 1 πιιο ιαοξ" η πα η ζαση, γεαν ζαιζ γί a raosal,

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The G.N.R. officials have reasons to rejoice that a large share of Ireland is devoted to the rearing of cattle to feed their children. In a land living on the strength of its soil short shrift would be given to imported incompetence. Besides the latter traffic adds assurance to the security of their too well-paid positions. For a long time this traffic was accommodated on the "banks" from which all other commodities and goods were loaded. It was always an exciting time on a market day when the cattle would arrive for transit from Dublin to Belfast. Then would it become a scene reminiscent of a disorderly retreat on the part of a defeated army. Everything was in confusion; running hither and thither; carts, drays, lorries, floats, horses, men, cattle, sheep, and pigs inextricably mixed together l And then the deafening and discordant Babel of tongues! Carters shouting for their waggons and inquiring in forcible tones from the two heartworn and harrassed checkers if they were going to be kept there all night; the checkers calling a carter to come on in an irritable manner, or cursing a dray up to the "other end of the bank"; and, louder than all clear and unmistakable, the imprecations, full and free, of the long-suffering cattle-drovers. It was chaos gone mad.

genuity could possibly evolve order from such a medley; and yet, when evening shades fell, the cattle were safely housed in their waggons, the carters contentedly wending their way back to their respective firms, and two poor dead-tired checkers in their "hut" looking forward to the hour when they might be allowed to go home and find strength for the return of strife and turmoil on the morrow. And these poor slaves of checkers, with their paltry pound a week (or maybe less) and a little "overtime" thrown in, daily performed a feat of organization, of evolving order out of chaos, of surmounting obstacles occa sioned by the incompetence of richlypaid officials, which the latter, even in the self-confidence begotten of five, seven, or a thousand pounds a year, would never have been able to accomplish. But the toiler does not yet know his value. At length, owing probably to the frequent growls of the various city merchants, an idea penetrated the colossal skulls of the managers and engineers that the laughable and ponderous congestion of traffic on a tiny, piece of ground could be allowed to continue no longer; and that which had for years been a subject for comment and joke on the part of checker, labourer,

nion fár ri puinn niam man ba oual

tin chim"-Ampin Zaevilze.

It would appear as if no human in-

to raise the bank, were again flung up, and for a long time the work went merrily on, till on each side was the trench sentinelled by mountains of " filling in.' Then one evening Milling appeared with the foreman ; the trenches were to be refilled at once, and the job stopped for a while! This was done. After a while they recommenced ; waggons and waggons of stones were sent in ; the bank was "pitched" with them ; they were tightly wedged together, their tops " featheredged," and the interstices were filled with sand, clay, and broken stones. Then it was flattened out and hardened by the continued operation of a road engine. After this was done, it was discovered that no space had been provided in which to sink the wooden piers on which the gates were to be swung. That was nothing, though ! So the bank on the two sides was again attacked, the clay, sand, and broken stones hacked up, and the pitching, which had been laid only a few weeks b fore, was torn up every place where a pillar had to be placed, and by the time that was done that " cattle bank" presented the appearance that it's last state was nearly

as bad as it's first ! I do not wish to give the details of the sinking and erecting of the pillars to hold the gates which were to admit of the cattle being driven from the bank to the waiting waggons, It was a long-drawn out comedy. This task was confided to a so-called carpenter, general pimp and spy, and particular confidential servant named Higgins. This creature-huge of stomach, huge of limb and huge of head, in which was said to be a microscopical brain, of which I have my doubts-was a genius for doing everything wrong. However, in faith and in politics he was of the "elect," and this does and ought to cover multitudes of sins. We shall bring him on the stage again. The day came when the bank was smooth and level beneath the critical and complacent gaze of the doughty Milling and his henchman. They wouldn't let a crow alight on that bank till it was "dry and settled." You should have seen that bank a few months after. The pitching forced its way through the sand and clay, and very soon that bank was as bad as a rocky and flinty ravine in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. It was simply disgraceful for months; could never be properly cleaned; skimmed with a brush lightly, as a barber would brush a gent's hair, so as to, as the men were told, prevent the "broken stones from being carried away." A sprinkling of lime once a week completed it's toilet, and it was always a mystery to me how our "Inspectors" allowed that bank to remain in such a condition for such a long time.

However, another attempt was made by doing again; what they had done before was useless. Waggons of broken stones were spread on it, and again it was rolled by a road engine smooth and level, and again in a few months it was as bad as ever. Then the new Chief came - Campion - another importation. of course-by the way, at first it was whispered tremulously that he was a Catholic; but he wasn't; and that "cattle bank" was again the object of earnest attention. This time it was given to a contractor, and mountains of ballast and clay, and pitching stones and broken stones, out of which Milling tried to make a cattle bank, were taken forever away and heaped on the roadside. It gave employment, however, to a lot of men, and "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." However, still it was waste of labour, and I think it's Ruskin says: "Of all wastes, the greatest waste you can commit is the waste of labour." It would be interesting, too, to find out, in all these years of effort, exactly how much this tiny, miserable, comical cattle bank cost the shareholders; and even when concreted, as it is now, I have seen in some places the water lodge after rain, due to faulty levelling on the part of those in charge. A lot of trouble would be often saved if these "college educated men" took the simple workmen into their confidence more frequently. Some of us have brains, and many men in this world, and in this country particularly, are in their wrong places.

An Ideal Worker's Holiday.

BY SHELLBACK.

While listening to the wind howling among the chimney pots, and watching the rain drops coursing down the window panes, one's thoughts naturally turn to the other extreme, and dwell upon summer calms and pleasant sunshine. Particularly is this the case when all our surroundings are at least comfortable, when the fire is blazing in the chimney, and we have time to stretch ourselves in the warmth, and listen to the beating of the storm. To it's rough music we bark back to the dog days, and call up memories of peculiar pleasures associated with past holidays spent away from home. We remember how pleasant the time was when, last summer, we sojourned for our annual breather by the seaside or in the country, and we wonder, because our mind is not as yet made up, in what direction our fancy will lead us, when those days of freedom from the cares of work or business comes round again.

For many the yellow sands and the lapping of green salt water has its charms. To be numbered among the laughing company that are for ever overloading sailing or pulling boats, the whole summer months that are continually making circular voyages back to their starting point, for no earthly purpose whatever, is something to be proud of, and in the way of unadulterated pleasure, what can equal sitting astride of the wooden figure of a horse and being whirled around in a circ e for four or five minutes, what time a greasy engine grinds out alleged music from a gilded barrel organ. Or being taken around a monster wheel, or lifted to the top of a trem n lously high tower, when that delightful sensation is experienced that is chiefly occasioned by the knowledge that there is only a thin board between you and a most violent deathand sometimes thin boards break.

Compared with these forms of enjoyments, pony rides and donkey rides are same, indeed. Then there is the switchback, the aerial flight, the water chute. What a lot of most uncomfortable things one puts up with in the business of pleasuring at the seaside !

Turned suddenly around unexpected corners, while being rushed along at a great speed, dropped violently down deep declivities, only to be hoisted to another summit, experiencing jerks and shock and rough treatment generally, are among the chief attractions of the seaside, and revive the pleasant memories that are our solace in the dingy days of winter.

Other people may prefer a stay in the quiet of a country villa, and they willingly forego the pleasures of the society of their accustomed familiars, of theatres, newspapars, and all the comfort of their customary daily life, to bask in the shadows of elm or chestnut, within nasal range of a farmyard's live stock.

Of he two, I should imagine, the country holiday is the best, though my inclination has generally led me towards the beach. The country is certainly the most restful, and that is one of the principal excuses for holidaying at all. Still, whether spent at the seaside or in the country, a holiday is good. A break in the drab existence of a working life. a breathing time clear of the worries and wear of a worker's existence, is absolutely necessary for everyone, and Nature itself will not object, even when the time of that vacation is spent in uselessly ploughing the sands, in being dashed to an apparently certain death down the sloping track of a water chute or thrown off head over heels by the not too gentle mechanism of the joy wheel, or in taking the risk of damp beds, or poisoned by bad water or the scent of agricultural refuse that generally adorns the country side. Yes, you say, but there is the rub. Holidays cost money, wherever they are spent, and it is only the favoured in the possession of this item that can afford a holiday away from home at all, and it is a peculiar fact that these are the very people who, least of all, require any change. The hard workers of the industrial world, the day-wage man or woman, cannot, as a rule, afford a holiday, even though in their case it means a building up of wasting tissue or strength that would make them more fit to continue their more or less arduous callings, and it is because I consider it so very necessary that all who work should have at least an annual break in their servitude that I am writing this article for the purpose of directing the attention of all who may be in a position to help to the possibility of a scheme being devised whereby the benefits of a holiday away from their every day life will, as the merchants say, be brought within the reach of cottager and artisan. There may be other methods equally as good; but, for my own part, I think the cheapest as well as the most enjoyable form of holiday is spending a few days in camp, where the conditions of life would of necessity be so directly opposite to those of our daily experience. A camp to accommodate any number of persons, and within easy reach of an adequate supply of good water for domestic or other purposes-and this is the most important item-could be placed in a pleasant neighbourhood, in nearly any part of Ireland, at a very low cost, indeed, for the whole of the summer months The necessary tents and equipments can all be obtained on hire, and the supplies of food and other necessaries could easily be arranged for, if some organised body undertook the preliminary task of initiating such a venture. The cost of maintenance of visitors to the camp would dwindle to such a low figure below the cost of ordinary board that anyone that could afford the time could certainly afford the expense. A couple of years ago, while on a visit to Ireland, I came across a large body of

young men connected with a Birkenhead school, who were encamped for some weeks in the neighbourhood of Warrenpoint, and from their appearance it was Men's Hand-Perged Bluchers, 14s. 4d.; Men's Hand-Perged Bluchers, 14s. 4d.; Men's Hand-Perged Bluchers, 14s. 4d.; perfectly evident that they had physically benefited, as well as enjoyed themselves. while living in their canvas houses in that beautiful spot; and it was also clearly evident that as they were not members of the class that are continually rolling in wealth, but just the sons of hard-working tradesmen, the cost of their holiday must have been well within their means. I suggest that, as I have reason to

think the lady is already half inclined in this direction, Miss D. Larkin takes this matter up, and, with the assistance of Jim and the members of the Women's and the Transport Workers' Union, commence organising a Workers' Camp for the coming summer, where working men or women could spend a month, a week, or a simple week end without any increase in the cost of their ordinary board, and where parties of Sunday visitors could be entertained in the manner they most appreciate, surrounded by kindred spirits.

Correspondence. THE UMBRELLA MAN.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Dublin, 3rd February, 1913. DEAR SIR,-" Mr. Larkin likes to advertise himself, and a band and torchlight

procession does the trick for him." Such are the words reported in the "Evening Telegraph" of 29th ult., as spoken by Mr. Madden at meeting of North Dock Ward, U.I.L.

I, as a Transport Union man, and as one that always accompanies the band and processions, may tell Mr. Madden that Mr. Larkin requires no trick performed for him, as 95 per cent. at least of the processionts are very strong supporters of his (Larkin's), and as he well knows woull stand or fall by him. The remaining 5 per cent. are doubtful cases whose characters are generally valued by their swearing in court.

Now, I always blame the dirty black porter for speaking,'and not the individual. At the same time we should always remember that a person living in a glass house should not throw stones.

Now, neither Mr.-Larkin, myself, or any of the torchbearers require any advertisement or character from either Mr. Madden or any of his chums,

Both our homes and future appear to be brightening up, T.G.; so I fea: Mr. Madden has fitted the shoe on the wrong horse.

Can he say that any one of us have been away from our wives and families for years? Can he say that we are afraid of live men or wom n, much less to be afraid of a photo, as he was afraid of honest Jim Larkin's?

Yes, it proved too much for you, and the owner refused it take it down from the wall. So you left your lodgings; eh? Why did you not use your umbrella on it, as I am sure you had it under your arm at the time? If not, why not, as I always notice it with you both summer and winter, morning, noon, and night? In conclusion, I may tell you that one day you will bless Larkin and his torchbearers, and you will remove from your place some of your present associates in the same manner as one of them was moved by a certain lady in Sheriff street on 6th ult. (nomination Had you M'Carthy from south side at your last meeting?

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elsewhere, 5s. Men's Box Calf and Chroms, Stitched and Screwed,

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and carter, at length received the attention of the fat-salaried mathematicians, who, in their own estimation, could, if they liked, cause as Mahomet is said to have done, the moon to so contract her sphere that it would enter in at their collar and come out again by the sleeve of their shirt! So they determined to build on the site of the old coal bank a new siding and a new means from which to deal with the cattle traffiic;

Heavens! that was the siding and that was the cattle bank! I believe that it took fully five years to accomplish this task; it was scarcely worth the trouble. Who would dare to say it was worth the money it cost? This cattle bank, built and rebuilt, and rebuilt yet again, would to day fail to comfortably enclose two ordinary herds of cattle.

Milling was the engineer selected by the gods to superintend this gigantic task. It was carried out on the principle of " slow, but sure." At one time there would be twenty men " hacking," delving, and harrowing like niggers; four days hence some fear or other would appal the hearts of the overseers, and you would see one man like a bird alone in the cutting, all the others having been gradually drawn away to other jobs. Asking this lone man the query of "what's up," the invariable answer would be—" Oh, some change in the orders; God knows when they start again." And how many times did this occur, almost at every job ? Very often, indeed. However, after innumerable hesitations, the cutting was made, the line laid by the men with the fourteen and fifteen shillings a week. Then they gave to a contractor the job of building the enclosing concrete walls, one of which was built too high. I have heard that the cement for this job was procured from "The Eblana Cement Works," the head man of which was the then chief engineer's son, George. However, that may be only a coincidence. Also, is it not a fact that on this job the Company placed twenty men to watch how the job was done? A costly mitred timber iron clamped railing was built on the right hand bank. Where is it now? It got in the way, and, of course, it came down quicker than it went up ! Elaborately made concrete steps were made at the near end of the siding, on each side ; these were never used. They are now grass-grown, and only serve to insure that the end waggon can never be loaded or unloaded without the aid of an engine or a gang of men to push it up into a more suitable place. If an engine be not available each waggon in front of it has to be pushed up first that the end one -, may be utilised. But the cattle bank ! Then men were disposed of on each side of the bank to dig parallel trenches about six feet deep by seven. Tons of stuff which had previously been dumped there

S. O. Catapais. (To be continued.)



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St. Laurence B'Toole's Pipers' Club.

The Annual General Meeting of above was held on the 27th January, T. O'Lynch, V.P., presiding. The meeting was one of the best ever held and the attendance large. The lively interest manifested by the members promises assurance of the continued advance of the club. The Treasurer's balance sheet showed that after paying all liabilities a most satisfactory balance would re-main in the funds. K. O'Loclainn, in his own inimitable way, reported on behalf of the Aeridheacht Committey pointed out that no matter how, the members differed in minor details, they were one in devotion to the development of the club's various activities. The chaff had been winnowed well, and the club was never in a more flourishing coudition.

The following officers were elected -President, Rev: James Brady, P.P.; Vice-Presidents, T. Clarke, T. Lynch; Trustees, Rev. J. Breen, C.C.; Mr. R. Killeen; Taviseach, M. Cleircin; Secretary, S. O. Moore; Treasurer, W. Hampson; Committee, L. Mackey, P. Mac-Donnell, S. O. Cathasaigh.

It was decided to offer a prize of 5s. and two of 2s. 6d. (in books) for competition among the boys of the local Christian Schools for the three best essays on "The Life and Work of St. Laurence O'Toole."

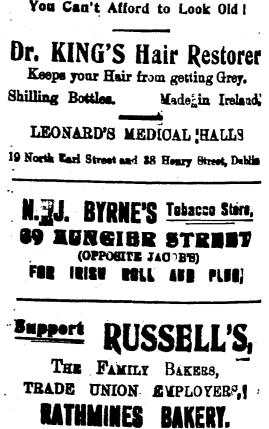
Full band practice every Thursday in Foresters' Hall, Langrishe place. Chanter practice every Monday night in Club Rooms, Leinster, avenue. New members invited; revised terms. Entrance fee, 6d.; weekly subscription, Id. Now, boys, Rosg Catha for year-"Ar Aghaidh !"

S. O'C.

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Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 18 Beresford Place, in the City of Dublin.

[This Journal is exclusively set up by hend labour and printed on Irish paper.